The Brooklyn Public Library.

Bought from the income
of the bequest received in 1895 of
Charles R. Lynde.

BROOKLYN
PUBLIC LIBRARY

Date 1-26-12

Acc. M 886894

Class No. B

Book No. W.6372R

Form Bo.—1-11—150M—E.

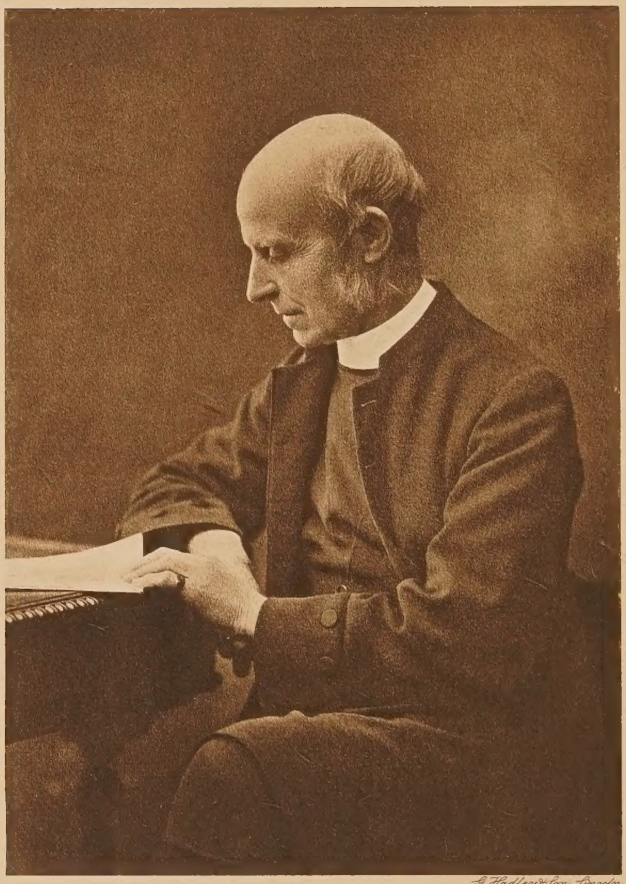
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/memoirofedwardch0000lons

A MEMOIR OF
EDWARD CHARLES WICKHAM

*

BROOKLYN
PUBLIC LIBRARY



G. Hadley & Son, Lincoln

BROOKLYN
PUBLIC LIBRARY

A MEMOIR OF EDWARD CHARLES WICKHAM

Dean of Lincoln, formerly Headmaster of Wellington College

BY

LONSDALE RAGG, B.D.

RECTOR OF TICKENCOTE AND PREBENDARY OF BUCKDEN

AUTHOR OF "DANTE AND HIS ITALY," "THE BOOK OF BOOKS," ETC.

WITH A FOREWORD BY

HIS GRACE

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

PUBLICITY

LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

1911

M 886894

(*All rights reserved*)

B
W6372 R

BROOKLYN
PUBLIC LIBRARY

FOREWORD

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

That some memoir of Dean Wickham should be given to the world is surely right. The rich and varied experiences of his life, quiet though it was in most ways, gave him opportunity which, in his later years, he used with singular grace and power, of contributing wise and suggestive counsels to the Churchmen of his time.

My personal knowledge of him was never very intimate, but towards the close of his life I had frequent occasion to consult him on educational and other matters, and I can say unhesitatingly that I never did so in vain. He was, as it seems to me, one of the rare men whose gift it has been to combine with a steady, definite, and consistent Churchmanship that wider outlook upon men and things which belongs often—although, I suppose, not exclusively—to the cultured Liberalism, both political and other, of which he was an eager and even an uncompromising exponent. His temperament was not, perhaps, of the sort which readily evokes the enthusiasm of the ordinary observer, but I am certain that in the general life of the Church he was in those later years drawing to himself in rapidly increasing volume the confidence of all sorts and conditions of men. Some

of his characteristics were obvious—the forceful and finished diction of a great classical scholar who was also a master of the purest English; the ripe thoughtfulness of one whose whole life had been spent in intercourse with men of letters who were also men of affairs; one who, don and schoolmaster as he was, had managed to escape the narrower characteristics which are supposed to be distinctive of that profession.

But behind and below those gifts and graces of the cultured Churchman, one came by degrees to find in him a clear untroubled depth of personal piety and religious earnestness which were profoundly helpful in our counsels, and gave an added weight to his opinion on any subject of political or educational controversy. It is because I am assured that no true record of his strenuous years can fail to bring out these lineaments of a delicately-fashioned, a finely-chiselled life, that I rejoice in the fact that this book is now to see the light.

The story of the service he thus rendered to the common good is perhaps the more potent, because what it records is so much rarer than it ought to be.

RANDALL CANTUAR:

Michaelmas 1911.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THIS Memoir is the work of one who was only privileged to know Edward Charles Wickham in the last phase of his life, and the writer owes more thanks than he can say to those contemporaries, colleagues, and pupils who have so generously helped him with the story of the earlier periods. To them the book will owe very much of any value it may possess. And it is hoped that their vivid recollections may go far to justify those responsible for the work in their decision to avoid overweighting the Memoir, modest as it is in its scope, with a mass of correspondence.

For the early years at Brook Green the Master of Trinity (Dr. H. M. Butler) and the Provost of Eton (Dr. Edmund Warre) have put their boyhood's recollections at the author's disposal, and the present Headmaster of Eagle House (the "Third" Eagle House, at Sandhurst) has kindly furnished further material.

With the Winchester days, several old friends have helped, whose names appear in the text and footnotes,[1] but the record owes most of all to Archdeacon Fearon, whose accurate memory and enthusiastic and discerning appreciation have illumined not only the record of the late Dean's school days and subsequent tutorial years at Winchester, but also the story of his Oxford life and of his later activities in connection with the Headmasters' Conference in the Convocation of Canterbury.

The sketch of the New College period owes much to many living authorities besides Dr. Fearon, and not a little to the *brochure* on the College published by Wickham's friend and colleague, the late Rev. Hereford B. George. Among living contributors to the sketch (all of whom are named in the body of the work), the present Warden (Dr. Sponer) has been specially helpful, and the author desires also to express his gratitude to the late Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Wordsworth, whose loss is deeply deplored), the Bishop of St. Albans (Dr. Jacob), the President of Magdalen (Dr. Warren), and to Mr. A. O. Prickard, who, from his intimate

[1] The writer wishes also to thank the Masters and Prefects who so courteously initiated an outsider into the mysteries of College and especially of Chamber Court.

knowledge, has further embellished the book with an account of the Dean's work upon Horace; and to Dr. Lock, Warden of Keble, who has contributed an appreciation of Wickham's preaching before the University.

For the Wellington College period the writer's obligations are overwhelmingly numerous; and some who have supplied him with matter have desired to remain anonymous. To many correspondents the author's indebtedness is obvious from the frequency or copiousness with which they are cited: in three cases, however—those of the Bishop of Southwark, the Headmaster of Eton, and Mr. R. R. Ottley—the help given was far greater than would appear on the surface; while three others, whose names do not appear in the chapter—the Rev. W. Goodchild, formerly on the staff at Wellington, Mr. E. A. Upcott, the author's host when he visited Wellington, and Rev. H. W. Mackenzie, Headmaster of Uppingham—have rendered most valuable assistance.

The Lincoln period is one of which the writer is able to speak with greater personal knowledge: but here also he has received much assistance. Apart from the Dean's colleagues on the Cathedral Chapter, to whom the Memoir probably owes more than is realised either by them or by its author, thanks are specially due to Mr. Minton for a careful outline of the educational committee work, and to those others whose names appear in the text, and to one—Canon Townroe—whose name is never actually cited, for reminiscences of a more personal character; and last, but not least, to the present Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Hicks) for a most illuminating sketch of what he found in the late Dean.

The Archdeacon of Leicester has supplied valuable material for an estimate of Dr. Wickham's work for Convocation, an estimate fully corroborated by the words of the Archdeacon of Winchester and by extracts from various letters written on the occasion of the Dean's death.[1]

Last, but not least, all who honour Edward Wickham's memory will be grateful to the Archbishop of Canterbury for his welcome and valuable "Foreword."

Beyond all these obligations stands that which the writer owes to Mrs. Wickham and the Dean's sons and daughters, for the honour they have done him in asking him to write this Memoir, and for the unfailing kindness wherewith they have helped him at every point.

[1] Thanks are due also for rights of republication to the Editors of *The Guardian*, the *Lincoln Diocesan Magazine*, and the *Wellington College Year Book*: and to Canon Hudson, and Mr. William E. Foster, of Providence, U.S.A., for leave to print the letters which appear on pp. 166 *sqq.*

But while acknowledging his indebtedness to those named above and to not a few others, he assumes the entire responsibility for the form into which the material has been cast, and for the work as a whole. That it is free from blemishes, and especially from faults of disproportion, he cannot dare to hope. He is content and thankful if the resulting impression is, on the whole, just and true, and if by the perusal of these pages there are brought into due prominence the lessons of a singularly modest life.

The seventy-six years which elapsed between 1834 and 1910 saw momentous changes and important developments alike in Church and State. The record which follows bears little trace of these. Its subject was indeed, during the latter half of his life, brought very near to the circle where history is made, by his intimate relation to Mr. Gladstone, and then by his own far-reaching influence exercised in the great Council of the Church; nor did he ever fail to take a deep (and at times a passionate) interest in current events, in the needs, abuses, aspirations of the human society around him. But his own life was, externally at least, uneventful. It was the life of an active, indefatigable, but retiring and unusually modest student and scholar, who had the gift of kindling in others a spark of his own enthusiasm for scholarship, and for those higher things to which scholarship was for him the avenue, and of revealing to a few the warmth of a heart veiled from the many by shyness, modesty, and reserve.

The life itself was, like all true lives, a development, a progress up to the end: the manifold usefulness of his last years would have been impossible apart from the rich experience and ripe judgment which were the outcome of decades of previous discipline. But, on the other hand, he showed on some sides—notably, the more purely intellectual —nothing like the average marks of change and advance that passing years are apt to bring. Of any given sermon—apart from allusions to current events—it would probably be impossible, even for one well acquainted with his style, to detect at once to which decade it belonged—whether to the 'sixties, *e.g.*, to the 'eighties, or to the last ten years of his life.

It was, in fact, a mind that matured very quickly; that formed its categories and laid down its scheme of thought with almost precocious sanity and precision, so that all that the succeeding years contributed was just a gradual filling in of the outline. Such a type of mind is less picturesque,

perhaps, than that which veers from one extreme to the other and back again, or that which finds its whole outlook changed from time to time by new revelations and visions scarcely expressible in human speech. To an unsympathetic view it may also appear intellectually case-hardened and incapable of accepting new light. No one, however, who knew Edward Charles Wickham could seriously attribute to him any attitude inconsistent with that "open mind" which he so constantly inculcated and of which he was himself so shining an example. It was this unwearied endeavour to approach every question on its merits, the outcome of a sensitively conscientious abhorrence of anything like blind partisanship, which rendered him at once so sure and wise in counsel, yet often so unconvincing to the average party man; so incapable of a dramatic *volte-face*, and so ready to accept minor modifications of view-point as the result of conference. It was this, combined with a gentle and courageous spirit which loved at once "the truth and peace," that made him the ideal conciliator and peacemaker in regions where principle was like to be obscured by the smoke and murk of party strife.

The task of sketching such a life has been at once a humbling and an inspiring one. It is humbling to live for months together in the presence of so modest, so sincere, and so gentle a soul, so refined and scholarly a mind. In these days of glibness and facility, the exiguous quantity of the great scholar's literary output is itself a rebuke—a rebuke that gains weight from the quality of his work, exquisite alike in thought and in expression. In days of prevailing self-advertisement it is salutary to be brought near to one to whom it was an instinct to avoid even merited popularity and to "do good by stealth." In days when party spirit—though happily, it would seem, on the wane, in ecclesiastical circles at least—still counts for too much it is well to come into close contact with one who combined an open mind with a very practical zeal for righteousness, and so was fitted to earn the beatitude of the peacemaker:

BEATI PACIFICI:
QUONIAM FILII DEI VOCABUNTUR.

L. R.

August 25, 1911.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	Foreword, by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury	v
I.	Brook Green (1834–1848)	1
II.	Winchester (1848–1853)	10
III.	Undergraduate Life: Ordination (1853–1857)	30
IV.	Winchester (1857–1859)	38
V.	New College (1859–1873)	50
VI.	New College (1859–1873)	66
VII.	Wellington College (1873–1893)	80
VIII.	Lincoln (1894–1910)	120
IX.	Horace and Literary Work	157
X.	Home Life: Personal Details: Last Days	176
	Appendix A.—The Responsibilities of Freedom	195
	„ B.—Founders: A Retrospect	203
	„ C.—The Autumn Ember Season	210
	„ D.—Dream of Gerontius	213
	„ E.—A Paper on Bible Criticism	218
	„ F.—The Religious Value of Tennyson's Poetry	226
	Index	234

ILLUSTRATIONS

PORTRAIT OF DEAN WICKHAM . . . *Frontispiece*

BROOK GREEN, HAMMERSMITH . . *To face page* 6

WELLINGTON COLLEGE CHAPEL, 1892 ,, ,, 74

FAMILY GROUP—HAWARDEN CASTLE, 1876 . . . . . ,, ,, 176

THE NEW LIBRARY ANNEXE AND WATT'S STATUE, LINCOLN . . ,, ,, 192

MEMOIR OF DEAN WICKHAM

CHAPTER I

BROOK GREEN

(1834–1848)

"At some time in the latter part of the eighteenth century there was built a commodious house of red brick, in its own grounds, facing Brook Green, Hammersmith. The house stood confronted by iron railings surmounting a low wall, with a central gate of open ironwork. Two conspicuous pilasters supported a pair of eagles, massive and stately birds, cast in solid lead."[1]

The house, as depicted in an extant engraving, is typical of its time; a plain and square, but dignified, front, consisting of a central piece five windows broad, with two wings almost in a line with the main block, the whole built in three well-proportioned storeys, with a stately flight of six or eight steps up to the front door.

This house, with its fine, secluded garden and its atmosphere of quiet dignity and comfort, was the birthplace and the first home of Edward Charles Wickham. Here he was brought up from the beginning in an environment not only refined and reposeful, but also academic in character. Some time between 1800 and 1833, a Mr. Joseph Railton—"by tradition said to have had small Latin and less Greek"—purchased

[1] Quoted from the *Eagle House Magazine*.

the place, and established there a flourishing school under the name of "Eagle House"—a name which the school has since carried with it, first to Wimbledon and then to Sandhurst, its present home. In 1833 Eagle House was taken by the Rev. Edward Wickham, who had then been for ten years a master at Winchester.[1] The new headmaster at once changed the character of the school. Hitherto it had been, as the Dean himself has recorded, "a school of the old type . . . a rival of the public schools, not a feeder of them. It kept boys till they went into the world, or to the universities." Mr. Wickham restricted himself to boys of the "preparatory school age," and became, in fact, one of the pioneers of the system so familiar to us, of a preparatory school education before the boy is launched in his public school career.

Whatever may be said for or against the modern plan of treating the preparatory school as though it were indispensable, there can be no doubt that Eagle House amply justified its existence; it became, in fact, a nursery of illustrious teachers, supplying headmasters to Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Wellington, Haileybury, Malvern, and Canterbury. Mr. Wickham had already proved his power at Winchester. "I have heard 'Bob Lowe' say (so wrote the Dean in after years) that he was the only man at Winchester who ever taught him anything; and Lord Selborne, though he worded it differently, was equally emphatic on his excellence as a teacher at Winchester."

By comparison with the scientific and elaborate, not to say luxurious arrangements and appointments of a typical modern preparatory school, Eagle House as it was in the 'Forties would appear extremely Spartan, if not

[1] He had passed from Winchester (where his "marble" appears in "Sixth Chamber") in 1819 to New College, and won the Latin Essay in 1823.

"barbarous." Its cuisine is thus described by a pupil who entered the school in 1837:[1] "Our dinner mostly consisted of legs of mutton, commonly carved by Mr. Wickham, but in his absence by Mother Surrey, the matron, who was apt to carve against the grain, so that the first cut came under a whole covering of skin. (Puddings there were sometimes; I forget them, however.) For breakfast and tea we had thick slices of cut bread and butter. The tea ready made, sugar and milk, was brought along in a tin can and poured into a half-pint cup. Those were days of *dosing*. A familiar figure in morning school before breakfast was Mother Surrey, bearing a trayful of wine-glasses charged with black dose (Senna). I remember Mr. Wickham feeling my forehead one day (maybe, as usual, the verses weren't done!) and saying, 'You are feverish; you had better have some medicine two or three mornings' —and for the four following mornings Mother Surrey presented me with a glass of this nauseous poison, accompanied with a bit of stale bread to munch and take the taste out of my mouth." It is on record that Mother Surrey was wont to dispense *two* kinds of dose, a pink as well as a black, and by an unconscious inductive process the conclusion was reached that while the pink dose implied a purely physical delinquency, the darker potion cast on its recipient the suspicion of moral or at least intellectual shortcomings.

"Our outdoor life," says Dr. Butler,[2] "was happy and healthful," though the school games also left something to be desired, from the point of view of modern standards, not, indeed, in the matter of cricket, as we shall see in a moment; but football there was none, as an ordinary thing (?), nor hockey. The games in winter were rounders and prisoner's base.

[1] Dr. Edmund Warre, Provost of Eton.

[2] Master of Trinity.

If the grass was wet, even these pastimes gave place to the less strenuous but doubtless exciting contests of the "alley taw and commony," a pent-house called "Tectum" at the upper end of the playground being devoted to the ancient and noble game of marbles. The old pupil last named has a recollection of fives, and of skipping, "in which," he says, "our 'doubles' and even 'trebles' and 'double-crosses' were wonderful."

On the subject of cricket we may quote once more the Dean himself. "My father," he says, "was an excellent cricketer in his own day (as a boy he had been in the Winchester Eleven), and took immense interest and pains about the game. The public school Elevens, for some years, were rarely without an old boy of his. 'Tip-and-run' on a summer's evening in the playground, he bowling himself all the time slow underhand, but with skilful pitch and good effect, is a vivid recollection of his old boys."

But in those days learning, and especially classical learning, was on all hands considered vastly more important than athletics. More than one of the survivors of those heroic days will probably remember the severity with which the cane was used as a stimulus to scholarship—even if at the tender age of eleven you failed to construe a bit of a chorus in the *Ajax*; and those with whom these memories are still vivid after the lapse of more than sixty years feel that they owe not a little of such success as has attended them to the headmaster, "not unkind, but austere and of terrible aspect to us poor little brats"—so one[1] writes—"who presided so conscientiously over Eagle House in the 'Forties."

For the method of Mr. Wickham's teaching we cannot do better than go back once more to his son's

[1] Dr. Warre.

description. "Another interesting recollection to some," says the Dean, "is his teaching of Latin verse, *original*, as was then the practice at Winchester and Eton—done orally a good deal—a class round him, a subject suggested and talked over, a few 'ideas' elicited, sifted, a selection made and the order of them, then the substance of some eight or ten lines agreed upon, and the chief words or choice of words, then, 'Who can first put this into a verse?' attempts offered and criticised, the best, or the best with emendations adopted, then the next, and so on. A lively and stimulating lesson, and great command obtained of the principles of elegiac verse."

As the classical teaching of Eagle House is, after all, its most important feature, whether we are considering it simply as a pioneer of the preparatory school system, or in its bearing on the subject of our Memoir, it may, perhaps, be permissible to enlarge a little further on this theme. Fortunately we are in a position to supplement the Dean's own recollections by drawing upon the reminiscences of a distinguished pupil of the school who survives the Dean, though seventeen months his senior. "Within a few minutes of my arrival," writes the Master of Trinity, "I was set down in the big schoolroom with some hundred and twenty unknown companions, and ordered to learn the first half of the Greek alphabet, from Alpha to Kappa. Next morning Omega was triumphantly reached, never to be forgotten in the long years to come." Of the system and standard of teaching at Eagle House in his day, Dr. Butler has vivid memories to recall. "Looking back upon it through the mists of nearly seventy years, I learn to see some reason for wonder as well as gratitude at what we were expected in those days to get through—and to get through without overstrain of either body or

mind. I was latterly, for one year, that is, two long terms, in the First Class, leaving school a few weeks before I was thirteen. During that time we read the *Alcestis* and *Hecuba* of Euripides right through, choruses and all, together with the *Latin* notes of their respective editors, whose Latin names amused us—Monkius and Pflunkius (Bishop Monk of Gloucester and Bristol and the foreigner Pfluck (?)). Besides these two plays, very accurately treated, we read a fair amount of the *Iliad*, of Xenophon's *Hellenica*, and of the Greek Testament, and, in Latin, *Cicero de Amicitia*, much of Vergil, the fourth book of Horace's *Odes* in Anthon's then recent edition, and, I think, some chapters of Livy.

" In composition the standard seems certainly high. Early in the week we did an original Latin theme, starting on very rigid lines, but gradually becoming less and less mechanical. Translation into Latin prose was rare, but it seemed to come naturally after we were well ' soaked ' in the original themes.

" As to verses, every Wednesday we sent in not less than sixteen original hexameters. I do not remember original elegiacs. . . . We did no Latin lyrics, and no Greek iambics, but at the end of the week we produced a short ' Vulgus ' of two, four, or (rarely) six lines, that is, a little elegiac epigram on some subject set by the master. This was the *regular* curriculum, and it seemed to us young boys, under or about fourteen, no heavy burthen.

" Once at least during my three years Mr. Wickham offered a prize for a voluntary hexameter poem to be written in the holidays. The subject was *Neptunus*, and I still recall the pleasure and zest with which I wrote for it at my father's deanery at Peterborough. My poor exercise of some hundred lines came second,

Brook Green, Hammersmith.

the prize being deservedly won by John G. Cordery, afterwards . . . the very accomplished translator of the *Iliad* into excellent blank verse."

And if the classical standard of Eagle House was high, it was not because other subjects were neglected. "The teaching was also good," says the same correspondent, "in mathematics, in Scripture, and, in a less degree, in history." If the French teaching did not come up to the standard, cannot almost every public school boy, even of a much later generation, parallel from his own experience the delightful but not very profitable interludes of "Monsieur-baiting," which from time immemorial, up to a few years ago, passed as "French lessons" in the traditions of the healthy English schoolboy? "Poor 'Mowsey,' as we called him, kind, simple, good-natured man, was, in plain words, made a fool of. Every 21st October—I can answer for three of them—he was expected to do his duty by explaining how the gallant Villeneuve won a brilliant victory over the ill-fated Nelson. I see him still in his white trousers, rising suddenly from his wooden seat, on some imaginary provocation or allurement, and then sitting down on cunningly applied black adhesive cobbler's wax, 'never to rise again.'

> "'He taught us little, but our soul
> Had felt him like the thunder roll.'"

So writes Dr. Butler, and his old schoolfellow, Dr. Warre, recalls, as one of the diversions of Eagle House, the interest of watching the number of pieces of white lump sugar "Mowsey" consumed during a lesson.

Sunday at Brook Green was not a day looked forward to with keen anticipations of delight. The boys walked in pairs to a church not far from the school, where their "serried ranks filled the long gallery."

"We were not critical, or impatient, or restive," says the Master of Trinity, "but neither were we much edified. In truth, it was a dull morning for young people. Chapels were then, I suppose, unknown at preparatory schools; but a service in the schoolroom, with a few words from our kind and good chief, would have done us more good.

"Two things more let me say of him, for I think they are both characteristic.

"First, he showed judgment, more than mere common sense, in the selection of his prize books. The books given for place in the examination, as distinguished from the class list, were large, handsome volumes. Pope's *Works*, in one volume, Clarendon's *Rebellion* and *Autobiography*, Southey's *Poetical Works*, are big enough to make a boy of twelve or thirteen proud, and almost to tempt him to dip, at least, into serious reading. On the day that I left school," continues the same correspondent, "he gave me, not as a prize but as a personal gift, richly bound, the *Sonnets of Wordsworth*, a kind of honorary passport to a hitherto unknown and almost undreamed-of land.

"Secondly—and let me hope that my egotism may be pardoned, because gratitude is by far the largest ingredient in it—one day, after my elder brother George had won the Hertford Scholarship at Oxford, which is given for Latin alone, I had been lucky enough to please Mr. Wickham with a Latin theme somewhat better than usual. He kept me for a few minutes alone in the schoolroom, after the other boys had gone in to dinner, and, walking up and down with me, the poor theme in hand, said kindly, 'If you go on like this, you may win the Hertford some day, like George.' I could have done anything for him after that."

Born on December 7, 1834, a little more than a

year after his father's move to Brook Green, Edward Charles Wickham was a true child of Eagle House, destined, like many others of its illustrious *alumni*, to spend his life and its remarkable gifts in the cause of scholarship and education. When eight years old he was sent for a short time to a dame school at Brighton ; but about 1843 he returned as a pupil to the home of his childhood, where his seniors had remembered him as a dark-haired, dark-eyed, sharp-nosed little fellow, " like a little bird," running about in his father's garden just beyond the school playground. He is described by one who knew him then as having been " a very dear, affectionate, high-minded boy," by another as " good and studious," and as already exhibiting those characteristics of reserve and reticence which were so marked a feature of the full-grown man.

One trial which he was called to suffer soon after his return to Brook Green as a pupil was calculated to deepen those qualities prematurely. At the age of twelve he lost his mother, a cousin of the naturalist Gilbert White ; through whom (it may not be altogether fanciful to suppose) he may have inherited that intense love of nature, and especially of flowers, so marked in later life : a trait which balanced the passion for study and scholarship, and helped to keep it fresh and human.

CHAPTER II

Winchester

(1848–1853)

At the beginning of the year 1848—the famous year when Italy struck her first great blow for freedom—Edward Wickham passed from Eagle House to his public school at Winchester. It has been asserted pretty freely that he enjoyed the privileges of "Founder's Kin." As a matter of fact, this was not the case. His claim to kinship with William of Wykeham (though not without historical foundation) was not allowed as a passport to a free education in the college. But the name he bore, and the place which his father had held at Winchester from 1823 to 1833 made Wykeham's noble foundation for Edward the natural sequel to his course at Brook Green.

The young "commoner," who in a very short time entered "college," was to exert no mean influence on the destinies of his Alma Mater. His own school career was sufficiently distinguished to merit a lasting memory in her annals; but after a still more distinguished passage through the university he was to return for two eventful years to Winchester, and inaugurate a new ideal in the relations between teacher and disciple.

Then, when the twin foundation at Oxford called him back to her service, he became, as fellow and

tutor of New College, a leading spirit in a series of much-needed reforms which affected Winchester almost as much as they affected Wykeham's foundation at Oxford.

Nor did his influence end there. When Oxford gave up to Wellington one of the finest of her scholars and the ablest of her administrators, Winchester's debt to Wickham only took a new shape. Eagle House had supplied in Dr. Ridding (1867–1884) a great reforming headmaster to the school; his distinguished successor, Dr. Fearon,[1] was one of Edward Charles Wickham's most enthusiastic disciples both at Winchester (in 1857–1859) and afterwards at New College; and Dr. Fearon's place was to be taken, in due course, by the first non-Wykehamist headmaster, Dr. H. M. Burge (1901–1911),[2] whom Edward Wickham had trained at Wellington.

Of Wickham's life as a boy at Winchester, unfortunately few personal records remain. Many of his contemporaries have passed away in the last few years,[3] and the testimony which they would so gladly have given has departed with them. The Dean himself preserved religiously a little bundle of letters written to him by his father in 1850–1851, which throw a lurid if intermittent light on the perils and anxieties of prefectual power in those days, and show that the son's life in college was not without its tragic moments. He also contributed to the memorial volume published on the 500th anniversary of Winchester in 1893, a charming picture of "Life in College about 1850."

[1] William Andrews Fearon, now Archdeacon of Winchester, headmaster 1884–1901.

[2] Hubert Murray Burge, now Bishop of Southwark (1911).

[3] Especially to be deplored in this connection is the death of the Rev. H. B. George, whose admirable little book on *New College* remains, however, for all to study. (See below, p. 66.)

Apart from these documents, which, though very valuable in their way, are too obscure and esoteric to lend themselves to very copious quotation, the sketch that follows owes all that is of value in it to the Dean's surviving relatives and his devoted pupil, Dr. Fearon.

When, in January 1848, he entered Winchester, Wykeham's venerable foundation had still the character of a small and exclusive society. The numbers amounted to a bare 150 all told—70 scholars on the foundation, and from 70 to 80 commoners. To be in "college" was, in those days, a matter of the greatest moment; for the senior boys in college, as a matter of course, and without any very serious test of examination, could pass on, as vacancies might occur, to a Fellowship at New College.

There were seventy Fellowships at New College, vacated at death or by marriage—and clerical Fellows on marrying usually took a college living. Thus, to a clever boy, if all went well, entrance into college might be said almost to secure a comfortable competence and adequate provision for the rest of his life.

In those days, therefore, a place in college was not a little coveted. To obtain it a boy must be nominated by one of the six electors, namely, the wardens of New College and Winchester, two Fellows of New College ("Posers" for the year) who acted in rotation, a Fellow of Winchester ("Subwarden") similarly appointed, and the headmaster. "The nominations," says Dr. Fearon, "were pledged years beforehand, often immediately on the birth of a boy; and as you had to take your patron's chance, whenever it happened to come, boys were admitted to 'college' at all sorts of different ages, some as young as nine, some at fifteen."

Edward Wickham was in his fifteenth year when he

gained access to this charmed circle, on July 8, 1850.[1] It was as a "commoner" that he had entered the school two years and a half before.

The reforms of successive reigns have wrought more change alike in outward environment and in organisation for "commoners" than for "college." We must picture Edward Wickham spending his first two years at Winchester in the original red brick buildings which Dr. Moberly erected about 1840—buildings whose grim utilitarian ugliness evoked the exclamation: "Why, Dr. Moberly, you have built a workhouse!" and called forth the famous reply: "That is the very thing I meant to do." "Commoners," with its "Moberly's Court" adjoining the headmaster's house, furnished with a score of small studies on the western side, with its "Flint Court" flanked on the west by "Grubbing Hall," and on the east by "Mugging Hall," and with its "gallery" dormitories, though its ground plan remains the same is transformed out of all recognition, and converted into a stately "Moberly Library" and spacious classrooms, now that the system of houses—initiated by Dr. Moberly himself—has supplanted the old arrangement under which all commoners were the headmaster's boarders.

If it be true, as is sometimes asserted, that life in "commoners" was ultimately modelled on the traditions of "college," yet there was certainly one essential difference, commoners had nothing corresponding to the "chamber system," which, as we shall see, was a prominent feature of "college" life; and the commoner prefects, living apart, each in his own study, had fewer opportunities of cultivating social intimacy with their "inferiors." Thus, the fact that he spent

[1] As appears from the *Registrum Secundum Wint. Coll.*, p. 151; H. B. George had been admitted six days earlier.

more than half of his school life in commoners may have retarded the development of the social instincts in Edward Wickham's naturally reserved nature.

At his entrance Wickham had been placed at once in the "Senior Division of Middle Part V.," *i.e.* about half-way up the school; after one "Long Half" he was promoted into the "Sen. Part V." where he came under the direct teaching of the headmaster, Dr. George Moberly.[1]

In those days the entire school was portioned into five divisions, of which the two uppermost—called in the cryptic language of the place "Sixth Book" and "Sen. Part V."—were under the headmaster's exclusive teaching. An incidental result of Wickham's promotion was that he had only one term's experience of being "fagged"—no small advantage, it may be, to a delicate boy. "Commoners" in "Sen. Part V." were exempt from this servitude; and when, in the July of his third year at Winchester, he was transferred to "college," Edward was already in "Sixth Book," and, as a prefect, had the privilege of fagging others. How seriously he took the privileges and responsibilities of his prefectual office we shall see in a moment.

Meanwhile it may be worth while to glance at the colour and tone of the environment in which he found himself when transferred to "college." The noble "Chamber Court," surely one of the most inspiringly medieval spots in the world, presents even to-day much of the outward aspect which it wore when it left the founder's hand five hundred years ago. But in the early 'Fifties it was still more untouched, still more medieval. The upper floor, now converted into dormitories, was still sacred to the absentee Fellows, whose *otium cum dignitate* (to the extent of some £600

[1] Headmaster 1836–1866, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

a year) was often a comfortable appendage to a Winchester College living. The attic had not its present dormer windows. The boys slept as well as studied in "chambers," and the characteristic chamber-system, by which assorted groups of boys of different grades were thrown together under the care of two or more prefects, was perhaps a still greater factor then than now. Wickham was at first in Fourth and then in Third Chamber, though it is in Six that the "marble" inscribed with his name as Prefect of Library (*Bib. Prae.*) appears, high up on the north wall, beneath his father's and close to those of his younger brothers.

In the narrative already referred to, the Dean gives a picturesque account of the life of Chamber Court, of which a paragraph or two must suffice to represent the whole.

"In 1850," he says, "the community was still a small one, capable of meeting as a whole in chapel, and being taught wholly, or almost wholly, in 'school.' Its customs and methods, though they had felt the influence of the time, had still many old-world features which were soon to be lost. The picturesque hardnesses of the life which the Trollopes have described to the world had disappeared under the kindly rule of Warden Barter. We had not to wash at a frozen conduit, nor to breakfast at ten o'clock on bread and cheese and beer,[1] and dine at six off wooden trenchers; the trenchers were there still, but side by side with modern plates. We still slept in the old wooden beds in chambers, and sat at 'Scobs' in school. We spent our days (until we were prefects *plena potestate*) between Seventh Chamber passage and Mead's Wall, only going out of college on Sunday to the midday service at cathedral and on week-days to 'hills,' and then as

[1] In this the Dean's memory fails him; beer continued till about 1853.

the *Tabula Legum* enjoined *sociati incedentes.* We still took the oath in chapel to observe the Statutes. We were asked in Election Chamber if we could sing, and answered, ' All people that on earth do dwell.' . . .

" The most characteristic part about life in college was that which belonged to chambers. It was a misfortune that a ' chamber ' in the material sense of the term did not show itself at its best to a visitor. It needed to be ' viewed aright,' not empty and dingy in the rather scanty daylight, but in the evening, full of busy young life, books or teacups on the prefect's green baize-covered ' washing-stools,' candles at the ' Toys,' a faggot crackling and glowing in the chimney. In later times the sleeping-room has been separated from the room for evening work and refreshment, no doubt wisely; but we lived in chambers, happily unconscious of any sanitary objection, from the time when we were locked through Seventh Chamber passage (that is, in winter, after 6 p.m., in summer after evening hills) until chapel next morning. . . . A ' chamber,' in the human sense, was a miniature of the whole community. At its head was one of the seven senior prefects, with one or two colleagues, according to its size. The special feature of the arrangement was the careful provision that among the ' inferiors ' in a chamber every grade of standing should be represented. The prefect chose his subjects, but in a prescribed way. The lists, when completed, were submitted to the head and second masters for their approval. The little community which became so closely bound together was constituted for the half-year only, it being necessary to readapt the arrangement to constantly changing seniority. . . . " Then, after some words on the tradition of " chamber-fagging," with its tasks of lighting faggots, boiling water, etc., and " valeting,"

with its attendant duties and privileges connected with the "mess," or evening meal, he goes on—

"We were sufficiently fed in hall for the requirements of nature, but the pleasantest meal in the day was this supplementary tea (or coffee), which we made for ourselves in chambers, college supplying us for the purpose with bread. In winter it was a luxury, for we had just had, or might have had, a supper in hall—on four days in the week of cold beef, made generally, by prefects, more appetising by frying it with some potatoes, on other days of bread and cheese, the cheese again being usually toasted. In summer, 'mess' was after our return from evening hills and bathing, when appetite had revived. We liked then to bring the table, or 'washing-stool,' out of doors and sit in the court till chapel bells began." [1]

The two headmasters' forms offered but little stimulus to industry. Neither in "Sen. Part V." nor in "Sixth Book" was there any changing of places, so that the element of competition, so essential from the modern point of view, was all but entirely absent. The system on which this part of the school was worked was, in fact, despite the brilliant qualities of the headmaster, "an admirable scheme for fostering idleness." [2]

Before Edward Wickham returned in 1857 as

[1] *Op. cit.* pp. 98–100.

[2] "A clear account of the Winchester teaching," says Mr. A. O. Prickard, "will be found in the first Earl of Selborne's *Memorials, Family and Personal*, vol. i. p. 100. It refers to the years 1825–1830. . . . The description may be transferred, with no substantial change as to the routine, to the Winchester of twenty or even thirty years later. But in the later period the special genius of the headmaster, Dr. Moberly, must be reckoned with. . . ." Lord Selborne's curriculum includes Longinus (a special feature); Homer, Virgil, and Horace, whose whole works (with a few omissions in Horace) were read over twice or oftener; Cicero, Livy, and Juvenal; and in the upper part of the school, Pindar, some tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the Greek orators, and parts of the Greek historians. Little was read of the Elegiac Poets, and nothing of Tacitus. Great reliance was placed on composition. (Cf. next chapter.)

classical tutor to the senior boys, the systematic stagnation of the two upper forms had already become a thing of the past; what he achieved as prefect in 1850–52 was to demonstrate that it is possible to be keenly and industriously studious without the external stimulus of a competitive system.

His somewhat delicate physique, which cut him off from the chance of excelling in athletic exercises—though not (be it remarked) from a genuine and life-long interest in cricket—supplied in itself an indirect impetus to the studious life, though curiously enough (as one of his father's letters, quoted p. 24, shows) ill-health seems at one time to have brought him under suspicion of idleness; but it was doubtless, in the main, that rare combination of intellectual gifts and moral qualities which were so markedly his in after life that won for this naturally quiet and unassuming boy his reputation for studiousness and cleverness among his schoolfellows. He soon justified the high opinion formed concerning him. At the end of 1850, when only just sixteen, he won the Goddard Scholarship and the Duncan Prize, that is to say, he carried off at the same time the highest honours both in classics and in mathematics. In the following spring he won the Maltby Prize for Greek iambics. He had thus secured, in competition with many who were his seniors, three out of the very few prizes which were then offered at Winchester. That the future Chancellor's Prizeman did not win also two others—the Queen's Gold Medals for Latin and English composition—is almost a surprise to those who have known the perfection of his Latinity and the scholarly purity of his English. His own account of the matter is that he was practically excluded by the conditions of the competition: only one week was allowed for the writing of these compositions,

and Wickham, who always accounted himself a slow worker, could never finish in time.

The twelve letters that have been preserved show a frank conscientious spirit of counsel on the father's part, in which affection shines through a veil of austere severity. The reverence which the Dean always showed in after life to his father's memory is justified by the picture here drawn; and the letters, which are largely taken up with rather obscure problems of prefectual discipline, throw light on the son's character. He appears to his father somewhat self-willed and impetuous in his line of action: too little apt to consider the many interests involved, when his blood is up; too ready to express his prefect's authority and responsibility in acts that must appear to others high-handed.

Here we may recognise in a less disciplined stage those fires of "righteous indignation" which occasionally blazed forth from the habitual self-restraint of Wickham's later demeanour. We may see also something of the process by which the fiery impulses began to be disciplined under the constraining pressure of fatherly counsel on the one hand, and of hard experience on the other.

It is in a letter written on April 9, 1850, that the shadow of disciplinary troubles first appears. Wickham's name is first found as "Commoner Praefect" in the *Long Rolls* of the previous November.

". . . I hardly know how to advise you about the matters of discipline. You know my sentiments; but circumstances are against you, and you must feel your way. Do what you can, but without making a disturbance, or opposing a large majority of those about you; but you may try to get them to act with you. As to the extension of bounds also, such things must be

taken as you find them. With regard to juniors going down to watch out, it is very wrong, and for the good of the school should be stopped. But how? Do they complain? If so (and they ought to do so) they should do so to you, as prefect, or to the Doctor, so you could not be accused of *interfering*. Think and talk the matter over. It is as yet early, and if the habit is intended it will soon show itself decidedly. . . . "

A letter of May 11, following, refers to the same subject.

" . . . I am sorry to hear that you had to exert your prefectorial authority in the way you mention. I hope you were as merciful as possible, and only carried the law into execution to vindicate its majesty."

Eleven months afterwards, in a letter too long and too technical to be quoted at length, the same matter comes up in a more acute form. A line or two may be quoted to show the strength of the elder Wickham's feeling, anticipatory, to some extent, of a crisis which only came to a head some twenty-two years later.

" I was so occupied yesterday that I could not answer your letter, though I much wished to do so. It has, I dare say you will believe, given me a good deal of pain. One thing I liked about it, and that was the candour with which you narrated what had occurred. But I had felt satisfied, after all that had been said, that there was an end to these unseemly quarrellings, and more unseemly tundings. And then to learn what you told me disappointed me. I cannot like the continuance of this barbarous system. It is not *Wykehamical*, but only a modern introduction, which has already nearly destroyed, and is destroying utterly,

the school. It is worthy of the harshest names I can bestow on it. *I did hope that you would, after all I have said, have set your face against it*; but, my dear boy, what you said (*prae aliis*) to the warden, and the feeling shown to you by the Com. Praes., show what your *animus* has been in the matter. Having been a member of both communities, you might have been, and should have been, a pacificator; you might have softened the harsh feelings of the Coll. Praes., and so disarmed the others. But why should you, except from a mistaken esprit de corps, put yourself forward to excite and encourage even by a single word?"

The letter evidently elicited a warm and resentful reply from his correspondent. The father's next letter, written in answer thereto, is a pattern of strong, tender, and dignified plain speaking.

"(*April* 7, 1851.)—My dear Edward,—I am not at all offended at what you have written to me. I believe, from my heart, that you are wrong, both in the spirit in which you have acted, and in the tone in which you have written. Some day you will agree with me on this subject, though whilst the excitement lasts it is hardly likely. You speak of the 'warden, Doctor, and father' against you. They are certainly three constituted authorities—and one, at least, in addition to the authority God has given him, has the welfare of a much-loved son to influence him in the opinion he expresses and the advice he gives. What I have said to you arose entirely from what you said to me. I had heard not a word on the subject from any one but from you. If the orders given by the authorities are unintelligible or inconsistent—as from your statements they may be—I should counsel you to choose the least of evils, and try to carry them out with the least

offence. If they do not listen to your complaints of boys, let the matter rest with them. If *so* discipline fails, let it be. If the school is ruined, let it be. You, I maintain, are innocent.

"*Forbearance*, I believe, would, though somewhat difficult when minds are excited, allay all unkindly feelings. The opposite party are on the watch to see what you do, perhaps to instigate you. They would think they got a victory if you became forbearing. Let them think so. But, then, what a victory *you* will have obtained *over self*. One such as that is worth fifty of theirs!—I would try to bring my mind to submit to orders, however inconsistent, and contradictory, and difficult—and I would ask God to enable me to see the right way of steering my course, so as to avoid either extreme. I would try to think no evil of authorities, however much their views may seem at variance with mine. I certainly would never speak a word against them, nor would I encourage others in doing so. They have difficult tasks enough, and I would throw no obstacles in their way.

"Prefectorial duties, I believe, are according to statute; but they are not the duties now which the founder meant. I would look at them in a milder spirit, a spirit of Christian kindness. You know I have always so spoken to you—I cannot speak otherwise with Passion Week and Easter coming close upon us.

"Well, now, my dear boy, I have done. I do not intend to scold you, nor did I in my last letter. The system I do scold. But I earnestly entreat you to reconsider the matter, and to look at it with the eyes of one who is likely to be able to form as fair a judgment as yourself. I believe you wish to do right, but I cannot think you have done so—I cannot help

telling you so. If I did I should be acting unjustly to you. I would lay aside my stick, or at least not use it. As B. C., govern by something more enlightened and valuable.

> "'Ac, veluti magno in populo, etc.
> Tum pietate gravem ac meritis, etc.
> Ille regit *dictis* animos, et pectora mulcet.'

"I would now suggest to my colleagues to let matters drop, and harden myself against my opponents' curses, or impudence. If they will quarrel, I would not, and they will soon be tired. You will thus be doing real good to yourself, your friends, your opponents, your school. And then your prayer that your trespasses may be forgiven, *as* you forgive those that trespass against you, cannot be turned to your loss. God bless you and guide you to what is right.—I am, my dear Edward, your most affectionate papa,

"EDWARD WICKHAM."

"I shall like to hear from you. My best love to William."

("*October* 3, 1851.)—MY DEAR EDWARD,—I lose no time in thanking you for your letter. From the tone of it I much hope that things have sobered down, and that all will go on smoothly for *your* future. Let me know, however, from time to time what the state of affairs is, and do your best to *promote peace*, even at the sacrifice of some of *your warmer feelings*, *dignity*, etc. etc. 'It is dreadfully dull in college'—so it is here, and will be, at least while this weather lasts. I have caught a cold and am rather knocked up. You will find more elasticity when the sun shines again, as I hope I shall. But you must remember that as you have been from time to time drawn up to your elders, so

now, in your turn, you must draw others, showing them the superiority of your company, etc., to that of their *youthful* friends. . . . "

Some of the letters are interesting, as throwing light on Edward's weak health and the way in which it hampered a boy naturally somewhat slow at composition.

"(*April* 9, 1850.) . . . I thought of you about speaking time, but it was not possible for me, with what I had to do, to be present at the *solemnity*. You seem to give a gloomy account of the task. Did you ask the Doctor for it earlier? You should have done so. I am sorry he did not speak so well of it as you were led to think he would. It, however, has been a good exercise for you, and you will have derived much service from it. A subject of that sort is not a popular one, and requires much effort and practice to be treated so far as for the οἱ πολλοι to comprehend it. I would alter it, if I were you, as we agreed, throwing in little *ornaments* to enliven it, and have it ready if it is asked for again. Do not much lengthen it. Let me have a copy of it, please. I would, even if I did not alter this, work on vigorously for the medal—and also for the G. iambics. . . . "

At one point a misconception seems to have arisen in the headmaster's mind as to Wickham's industry; his father writes to him in 1850 (the letter is undated).

". . . If the Doctor tells you you do not work, and you think you do, and feel unwell, tell him so, and he will look differently on the matter. But do not be downcast; all you have to do is to do your best—and *I*

shall be satisfied, and so may you be. Well, good-bye. God bless you.—Your most affectionate papa,

"EDWARD WICKHAM."

Even when this misconception had been removed, Edward was evidently inclined to take things too much to heart, and to overtax his feeble physique.

On *March* 31, 1851, his father writes: "I give you joy of your task troubles being over. I hope now you will let nothing weigh upon your mind for many a day. As to the iambics—take the matter *easy*. Do not abandon all thoughts of them, but do not let them in least degree make you *anxious*. I like you to get all sorts of honours, but they are and will be worthless at the cost of health. So pray remember that part at least of your duty is to look to that, and give up half the pleasure you usually take in reading, and get to cricket, etc. etc. I hope we are now going to have some dry weather —too cold, however, for cricket without gown and waistcoat. I have desired Lanham to pack up your bat, and it will go off, in all probability, this afternoon. You must take care to have some benefit from the bowler. You were quite right to join; but do not allow him to bowl *only to a few* who are to play this year. I am glad your quarrels are coming to an end. This is most desirable in any point of view, and therefore, pray, encourage peace. . . . "

"*P.S.*—Your letter was dated *April* 31. It is only March here."

After referring again to Edward's work, proceeds to a discussion of Dr. Arnold's methods, which the boy, to whom in after life (see p. 48) Arnold remained a hero, had apparently adduced in favour of his own disciplinary policy.

A letter of *May* 15, 1851: "If you have time to write a copy of the Greek verses, I shall like to have them. We used to have the medal tasks, or speeches, by this time. Your habits of late years in that respect have been very dilatory. You have but about eight weeks to the holidays. . . . I am glad to think of things being more comfortable in commoners. As to Dr. Arnold's ideas, if you and I were to look them over together, you would find that I could not disagree with them, as you imagine. I never should have quarrelled with 'fagging' if it had meant what it professed. Arnold did not allow it to degenerate into 'bullying,' etc., which some do. And it is the degenerate state which has caused it to be in such bad odour. He calculates that it will raise the tone of the 'Sixth' as well as of the rest of the school. If it does, as it did, perhaps, with him, well—I will say nothing. But does it with you? The plants which will grow well and healthily in one soil, and under one gardener, utterly fail in and under another. There must be fault somewhere—either in the system, the soil, or the gardener."

In the next of the extant letters the proud father has an opportunity of congratulating his son on a mysterious success which a Wykehamist, perhaps, might be able to identify.

"(*June* 3, 1851.)—My dear Edward,—Well, I am very glad to learn that you are the object of congratulation in this involved case. I assure you, I rejoice with you most fully—and hope you may have still further cause for my congratulations as well as for those of your friends. Somehow or other, though it is tardy, justice (in spite of spite) is done to you. I fear I cannot very well do you the honour of attending on Thursday to hear you speak, but I shall like to know

how you get on. Pray take care to speak out clearly, and intelligibly. . . . "

A month later he has to cheer up a disappointed would-be medallist, and to encourage him to future efforts for the achievement of scholastic distinction.

" (*July* 2, 1851.)—My dear Edward,—I need not tell you that I am very sorry to learn the result of the medals, though I must say I am not surprised. You have done wonders for your age; and so far as that goes, are below the level, at which such a matter is gained. But it will be no slight honour to be associated with medallists, as you are. As to the silver, I am, under all circumstances, glad you did not get it. I still believe that your powers of composition are great, though you are, as I have always been, slower than many others in composing. Your E. task showed want of time in many points, though there are some parts strong in it. I believe, if you were to begin when the Oxford themes are set, you might get both L. and E. verse *next year*. But then you will have months to do your tasks in. I shall look out for the themes, and bid you set to work. . . . "

On *October* 3 of the same year the father writes: " You have, no doubt, thanked the Doctor for his offer about Aristotle, as I do. Ask him what edition is best, and get one. I have only an old one interleaved. I would advise you not to lose sight of your Oxford tasks. It is far from improbable that a vacancy may take you off earlier than you mention. They go in, I think, at the end of March. At any rate, it will have been good practice, if nothing else, and that sort of composition especially wants time, and '*limae labor*.' Still, you need not do them with the Doctor, though, if done, they

might be shown to him, when you are *intimate* with him, and his opinion, if he were to give it, would be valuable."

A month later comes a curiously old-fashioned budget of advice about leave-taking.

"(*November* 2, 1851.)—I have written to the warden by this post to ask him to let you resign, on having a certain vacancy by Young's marriage. I hope he will let you, and if he does, you can settle your matters and come home as soon as you like. Two or three things *must* be observed. You must be very civil and *cheerful* to the warden, thank him for your nomination, and his kindness to you, and promise him that he shall never have reason (if you can help it) to regret his having shown his favours to you. Pray do this—and leave with a good grace. Then see the Doctor and thank him also—ask him for advice as to reading, thank him for his private help. Free his mind from any notion of having been, *in will*, at least, unkind to his boys. Make him see (and the warden too) that you are, what I believe you are, a warm-hearted, well-meaning boy, eager to do your duty, though possibly, from want of experience (and age) you may have erred. A few little words will make them smile on you at last, even if things may have been rough. Then come away quietly, without a word of unkindness or discontent among the boys. . . . "

"*P.S.*—Do everything well and with a good grace and good humour as to taking leave."

In Hilary term, 1852, E. C. Wickham left Winchester, and passed to the sister foundation at New College, beginning his undergraduate career at the early age of seventeen.

Statistics of Edward Charles Wickham's Schooldays at Winchester

Long Half,	1848.—E. C. W. Entered . .	W. C. Registers.
Short Half,	1848.—E. C. W. in Sen. Pt. V. .	Long Rolls.
Feb.	1850.—E. C. W. still *Commoner* .	Short Rolls.
July 8,	1850.—E. C. W. Admitted to *College*	W. C. Registers.
Nov.	1850.—E. C. W. Scholar and Prefect, in Chamber 4 (now disused) . . .	Long Rolls.
Long Half,	1851.—E. C. W. Seventh on Election List . . .	"New College Roll."
Nov.	1851.—E. C. W. Senior in School Bib. Prae.; in Chamber 3 (now disused); put down for speech "AD PORTAS" . . .	Long Rolls.

CHAPTER III

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE: ORDINATION

(1853–1857)

One could wish that more personal records remained of the years which immediately follow. The University Calendar is eloquent on the subject of the young Wykehamist's prowess in scholarship, and helps one, to a certain extent, to reconstruct the human environment which afforded him, for the first time since the days of Brook Green, an atmosphere of keen competition.

His First Class in Classical Moderations (Michaelmas term, 1854) was, of course, a foregone conclusion. Among his fellow-classmen were W. W. Merry, afterwards Rector of Lincoln, who carried off the Chancellor's Prize for Latin Essay the year before Wickham won it, and Robinson Ellis, against whom—it was surely no discredit?—he competed unsuccessfully in 1855 for the Latin Verse prize, to win it in the following year.

Wickham's Second Class in "Greats" (Easter term, 1856) represents, in part, pressure of other work—we note that R. Ellis' First Class in the same school was dated in the *Michaelmas* term of the same year—partly, also, it represents the concentration of his interest upon pure scholarship, a narrowing of the field of immediate interest, which is scarcely to be regretted considering the results it produced. In those

days, as now, pure scholarship alone, without some very serious grasp of history and philosophy, could not count on attaining to a "First in Greats." That Edward Wickham's intellectual outlook was narrow in the strict sense of the word, it would be ridiculous to suppose. The record of the two tutorial years at Winchester which followed upon the taking of his B.A. degree, testifies most clearly against such an accusation; so do his college and university sermons, and the effect produced on contemporaries by his lectures. But there were very marked limitations to what may be called his *primary* interests, both in the 'Fifties and later. One of the most enthusiastic of his disciples confesses speaking of the years 1857–1859: "He never showed any real interest in the study of logic or philosophy, nor even in the study of history. And I well remember in after life something of the same traits. Once, when I was in Rome with him, I was greatly disappointed to find how impossible it was to interest him in the archæological and historical memories of the city; the beauties, the pathos, the literary associations appealed to him strongly; the history he passed by, and seemed hardly to care to what century or to what epoch the different monuments belonged. . . ."

In the same year in which he took his Greats, Wickham won the Latin Verse, after two unsuccessful attempts, with his poem "Mors Socratis," wresting from Balliol an honour which had been claimed by that college five times in succession, and was to fall again to the same foundation for the three following years.

The next year, which was the year of his B.A. degree and of his ordination to the diaconate, Edward Wickham achieved what was in one sense the crowning happiness and success of his university career. Under

the year 1823, immediately above the name of Edward Bouverie Pusey of Oriel, in the list of winners of the Chancellor's Latin Essay prize, comes that of "Edward Wickham, New College"; thirty-four years later appears his son's name, "Edward Charles Wickham, New College." The fact that, in winning this distinction, he was following in his father's footsteps must have added not a little to the son's pleasure and satisfaction.

Scanty as are the personal records of his life at this period we can reconstruct without fanciful conjecture the main lines of his life's routine.

The element of study—apt in so many cases to take a second or a third place—came first with him, taste and a tender conscience leading in the same direction. His studies were pursued entirely, or almost exclusively, within the college walls; the intercollegiate system of lectures was a later development, for which, as tutor of New College, Edward Wickham was himself largely responsible. The tuition in those days was far from being as efficient as he was to make it in a few years' time; but he had learnt as a prefect at Winchester to develop his own abilities on the best lines, helped still by the inspiration and the impetus acquired in far-off days at Eagle House.

The tenour of all his later life is warrant that he made good use of the rather meagre and formal opportunities of corporate devotion which the college offered; he was both regular and devout in his attendance at chapel, and won there, in those comparatively uninspiring days, an insight into the possibilities of the college chapel sermon as a power to cleanse, dignify, and uplift the undergraduate life—a lesson which would come home to him all the more vividly in that he was already contemplating Holy Orders.

Of his leisure hours we can equally well conjecture

the general tone and tenour. By disposition shy and retiring, he would not willingly share the more boisterous amusements of his contemporaries, while his delicate physique forbade him to join in their more strenuous athletic exercises. His social gifts—always most brilliant in a *tête-à-tête*, or among a small circle of intimates—were enjoyed to the full by his privileged friends, in the cosy evening chat by the fireside, or in the roads, lanes, and fields where the tireless walker took his exercise. Foxcombe and Cumnor Hurst, Shotover and perhaps more distant Brill could tell tales, no doubt, of many a serious question raised and discussed, points of religion, of social ethics, of politics, as well as those of high scholarship. The undergraduate's tramps round Oxford were in some sense a preparation for those famous rambles in the next period of his life, to which his Winchester pupils look back with such a warmth of gratitude.

In 1857, the year of his B.A. degree and of his temporary return to Winchester, Edward Wickham was ordained deacon by Bishop Sumner of Winchester. What it meant to him, his whole subsequent life testifies. He was ordained, of course, on his Fellowship, and with the pastoral work of tuition alone immediately in view. Was there not also a dream of possible parish work in the future? Those who heard his occasional sermons to country congregations in the 'Sixties were impressed by his power of touching and holding a rural audience.

"I remember," says the Rev. J. H. Thresher, "when I was an undergraduate, spending a Sunday at Eversley (the home of the Harrisons), and Wickham was there. In the evening he preached to a village congregation, and I was immensely impressed by the simplicity and quiet earnestness with which he spoke,

and the deep attention with which his words were received. The sincerity and thoughtful sympathy of the man were as evident and effectual there as they were in New College Chapel."

Bearing this in mind, one cannot but speculate as to what might have been the effect in a country parish of that exquisite scholarship, wielded by one who ever scorned to give to gentle or simple anything but his best, and of the warm and enduring sympathy which was veiled under the heavy covering of modesty and reserve. His view of the pastoral life may be gathered from a letter, written forty-four years later, to an old Wellington pupil on the occasion of his ordination.

"It is, I am sure, a very happy life that you are giving yourself. When it is not, one can generally see some special reason in the man—he has done something foolish, such as marrying without an assured income, or he has started on his profession without the real foundation of personal belief which will make it a matter of happiness and simplicity to speak to others, or he has let himself fall into some morbid way of looking at things, or he has neglected the just claims either of mind or body, and both of them have a way of revenging themselves when we do that. A parish clergyman with enough work to occupy him and not enough entirely to overwhelm him seems to me to have links of human interest and means of helping and blessing others which must make his own life increasingly happy." [1]

There is no "gush" in this, but there is sound common sense and deep seriousness, and under the restrained language about "personal belief" and

[1] Letter written from Lincoln, May 31, 1901, to Rev. W. E. Watkins Grubb on the occasion of the latter's ordination.

"helping and blessing others" we can see something of the deep and pure emotion which must have stirred his own soul when he himself—to use his own characteristically modest expression—"started on his profession" as a shepherd of souls. He was never to have permanent charge of a parish, but hardworked Lincoln vicars remember gratefully the generous help he gave them in the days when he was Dean, and his occasional ministrations are cherished also by the congregations as among their precious memories.

Among the scanty records of this period of his life there are two which in different ways throw light on his character and the trend of his thoughts. The first of these is an incident, and its scene is laid at Medstead in Hampshire. "I remember his staying at Medstead," says his cousin Colonel Halliday, "with my father and mother after he was ordained. On one Sunday afternoon he was to preach at a neighbouring village—Bradley—and my father was to drive him there. It was winter, and the green lane by which they went proved impracticable, and the carriage stuck in the mud, about a mile or so from Bradley. They heard the church bells, and Edward, being determined not to be late, stuffed his sermon-case into his pocket, got out of the carriage, and started running across some ploughed fields. He arrived at the church just in time, but hot and muddy."

The second is a set of verses, written on the death of a half-sister a few weeks old. Interesting as a specimen of his early English verse-writing, with its "chastity" and "nicety" of language, as well as of his thought and feeling in that particular year; interesting also as bearing "the character of the time and taste of 1857," [1] these fifteen Tennysonian stanzas may be allowed,

[1] So judges Dr. Warren, Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

perhaps, in spite of their diffuseness, to appear as a pendant to this chapter.

(ON THE DEATH OF A HALF-SISTER A FEW WEEKS OLD)

June 26, 1857

Bright be the hour, so mothers pray,
That decks the maid with orange flower,
Nor murky cloud, nor envious shower
Stain the blue radiance of the day.

But hidden suns and tearful skies
Are meeter held for funeral rite,
And dearer than the garish light
To aching hearts and weeping eyes.

And who would chide the fancy vain
That in the dull funereal hue,
And in those dropping clouds would view
A sympathy with human pain?

But surely she, who comes to lay
A baby form in hallowed dust,
May feel no shock to holy trust,
If cheerful sunshine mark the day.

Is it not joy that one has found
So soon the happy home, which we
Afar across the billows see,
While angry tempests close us round?

That one beloved shall never taste
The grief that furrows mortal brows,
Shall never mourn o'er broken vows,
And youth's bright promise run to waste.

The baby hands in slumber folded,
The peaceful features, white and still,
Lay calm, as if a sculptor's skill
That marble effigy had moulded.

The gathered mouth, the gasping breath
Tortured the sight no more: each trace
Of anguish from that happy face
Has faded, in the calm of death.

Sweet emblem of the deep repose
That in the Paradisal home
Where happy souls await their doom,
E'en now her guileless spirit knows.

From sorrow free, from fear of sin,
From all the thousand ills of life;
Safe from the struggle and the strife;
No cross to bear, no crown to win!

How many a soiled and wayworn soul,
Crushed by the load of self-earned shame,
Would envy her blest lot, who came
Thus early to the blissful goal!

No early stains her conscience knew,
No doubt o'erclouds her happy flight;
Her guileless brow and robes of white
Are glistening still with sacred dew.

'Tis we who need the deeper Faith,
To trust His hand who bade us stay,
And wage with sin th' unequal fray,
Nor close at once with peaceful death.

What hope that in the awful strife,
Where many a gallant heart has quailed,
Where many a trusted arm has failed,
Our prowess shall be crowned with life?

One hope there is for us and them;—
His love, who hung the worlds in space,
Who folded babes in His embrace,
And wept o'er doomed Jerusalem.

E. C. W.

CHAPTER IV

WINCHESTER

(1857–1859)

It must have been, surely, with unmixed feelings of hopeful happiness that young Edward Wickham accepted the invitation of his old headmaster, Dr. Moberly, to undertake the special classical tuition of the Sixth Form, of which six years before he had been so brilliant a member. It was in September, 1857, that he returned in this new capacity to his old haunts. He was then not quite twenty-three years of age, and fresh from the conquest of the Latin Essay, having been awarded the Latin Verse prize in the previous year. He was to be private tutor to the senior boys, helping them more especially in their Latin prose and verse, subjects of which his university record testified amply to his personal competence. How far he would evince a gift for communicating that scholarship which he so clearly possessed, remained to be proved. It does credit to Dr. Moberly's insight and judgment that his choice should have fallen upon one whose gifts and capacities, intellectual and moral alike, so exactly met the needs of the school at a critical moment in her career.

The slightly strained relations between Wickham and his headmaster, adumbrated in the correspondence between Edward and his father, were now a

thing of the past, if, indeed, they had ever made a deep impression on Dr. Moberly.

The post which Wickham was called upon to fill was an unprecedented one: some one was needed to meet a real crisis in the fortunes of Wykeham's ancient foundation. There was a new situation to be faced, and there was not the necessary vigour and freshness of method to meet it.

Dr. Moberly himself, in the words of an old pupil,[1] "was a talker of wonderful brilliance and attractiveness, and a very precise and accurate thinker (his Balliol pupils had called his horse 'Aristotle'). His silvery voice and incisive periods gave charm even to the rules of Greek accents, which he taught systematically to boys just emerged from the Lower School into his own divisions. On his favourite authors, Pindar, Thucydides, the conversational parts of Horace, or even more, when he opened himself and gave glimpses of the Oxford world as he had known it, or of the larger world of history or modern life, the effect was magical. It was discursive, no doubt, but his talk never rambled outside a very definite purpose, and was always informing. Certainly it made other speaking or lecturing pale by comparison. Still, the course itself was an old-fashioned one. The size of the classes, and the almost exclusive practice of original composition, made teaching, in the sense in which the word came to be understood at Rugby or Marlborough, impossible. Dr. Moberly was well aware of this, and when improving numbers made changes possible, took a first step by bringing Edward Wickham down as private tutor to the senior boys, with special reference to their preparation for the Goddard Scholarship."[2]

[1] Mr. A. O. Prickard.

[2] Shortly afterwards Dr. Moberly introduced a first-rate Oxford scholar.

Even a brilliant and conscientious headmaster may lose some of his energy after twenty years; but it was the system rather than the guiding mind that was at fault.

It was not, however, simply to meet the exigencies of a time of prevailing slackness that Edward Wickham was called in. The relations of Winchester to its sister foundation of New College had already begun to be modified, and with this alteration came a change in the status and prospects of the senior members of "College" involving corresponding changes in the arrangement and the curriculum of the senior forms of the school. That the position may be made clear we cannot do better than quote the explanation given by Dr. Fearon, even at the risk of too much Wykehamical technicality.

"It was a critical moment," he says, "for the fortune of the school. 'College' had been thrown open to public competition in 1855, and a number of clever boys had already come in. . . . Partly owing to this, the numbers were beginning to rise from the lowest point, which they had touched a year or two before.

"Big changes in many other directions had either just been carried out, or were impending. In 1854 competition had been introduced into Sen. Part V.; and the slumberous ease of this large division of the school was much disturbed thereby. In 1856 the examination for succession to New College was made far more serious than before, and the bold step was taken of changing the *order* of succession among the seniors very freely." In 1857—the year of Wickham's

to take charge of the lower half of his own upper division, and a Cambridge mathematician. It is of these three that he writes in 1860: "The young tutors are lively, and we begin work in a fresh, lively way" (*Dulce Domum*, p. 166).

appointment—" the final step was taken of breaking the right of succession to a Fellowship altogether. The last batch of Fellows succeeded in that year to available vacancies; after that year boys were elected to *scholarships* at New College in the ordinary way and by free competition in the school. Moreover, it happened that there were an unusually strong set of boys at the top of the school, largely owing to the introduction of the 'competitive' scholars of 1854, and all of them fairly young; and as there was no 'election' to New College in 1858, the first election of 'scholars' being in 1859, there was practically hardly any change in the first fifteen or twenty boys for two whole years, from 1857 to 1859. . . . There was abundance of promise; all these boys would now stop on for their full school time, *i.e.* to past eighteen, instead of being hurried off (say) at seventeen (as Wickham himself had been) to take up the reversion of their Fellowship. There was also considerable danger of stagnation." It was at this critical moment, in 1857, that Edward Wickham appeared upon the scene.

His coming is described by more than one of those who were there at the time as "an epoch"; and one old pupil, the Rev. J. H. Thresher, who saw a great deal of him in his second year as tutor, avows: "It is not too much to say that he brought *new life* into the school. . . ." Alike by the conscientious and detailed thoroughness of his classical tuition, and by the inspiration of his sympathetic personality, he brought to bear on his pupils an influence of incalculable value. Hitherto there had been, perhaps, more instruction than education in the true sense of the word. The curriculum of the upper boys involved, indeed, a wide course of reading in such subjects as Thucydides, Herodotus, Theocritus, Cicero, Vergil, Horace, and

Juvenal, though Sophocles seems to have been studied but little, and Æschylus not at all. There was also a weekly demand for "original work" in the shape of prose and verse compositions on given themes; but in all this tradition and routine played too large a part to admit of any real stimulus or awakening of intelligence. And though under this traditional system considerable facility, of a kind, was acquired—"many of us," says Dr. Fearon, "could turn out thirty or forty lines of passable Latin, either in prose or verse, per hour"—the Latin so produced was in general "slipshod stuff," wanting in "that exactness which is the peculiar characteristic of the best classics."

One revolution which Edward Wickham introduced was in the method of correcting the compositions. Hitherto they had been vaguely marked "Good," "Bad," "Indifferent," with, perhaps, an underscoring of the principal mistakes, but no specification of the particular errors, and no counsel as to their correction. Wickham changed all that, conscientiously correcting every mistake, and so making it a stepping-stone to future accuracy. But he did far more. He introduced an element which had been almost entirely lacking in the previous curriculum—frequent translations from English into Latin and Greek, and occasional renderings from Latin and Greek into English. These translations gave the boys their first exercise in "minute accuracy and correctness of thought and expression." The classical tutor most carefully criticised, corrected, and revised these exercises, and finally compared them with models, either by himself—and these, as Professor Strong notes, "always conspicuous for their elegance and grace"—or, more frequently, by Professor Conington or some other famous scholar. Wickham's teaching was—to quote once more the

Archdeacon of Winchester—" a complete revelation as to the beauty and significance of classical perfection : it gave us a new conception of the value of precision in thought and style. Edward Wickham was essentially a master of style and expression, and taught us to appreciate the beauties in the great classical stylists, such as, especially, Sophocles and Horace."

The same old pupil can speak with special authority as to the stimulus exercised by Wickham's individual attention. In 1857—Wickham's first year as tutor—he was already at the top of the school, with the Goddard Scholarship and the Duncan Prize to his credit, and but for his tender age—he was only sixteen—would have succeeded that year to a Fellowship at New College. He was, therefore, largely independent of the tasks of the ordinary curriculum, and had the prospect before him of two clear years, with any amount of spare time, and—to use his own words—" unbounded opportunity of idleness." Edward Wickham's coming, he goes on, " effectually closed this opportunity, and made my two years a period of most fruitful progress. I read with him most carefully and thoroughly, out of school hours, many of the Greek and Latin poets which I had known nothing of before. I remember especially the delight I felt in being introduced to a knowledge of Æschylus and Lucretius. We read together the *Agamemnon*, and three or four other plays of Æschylus and Sophocles, the *Eclogues* of Vergil, two books of Lucretius, and other works—as far as I can remember, all poetry. I still possess careful notes I took from him on the *Agamemnon* and other books, which he always looked over and corrected. Opportunity enabled him to do more for me than for my schoolfellows, who were more generally occupied with regular schoolwork ; the result was that any classical successes I gained at

Oxford were very largely due to the care and skill of his teaching at Winchester from 1857 to 1859. Possibly some others would say the same; but I doubt whether any one can say it with the fulness of gratitude with which I can say it."

A contemporary of Dr. Fearon's, Mr. J. S. Phillpotts, supplements this appreciation with a tribute to Wickham's inspiring influence outside the range of purely classical subjects. "With a great deal of time," he says, "on our hands, we were not disinclined to read on our own lines, but we had never been encouraged to think for ourselves. Into this atmosphere Wickham brought a whiff of the fresh air of the University. He boldly threw the reins on his pupils' necks. For a time he let me off the weekly 'tasks'—pieces of original composition, prose, and verse—and gave me a subject such as 'The Study of History,' setting me to think the question out and write an essay of considerable length. The pen moved slowly at the time, but the after results of the endeavour were more fruitful. His methods were a mixture of freedom and stimulus. He became, in fact, a 'mentis agitator meae'—the interest of life and literature were brought before one. . . ." He had the gift of evoking and developing in his disciples the latent faculties of thought and judgment, and "the taste for the things of the mind." Nor did he allow this new-found intellectual freedom to pass into licence. "While we were led," says the authority just quoted, "to think freely for ourselves, at the same time we were steadied by the balance of his judgment; we felt he had as strong a reverence for tradition as we had, but it was more intelligent. While we were inclined to rest on the old lines, he urged us to create new and better traditions, as our predecessors had done. Thus his influence was quickening but not unsettling."

Here we may recognise already in the young graduate something of that remarkable "saneness and sobriety of judgment" so characteristic of his maturer years; to be manifested, perhaps, most conspicuously at two different periods of his subsequent career: in the wise part he played in the reforms at New College in the 'Sixties, and again in his most valuable work for the Convocation of Canterbury towards the end of his life.

The intense personal interest Wickham showed in his pupils was a new thing to those who had been brought up to look upon masters as dons and nothing more—dons whose life was a thing remote, like that of Olympians. In days when an exemplary head boy never, during two years in which he captained the school, entered any part of the headmaster's house except the official study; when the headmaster was never seen in the school playground save once a year, on the occasion of the match against Eton—it was, indeed, a revolution to be brought into contact with one who was teacher and friend together. It is only fair to add that Dr. Moberly himself recognised the defects of this traditional system; for when he invited Wickham to Winchester, he suggested (as Wickham himself afterwards confided to Dr. Fearon) that he wished him to be "not so much a master as an elder brother to the senior boys. . . ." "And the best sort of elder brother he was," my informant characteristically adds.

It was much for these boys to have a sympathetic stimulus to study. "His discriminating sympathy," writes one of them,[1] "won all our hearts, and what is more, fired our intellects." It was more to be inspired to intellectual ambition by one who displayed that

[1] Rev. J. H. Coplestone.

charity which "believeth all things, hopeth all things." "The greatest service he did us," says one already quoted,[1] "was in the sense he gave that he believed in our powers. We had at the time more than a due share of Wykehamical modesty, and he quietly extracted the element of self-distrust latent in this. We were not only stung with a new ambition—his own, we felt, was at once unselfish and ennobling—but we were also made to believe we could achieve results we had not hoped for."

"Possunt quia posse videntur."

Nor was the evoking of intellectual ambitions the climax of his influence. There was a moral and spiritual stimulus in his friendship—friendship ripened by a familiar intercourse and companionship which covered the whole range of their school life.

He was devoted to his pupils and took a keen interest in all they did. He was constantly in and out among them: attended their debates, invited them to lunch and supper with him, took them for long walks beyond the (then very narrow) school bounds; nay, in his desire to win their confidence and affection, he actually joined in their sports, playing football, as Professor Strong testifies, "with pluck and spirit." As for cricket, the interest in that came naturally to him, and needed no external stimulus. But his enthusiasm took a genial form, calculated to win the hearts of the Eleven and of their admirers.

There is a story told about the famous match *v.* Eton in 1858, when Winchester won a very exciting game by one wicket. Within a couple of days of the glorious victory Wickham delighted the hearts of the senior boys

[1] Mr. J. S. Phillpotts.

by producing a humorous little descriptive poem, ending—

> "Haygarth won the match with the sweetest thing in barters." [1]

The same old Wykehamist who tells the story of the match, records how, a few months later, the classical tutor honoured him with a little poem all to himself, by way of apology, on the one occasion on which he is known to have failed to keep an appointment.

He was giving J. H. Thresher an hour of private tuition once or twice a week, from 6.30 to 7.30 a.m. One beautiful summer morning Wickham failed to appear at the appointed hour in the room in "commoners" where he was wont to see his pupils. In the course of the forenoon arrived a charming letter in verse, "all pleasant, and chaffy, and very neatly expressed." The first four lines ran as follows :—

> "When first Dan Sol my slumbers broke, bright streaming through the casement,
> I seized my watch and view'd the hour with horror and amazement ;
> Said Time, "'Tis half-past eight o'clock!" in accents truly ominous ;
> Said Memory, "'Twas at half-past six you should have been in Commoners!"

"You can imagine," adds my informant, "the effect on the mind of a rather shy young prefect, who, in matters of routine and school discipline, had hitherto always felt that he was dealing with dons."

But though his friendly advances would thus take, on occasion, the most playful and unconventional forms, there was never anything careless, unrestrained, or irresponsible about them. "He never," says Professor Strong, "lost the esteem of the boys by

[1] "Barter"=a heroic swipe, is a "notion" derived from the name of the famous Warden Barter, whose smiting powers at cricket were fabulous.

condescending to favouritism or to undue intimacy."

The long expeditions, which gave opportunity for penetration into the unexplored intellectual region of politics, history, literature, and art—the poems of Tennyson, the *Life of Arnold*, and other things not "dreamed of" in the traditional Wykehamist "philosophy"—opened up at the same time to his privileged companions the beauty and interest of the attractive country round Winchester, ranging, as they did on holidays, even as far as Salisbury and Stonehenge. There was, moreover, another and a deeper element in the young deacon's nature—he had been ordained in the year of his return to Winchester—which this familiar intercourse was calculated to bring into play. Curiously enough he seems not to have been allowed to preach to the school; indeed, it is stated, on his own authority, that when he asked permission to attend the daily morning service in the college chapel, the headmaster told him that he would prefer that he should not do so! If, however, he did not yet formally *teach* religion from the pulpit, he was now, as in his schooldays, *learning* much by contact with his chief: his own very effective religious teaching of later days was largely modelled on that of Dr. Moberly.[1] But the unrestrained intercourse with individuals in walks and *tête-à-tête* meals furnished opportunities which not even the college chapel could have offered; and one is not surprised to hear that "the moral effect of his friendship with the serious was most strengthening."

"He was devoted," says Mr. J. S. Phillpotts, "to his pupils; and this interest and devotion were shown

[1] On the importance attached to this side of his work, especially preparation for confirmation, see *Dulce Domum*, pp. 124 sqq. Advent Sunday still remains, after more than fifty years, the great Confirmation Day at Winchester.

not only when present, but in absence as well. In days when letter-writing had ceased to be one of the fine arts, his letters had a *cachet* of their own. They gave us, in fact, just the feeling of his own presence, interesting in themselves, stimulating to the receiver, and warmed with an undertone of personal attachment. The day when one of his letters came in the holidays was 'marked with chalk.' Of course I speak for myself, as remembering the impression on myself. There were, I know, others (perhaps more among those who knew him late in life) who could not see through the outer husk into the rich kernel within, and because he was never effusive, thought his manner cold. This was all outward. His heart beat warmly within, and his attachments lasted through life. It was just the same when we met at New College after an absence of years, or at an Educational Settlement Committee a month or so before he died. I remember just the same devotion to old pupils being shown when he was working hard as a tutor at New College. He would go all the way to Bournemouth for the week-end, to cheer the last days of an old pupil who was dying of consumption."

Another disciple of those days[1] thus sums up his deliberate judgment of the man: "I had the highest personal regard for him. . . . I believe him to have been one of the best, as well as one of the ablest, men that I have known."

[1] Rev. J. H. Thresher.

CHAPTER V

NEW COLLEGE

(1859–1873)

(*a*) *Teacher and Pupils*

Of the four periods into which the life of Edward Charles Wickham may be divided, the second—that of the tutorial work at New College, which covers fourteen years (1859–1873)—is perhaps the most brilliant of all. His boyish successes at Winchester were, indeed, considerable; but their brilliance was doubtless chastened in his own eyes, as in those of his contemporaries, by his lack of ability, with all his discerning love of cricket, to take his rightful share in the athletic life of the school. The undergraduate days gave more scope for the development of his modestly self-reliant nature, and amply fulfilled the earlier promise in the line of scholarship; but it would be a poor life of which the undergraduate career could be described as the climax. As a matter of fact, a distinctly further stage was reached in his life's development, when he returned for those two years (1857–1859) to Winchester, to put into practice, with such remarkable success, the principles—moral, intellectual, and æsthetic—which he had mastered at Oxford.

But it was on his return to New College in 1859

that he truly found his feet, and felt himself, as all good men find themselves now and again, engaged successfully in a work which brought out all that was best in him, and was, in the deepest sense in which the word can be predicated of any of our tasks here below, satisfying to his nature and its tastes. His more intimate relations with the undergraduates and with his colleagues were so happy as to merit the epithet "ideal"; his intellectual work, which interpenetrated that intimacy of social intercourse, was successful in the highest degree, and was characterised by an exquisite beauty and finish that could not but have been fraught with enjoyment to him who produced it. The highest aspects of these two sides of life — the lessons of work-hours and play-hours alike—were caught up and employed in the eagerly looked for college chapel sermons, to illustrate still higher things. But there was another side of the life of those twenty-four years that must have been, if possible, more thrilling and inspiring still. While character was being built up strenuously in individuals by the subtle yet powerful influence of that pure and gifted nature, a larger organism was, at the same time, being developed on stronger and more generous lines than ever before. New College itself was being transformed, casting off its medievalism, leading an entire university in the path of reform, and to the transformation Wickham was contributing perhaps more than any one man besides. Herein lies the claim of this period to be classed as the most brilliant of his life: in it he was not only doing splendid work upon individual lives, he was, in a true sense, "making history."

It may be well to deal with these subjects in order, taking first his relations with undergraduates, his

lectures and his college sermons, and reserving for later consideration the part he played in the great drama of college reform, and his influence upon the university at large.

Edward Wickham was undoubtedly one of the pioneers of the modern relations between tutor and pupil at the university. In this he was but carrying on the policy and temper of his short tutorial career at Winchester: and it was doubtless made easier for him by the fact that some of his most brilliant Winchester pupils accompanied him, or followed him, to Oxford and were committed anew to his guidance as undergraduates. "In 1859," says Dr. Fearon, "when we seniors left to go to Oxford, Wickham also returned to New College. For the next four years I was his pupil while he was tutor of New College."

Another circumstance which facilitated the growth of intimate and frank relations between dons and undergraduates at New College was the recent tradition of "Senior" and "Junior Fellows," only changed to the universal system of "Fellows" and "Scholars" in 1859.

Where there is mutual sympathy many means will soon be found of cultivating intimate relations, once the ice is broken. But the two chief methods employed by Wickham in those days were Sunday dinner at high table in term time, and informal reading parties in vacation. Without the recent tradition of a system, by which freshmen straight from Winchester had been already numbered among the Fellows, it is difficult to conceive how a high table of those rather stiff and formal days could have brooked the presence of undergraduates, even on a Sunday. And apparently this did not survive among the permanent modes of intimacy between tutor and

pupil, though the writer remembers being invited in the 'Eighties, when an undergraduate at Christ Church, to dine at the high table at Oriel. However, in the early 'Sixties some of Edward Wickham's pupils used frequently to dine with him in hall: it was only as the college grew in numbers and "passed beyond the size of a family party" that the practice was gradually dropped, probably, as has been suggested, because "this public selection of special friends suggested an appearance of favouritism."

"We lived on very friendly terms with him," says one who became his pupil in 1861, Rev. J. T. Bramston, "and there was no Mr-ing or Sir-ing on either side. He certainly made us eager to work, and I never remember any instance of his acting the disciplinary tutor. I have also recollections of occasional long walks with him. . . ." These walks doubtless furthered the development of a healthy intimacy, as it had been furthered a few years before by the long out-of-bounds tramps at Winchester. But far more can be done by a daily succession of such episodes of informal intercourse; and it was because he realised this that Wickham adopted from his distinguished out-college friends Jowett and Conington, the plan of vacation reading parties. There are those with whom some of these happy times among the Welsh hills are still among the brightest of memories; and among the reading parties one centred at Festiniog and Maentwrog in 1864 is remembered as perhaps "the greatest." Among those present were J. B. Harrison and R. C. Moberly. The Dean was always, even to the last years of his life, a keen walker and climber, though never emulous of the distinctions of the Alpine club; and one who was privileged to spend some vacations with him in the 'Sixties (W. S. Forster) records

that he "was very active in expeditions to Snowdon and other mountains."

Another old New College pupil (Mr. Bramston) recalls the very words in which, in one of his college sermons, he compared the retrospect of life to that of a mountain walk. . . . "The stream which we crossed, the village where we halted, lie indistinguishable in the foreshortened distance; but, however far our steps have strayed, we still know that we have passed within sight of the Eternal Radiance, and have felt on our brows the fresh breeze that blows from the Home of Everlasting Purity."

These vacation times together served, perhaps, more effectually than anything else could have done, to break down, for those who were privileged to be with him, that wall of reserve which many who never gained access to the inner circle of his intimates mistook for coldness or want of heart.[1] "Those who had been on reading parties with him" (says Rev. W. Goodchild) "found him most helpful, kindly, and sympathetic." Others learnt, no doubt, from them what a treasure was to be found in that modest casket, and, in consequence, "there was great enthusiasm for him among the undergraduates." . . . "He was thought to be the best teacher and the most popular don in Oxford, at least by New College men."

The more purely intellectual side of his tutorial work—the actual coaching and lecturing—is still vividly recalled by not a few grateful pupils. "As a classical teacher," says Mr. A. O. Prickard, "he set himself to build upon all good foundations: it

[1] Professor Strong, after alluding to the generosity with which Wickham had given him many gratuitous hours of private coaching, proceeds: "I used to see a great deal of him while I was at Oxford, and my acquaintance ripened into intimacy, so that he was kind enough to take me with him on a trip to Switzerland, which is one of the most pleasant recollections of my life."

was his ambition that such help as was being given elsewhere by James Riddell and Edwin Palmer, should, so far as might lie in his power, be freely available in William of Wykeham's College." There can be no doubt that his teaching was of a conspicuously high order. The remarkable number of First Classes in Moderations obtained by New College men in the years 1861–1873 bears eloquent testimony to the fact. "No one," says Dr. Fearon, "would have hesitated to say that they were mainly owing to Edward Charles Wickham." The Bishop of St. Albans as unhesitatingly attributes to him the chief credit for these college successes, and declares: "He was one of the very best tutors for work that goes under the name of scholarship that any college could have . . . and he inspired his pupils with the love of learning." In a like strain also the late Bishop of Salisbury, who was Wickham's pupil in the early 'Sixties, emphasises his devotion to the work of tuition and the striking and inspiring quality of his scholarship. The influence of this finished scholar upon those who came under his sway was probably in some ways rather enhanced than diminished by the note of austerity which even then marked his personality. "He was, as a young man," says Dr. Wordsworth, "a trifle severe and slow to praise or encourage. I remember with gratitude a neat pencil remark on one of my compositions—

"'O si sic omnia!'

implying disapproval of past carelessness as well as approval of that particular one. We were all," he continues, "particularly struck by the 'finish' of his work." Here, as in the memorable two years at Winchester, he spent much time and

energy in careful criticism and correction of translation into Latin and Greek, abjuring altogether the perfunctory methods then, as ever, largely in vogue, and taking pains to make the blunders—and even the occasional "howlers"—of his pupils stepping-stones to a higher plane of sensitiveness and taste in scholarship. He was generous with his time and his very limited strength, as with his substance. Mr. A. O. Prickard, after alluding to Wickham's intimacy with such intellectual leaders as Conington, Goldwin Smith, and Henry Smith, and his keen interest in "the new thought and science which were associated with the name of Max Müller," proceeds: "Whatever he gained himself from these masterly minds Wickham would always share with his pupils;" and adds: "But, after all, it was his own unremitting labour, given at the obvious cost of a health always frail, by day and night, in term-time and in vacation; his generous encouragement, his cheerful insistence on the duty of disregarding trivial or unreal hindrances, which made his work as a college tutor so remarkable at the time, and give it a place among the memories which do not pass." Nor was he content thus to spend himself on New College alone: he was also ready, on occasion, to give extra gratuitous tuition even to out-college men who attended his lectures. And those lectures were, according to contemporary testimony, as "extraordinarily effective" as were the hours he spent in private criticism of his pupils' exercises.

When Wickham began his career as a lecturer and tutor, in 1859, there was no intercollegiate system of lectures: each college was responsible exclusively for the instruction of its own undergraduates. This emphasises the credit due to the admittedly most

effective of the classical tutors of New College for the successes of that college in the schools. The new spirit which he introduced into the life of the college—"a spirit of energy, and thoroughness, and hard work, and literary sympathy"—was exemplified as much in his lectures as in his private tuition.

Three courses of these lectures stand out very clearly in the memory of those who were privileged to attend them: the lectures on the Greek dramatists, those on the Roman poets, and those in which he discussed minute points of grammar and scholarship.

The most striking of all his lectures were undoubtedly those on the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus. He was deeply in love with Æschylus, and long cherished the hope of being able some day to do for the most sublime of Greek dramatists what he actually accomplished for the subtlest of Latin lyric poets; but though his projected edition of Æschylus remained a dream, his lectures on the *Agamemnon* have left their mark on many an eminent scholar of to-day. "They were a revelation to me," says the present Warden of New College, "of what lectures could be," evincing an extraordinary gift of exegesis, and of rendering the original Greek into excellent (though slightly expanded) English, of tracing the subtle connection of thought through language, and of making the play real and developing its teaching. This last point is emphasised by Dr. Fearon: "It was not only the literary side of Æschylus which appealed to him, and which he brought home to his pupils, but quite as much the deep interest of the ethical problems, and the earnestness of the dramatist's groping after a solution of the problem of humanity and the Unseen World." And he quotes in this connection words of one of Wickham's old pupils who was not within the

circle of his more intimate friends: "It was not mere scholarship which was given us in those lectures on Æschylus: of course scholarship was there, clear, accurate, inspired with that sympathy for the genius of the Greek language which saves the scholar from sinking into the pedant. But there was much more besides: the beauty of the play viewed as mere literature, the grandeur of its ethical teaching, the many points at which it touched life, religious, moral, social—all these in turn found a place in the lectures; and a reference to some old notes shows that Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, the Book of Ezekiel, Maine's *Ancient Law*, and Tennyson's "Œnone" were on various occasions pressed into the service to illustrate or explain some point."

Of his lectures on Latin authors those upon Vergil and Horace are the most memorable. "Some seven of us," says an old pupil,[1] "used to attend Wickham's lectures in his sitting-room, and I have a very happy memory of them. . . . I date from them a lasting affection for Vergil, Sophocles, and some of the other books for Classical Moderations." Others draw attention to his expositions of the poet, with whom the name of Wickham will be linked as long as classical scholarship endures in England or America. "On Horace," says the Bishop of St. Albans, "he had scarcely his equal."

"I had myself," says Mr. Goodchild, "been under good teachers at school—Bradley and Farrar—but Wickham's lectures on Horace were a revelation to me. His luminous distinct style, his originality of thought, his logical demonstration of all his points, made me enjoy those lectures as I have never enjoyed any others." Of Horace he was already beginning to make

[1] Rev. J. T. Bramston.

a special study. His own mind was peculiarly capable of appreciating the exquisite happiness of the Roman poet's phrases. Wickham himself possessed in an eminent degree that *curiosa felicitas* which Quintillian ascribes to Horace. His lectures are described as developing very ably the subtle connection of thought, alike in the analysis and the translation, while his comments, like those which he afterwards published, compared very favourably in common sense with the rather fantastic work of some of his predecessors.[1]

Equally important, if not more important still, was a set of lectures he used to give on minute points of Greek and Latin scholarship. In these his Latin instances were characteristically drawn in the main from Horace. They seem to have taken the form of a desultory treatment (of course, in no bad sense of the word) of, *e.g.*, Greek and Latin particles: a study of conjunctions with a view to the connection between sentences — contrast, subordination, consequence — a treatment of other particles marked by lucidity of analysis of different shades of meaning. Dr. Fearon describes these lectures as "amazingly ingenious and interesting discussions on grammatical and critical questions, which secured for all New College men unusual success in the general paper on scholarship questions which used to be set in the Moderations examinations." Ten years later, in 1872, the President of Magdalen (Dr. Warren) attended some admirable lectures on "Comparative Philology," which he describes as remarkable for their "clearness and finish of expression."

The intercollegiate system of lectures was then in its infancy, and Wickham was, as we have seen, among its originators. Dr. Warren recalls how a certain Balliol

[1] On this subject see further chapter, p. 157.

undergraduate, when instructed by his tutor to avail himself of the teaching of the famous classical oracle of Wykeham's foundation, pretended not to know where New College was, and hired a bath-chair man to convey him to the obscure spot! It was between Balliol and New College that the first combination was made, Edwin Palmer taking Vergil for the two colleges, and Edward Wickham Æschylus and Horace.

From the lectures it is natural to pass on to the sermons in chapel, for worshippers of a humorous turn used to allege that Wickham never preached in college without introducing a quotation from the *Agamemnon*. This playful accusation brings out a characteristic point in the preacher's character. His exquisite scholarship was not only redeemed from pedantry by a living sympathy with the Greek genius, it was also redeemed from barrenness by that deep and serious solidarity of mind and spirit which made it possible and natural to him to bring, like Dante, the gems of old pagan quest and aspiration into the treasury of his own Christian soul—a treasury from which he had in an eminent degree the power of bringing forth "things old and new."

"His college sermons," says one,[1] "were a real treat, both because he knew what our difficulties were likely to be, and because of the beautiful and delicate language of which he was a master." Another[2] describes the eagerness with which these periodical sermons were looked forward to. "They never failed," says a third,[3] to produce a very real effect. Most carefully prepared, in beautifully simple language, earnest, thoughtful, they were undoubtedly one of the

[1] Rev. J. T. Bramston.
[2] Dr. Jacob, Bishop of St. Albans.
[3] Dr. Fearon.

most helpful influences in the college life. I remember particularly hearing that a sermon he preached in November 1867 on the evils of gambling (which, I fear, at the time was much needed) produced a profound impression, and was the beneficent cause of a very real and general reform." [1]

What made his sermons so effective was that combination of the ideal and the actual which made this seer of visions to be no mere dreamer of dreams. His hold on the ideal was balanced by a thorough grasp of the needs and aspirations of the undergraduate of his day. "He was," says Dr. Jacob, "so completely in touch with young men, understood their ways and their difficulties, advised judiciously, inspired them with the desire to do good honest work in the world, whatever their future line of life might be, and was the friend of all." And another old pupil, after speaking of his feeble health, adds: "He was never too tired, however, to give wise and kindly counsel to any one who required it. I had myself to consult him about a matter which had greatly upset me and made me extremely nervous, and he gave me his time and attention with the utmost generosity, sending me away comforted and reassured, and feeling that I owed to him the inestimable benefit of restored peace of mind."

Those who were privileged to know the Dean at Lincoln a quarter of a century later, will be reminded irresistibly of the septuagenarian dignitary who, however exhausted by the demands made upon a delicate physique, by educational work for the diocese and convocation committee work for the province and for the whole church, could never find it in his heart to refuse a sudden request to preach or help in less conspicuous ways at one of the parish churches "below hill."

[1] This sermon is printed in the Appendix, p. 195.

Four of his college sermons were printed for private circulation in 1873. The first of these, preached on May 10, 1868, inculcates with a persuasive gentleness and reasonableness the consideration of the claims of the chapel services in the scheme of the undergraduate's life. It is characteristic of the preacher that the claim is not urged with dogmatic absoluteness:

"*Come*," he says, "to this sacred house; come *often*; come, if you *can* come, if you think it *right* to come, *daily*. . . . The principle is of Divine and peremptory authority, but days and hours are left to our own conscience and judgment. . . . Stay away, brethren, or come seldom, if, on a calm review, in God's sight, you think it well or right to do so; only do not so on light reasons, or without thinking at all. . . . Do not let a habit, which in your wisest moments you really feel to be a good and sacred one, slip from you simply from carelessness. . . ."

Further on he speaks of Holy Communion (celebrated then only once a month), as "the highest act and crown of Christian worship," and here again the persuasiveness of his plea is enhanced by a sympathetic sensitiveness to the consciences of his hearers:

"God forbid that we should ask or wish any to come who is not prepared to lay on the altar the reasonable sacrifice of his own individual will and life! It would be the saddest and most cruel wrong that we could do to a friend, to break down or impair in his soul, by any word or example of ours, the sacred and pre-eminent awfulness with which he has been wont to regard this service. He that stays away from it, rather than fit himself to take part in it, forfeits a strength and peace that he knows not of. But what dare we say of him who comes without once considering whether he is fit or not? . . ."

In these days of frequent communions we need

now and then to listen to the austere tones of a generation whose keynote in religion was "godly fear."

The next sermon in the collection, on "Purposes of Life," was preached on October 15, 1871. "What doest thou here, Elijah?" is made the text of a stirring appeal to his young hearers to realise the seriousness and the responsibility of the few years at Oxford:

"This place is full of blessings, but it is full, too, of curses. You may go hence in a few years, if you will have it so, more frivolous than you came, with every fault of intellect, which now might be merely an accident of your age, rendered inveterate and hopeless; you may learn more deeply than you can have learnt yet the lesson of a lounging, loitering selfishness; you may poison the wellspring of your thoughts with foul memories of sin and shame; you may hang round your necks a load of debt, which you may feel when you are old men."

The peroration works round again to that thought of the hallowing influence of the college chapel which held so constant and so prominent a place in Wickham's own academical life, alike at Oxford and at Wellington: "Make this sacred place," he pleads, "the centre of your lives here."

The third of these four sermons, on "Faith better than Sight," contains a thought fraught with special interest, as a premonition of the joy that was to come into his life some eighteen months later, when, at the house of her cousin, Mrs. Edward Talbot, he first met his future wife, Agnes Gladstone. "Trust without sight, or at least far beyond sight, is the beginning of all human love as well as the end."

Last comes his farewell sermon, preached on Whitsunday, 1873, on the eve of his departure for Wellington College. The subject is "Christian

Patriotism," and the sermon is typical alike in the quiet thoughtfulness of its exordium and in the directness of its practical appeal. First he contrasts the patriotic ideals of the Hebrews with those of the ancient Greeks and Romans. He shows how the "society of the classical world" was "pulverised" by the advent of a consciousness of the importance of the individual, while Jewish and Christian patriotism survived. The idea of the supreme value of individuality "lived and worked side by side with the intensest national life in Judaism, as it has in Christendom," because country is, in these cases, regarded as the "shrine of something greater and dearer even than itself. . . ."

"Christianity uses our gregarious instincts, our powers of identifying ourselves with a community, to lift our thoughts from this world to a world that exists behind and above this one; to make us comprehend the communion of saints; to make us feel the strength and sweep of an eternal purpose."

There follows a stirring appeal to his hearers to join conscientiously in the life of their country, and earn that "place of esteem and leadership" which "the educated class" should hold "for the sake of all"; an appeal to the young men to keep their hearts open to the cry of prevalent social evils, and be ready to sacrifice time, trouble, and money to their amelioration; above all, setting themselves personally against such sins as impurity and gambling, from motives of patriotic chivalry.

The final words of farewell are characteristically modest and simple:

"We must care for good and we must care for others. If our mind is fuller of those two thoughts than of our-

selves, we shall have, and we shall exercise, the influence which God means us to have.

"I must not say any more. I am afraid I have spoken to you very ineffectively on the subject which I have chosen for my last sermon as a teacher in this place; but I have spoken from my heart, and you must judge the truth of what I say, and supply its deficiencies.

"May God bless you all, with all blessings of time and eternity, and, through you, may He bless this dear and venerable house!"

It was when the memorable sermon on "The Responsibilities of Freedom"—the powerful denunciation of gambling—was germinating in his mind, in 1867, that he paid his first visit to Wellington College, spending a Sunday with his former pupil, Mr. J. T. Bramston, who had gone there in the previous year to work under Dr. Benson. "I have no very clear recollection of the details," says my informant, "but I remember that we went to dine with the Bensons, whom he had not met before, and that they appreciated each other fully."

Six years later Dr. Benson's place was vacant; and almost contemporaneously with the call, as Wickham conceived it, to a fresh and almost untried field of labour came the imperious call of Love, which was to transform the ideal unmarried don into an equally ideal husband. Before we pass on to this momentous change of life and environment, another aspect of the Oxford period calls for notice.

CHAPTER VI

NEW COLLEGE

(1859–1873)

(*b*) *The College and the University*

"Since Mr. Wickham has been a tutor at New College, the college has risen into the first rank of Oxford colleges. I would not undervalue any of his fellow-labourers, but I am not afraid to claim for him the credit of having contributed more than all to its very remarkable success."

These words of the late Edwin Palmer, written in 1873, when he was Corpus Professor of Latin, form an appropriate text for a chapter on Wickham's work for his college and for the university. They are taken from a testimonial — one of the forty-eight gladly furnished by former associates, colleagues, and pupils when Wickham was standing for the head-mastership of Wellington College. Of Edwin Palmer's testimonial its subject used to say that he was "ashamed to see it in print." But the verdict of posterity has more than justified the deliberate pronouncement of one who was peculiarly qualified to speak.

In his masterly little monograph on *New College*, in which he traces the course of his college's history through fifty eventful years, from 1856 to 1906, the late Rev. H. B. George has vindicated for Wykeham's

foundation the honourable post of a leader in those movements of reform and reconstruction which have made Oxford what it is to-day. In this record Edward Wickham's name is singled out for special mention. Were it not that Wickham survived the publication of the work by a brief interval, the book would no doubt have contained a still more unqualified eulogy. The other two leaders of reform whose names are associated by Mr. George with that of the subject of this Memoir, are those of Warden Sewell and Alfred Robinson, men on whom, we may believe, rests the blessing assigned to those who "rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." This was not yet true of Wickham when Mr. George's book was written; yet the historian of New College, while he rejoices, for many reasons, that there is no occasion to mention individual names in order to make the story clear, cannot find it in his heart to omit a reference to one person still living at the time. To realise the full weight of his words, we must remember that those who know most about the subject are most ready to admit the justice of Mr. George's frank claim "to have had unique opportunity of knowing what was done, and when, and why."

This is what he says: "The real moving spirit in the all-important decade which began in 1860 was Edward Wickham. He did not, of course, originate every reform, but he did suggest many; more important, perhaps, he aroused in others the spirit which, to some old-fashioned Fellows of that date, seemed abominable restlessness. He was never content with the existing state of things if he could see a way to improve it. The new ideas were, so to speak, in the air; but Edward Wickham, by inducing us to take them up, conferred on his college the distinction of

being the pioneer in several important changes which rapidly became general in Oxford, and have stood the test of time.

"That he could have done what he did without steady and active support would obviously have been impossible; but his former colleagues know full well how little would have been achieved without him. Of a living man the less said the better, but it is only common justice to say so much."

Of all the appreciative words that the late Dean's death evoked, none, surely, can have surpassed, in the eloquence of a restrained and measured judgment, this tribute of the friend who was so shortly to follow him to the grave.

Into the details of those reforms in which Wickham is thus acknowleged to have been the leading spirit it will not be necessary for us to go. Mr. George's lucid and fascinating little book deserves to be widely read, not merely by old Wykehamists and old members of New College, but by all who love Oxford, nay, all who are in any way interested in universities at all.

The first Commission was appointed in 1854, and was sitting about the time when Edward Wickham came up as an undergraduate. It is not without significance that the secretaries of this Commission, Goldwin Smith and A. P. Stanley, were afterwards numbered among his intimate friends. This Commission laid great stress on certain rather radical reforms: on the removal of abnormalities, and special restrictions, where possible, in the election of Scholars and Fellows, and on contributions from the colleges to the support of the professoriate. New College, in particular, was told off to support in part the two Savilian professorships. As regards Scholarships and Fellowships the age-long connection with Winchester,

though not abolished, was largely modified, and the privileges of "Founder's Kin" were done away with.

But perhaps the most important of its results was "the priceless boon of self-government"—the power, that is, freely to make and to alter their own by-laws on matters not laid down in the "Ordinance" of the Commission itself, and to modify even the terms of the Ordinance, subject to the consent of the Privy Council. "This power it was," says Mr. George, "which, carefully used during the 'Sixties, transformed New College on its own initiative."

When Wickham took up his work on the tutorial staff it was in an atmosphere charged with reform; he brought to the work the inspiration of a mind set upon bringing new things out of old — a temper full of reverence for what was good in the past, but resolute to see that the present and the future should receive their due. Like George Ridding who, some years his senior at Brook Green and at Winchester, had helped to make Exeter a reforming college in the 'Fifties, Edward Wickham, with all his radicalism, was a truer and more enlightened conservative than many of his contemporaries who posed as such.

The reforms in which he played an influential part fall into three groups: (1) The throwing open of the college; (2) the making of teaching at Oxford into a *career*; (3) the attempt to combine college and university teaching.

(1) As regards the throwing open of the college, the movement had already begun while Edward was still a boy at Winchester; his influence here was that of a guiding and consolidating force in the later stages of the process.

"The beginning of the transformation of New

College," says Mr. George (p. 11), " dates from December 1852, nearly two years before the appointment of the first University Commission."

Then it was that by the suggestion of the Warden and Fellows of New College, under the advice of their visitor, the Bishop of Winchester, Winchester College was induced to open its doors to competition. From that moment Winchester, which was at a very low ebb, took a turn for the better, and brought new life thereby to the Oxford foundation to which it supplied so much material.

Another recommendation of the visitor was that New College itself should admit commoners. When Edward Wickham joined the staff in 1859, commoners, though still few in number, had begun to form an appreciable element in the college life. Unfortunately their intellectual level remained uniformly low. To meet this difficulty the college decided in future, following the example of Balliol, to admit only honour men—an enactment which did not, as might have been supposed, increase the quality of the freshmen at the expense of quantity. On the contrary, the numbers of the undergraduates steadily and rapidly increased, until the convenient limit of two hundred was reached. It is no secret that Wickham was the moving spirit in this measure, and it is here, probably, in the early 'Sixties, that the impress of his hand upon the destinies of the college may first be traced.

(2) To make college teaching into a career it was necessary to modify the old quasi-monastic rule that Fellows should be unmarried. In consequence of this rule tutorial work in college had come to be regarded not as a profession or a life's work in itself—but rather as an interim occupation for those who were waiting to be married or to take up a

college living. Wickham, and others with him, felt that such an attitude was unworthy of the dignity, importance, and sacredness of the teaching office. They introduced the system of married Fellows, and thus became pioneers of a movement which, for good or ill, has done more than anything else to transform Oxford materially, socially, and, perhaps, we may add, intellectually. A further development which Wickham was very anxious to effect was the introduction of married tutors' quarters into college; and though this had not the same success as the other movement, the "Tutors' House" at New College stands as a permanent monument of Wickham's ideal.

(3) The attempt to combine university and college teaching expressed itself in two ways, to one of which reference has already been made in the last chapter. College teaching was made available for a wider circle, and potentially for the whole university by that intercollegiate system of lectures which developed out of the voluntary combination between Balliol and New College, in which Edwin Palmer took one subject for both colleges and Edward Wickham another.

The other form which the movement took was that of Professorial Fellowships, by which professors were given a welcome to certain colleges, and the colleges concerned were called upon to support out of their revenues the endowments of certain professorial chairs. This arrangement had been urged by the first Commission, which assigned the Savilian professorships to New College, and was also one of the measures prominent in the programme of the second Commission in 1877. Of the enactments of that Commission many (including the provision of married Fellows) had been anticipated by New College. The one with which we are at present concerned had often been discussed by

Wickham in conversation with the present Warden; and Wickham had been in this one of the prime movers in the first serious attempt to solve a problem which still exercises the mind of the university.

One other matter calls for notice here, because, though *prima facie* it was a question of internal economy, it really affected, in the end, the bulk of the university. The college buildings of the 'Sixties were an inheritance from comparatively distant generations. Modifications and partial restorations were indeed inevitable from time to time, but no attempt at *expansion* on a large scale had been made for many years.

Edward Wickham was fired with the idea that a college which had been endowed by its founder's generosity with a spacious hall and chapel ought to build for itself other buildings in proportion. His influence is largely to be seen in the notable expansion of New College, which gave it a frontage in Holywell Street; and his zeal for the material expansion of the college gave inspiration and stimulus to the early stages of a movement with which nearly every college has since identified itself—a movement which is still in progress to-day, as the ever-changing aspect of the High Street bears witness.

Through the medium of those reforms at New College, in which he is recognised to have been a leading spirit, Wickham may be said to have exercised no mean influence upon the university at large. His fine scholarship was throughout his career an ornament and a strength to the university, and its effects became more widely diffused through the growth of that system of co-operation among the colleges, of which he was one of the pioneers. But these influences were, in a sense, indirect. He never held any professorial

chair—though a more ideal Professor of Latin could hardly be imagined—nor had he a place upon the Hebdomadal Council. His direct relations to the university as such were confined to the pulpit of St. Mary's, where his singular gifts were recognised and appreciated, and the ardent administrative reformer showed himself as an earnest, broad-minded preacher of righteousness, capable of expressing in language of peculiar grace and simplicity the fundamental principles of practical religion.

The Warden of Keble, whose obituary sermon on Dean Wickham in the university was characterised by remarkable insight into the qualities which made Wickham all through his clerical life a preacher of conspicuous grace and power, has kindly contributed to this Memoir a short appreciation of the Dean as preacher before the university.

"On no less than four different occasions," writes Dr. Lock, "was the late Dean of Lincoln chosen by convocation to be a select preacher before the university of Oxford: once while still in residence as a tutor of New College; once when headmaster of Wellington; twice after he had become Dean—a very rare tribute this to any preacher, and all the more striking that nearly forty years elapsed between his first and last sermon in that capacity.

"Yet the tribute was felt by all to be thoroughly deserved, for among the preachers in St. Mary's during those forty years he would certainly rank very high in the first class. He had not, indeed, the learning of Dr. Pusey, the rhetorical fire and passionate argumentation of Dr. Liddon, or that extraordinary combination of eloquence and argument which was so characteristic of Bishop Magee; he would be placed rather side by side with Dr. E. A. Abbott, or even with him who has

always appeared to me to be the ideal of university preachers, Dean Church.

"Behind the sermons it was possible to see a strongly emotional nature, an eager passion for righteousness in individual and social life, a yearning desire to be able to help others to the attainment of such righteousness; yet all this was held in strong check with severe self-restraint; it seldom rose to the surface; it 'shone through' rather than 'shone out.' It would be possible and not, I think, wholly fanciful to compare the style of his sermons with the expression on his features. With him, as with another leading Oxford contemporary of his, Goldwin Smith, the first impression that the face gave was that of one severe, repressed, chilling; the stranger felt almost repelled for a while, till from time to time the chill relaxed, and one of the sweetest of smiles captivated and fascinated him and revealed unsuspected depths of affection and emotion. So with the sermons the chief characteristic was an austere beauty; the style was clear, chaste, refined; there were no unnecessary words; it was always the work of the scholar accustomed to weigh and appraise the exact meaning of epithet and adverb, to use the phrase that told and nothing more. He shrank from mere rhetoric, and he told me once, at the end of his life, after his careful study of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that he had come to feel that the writer of that book was too rhetorical to be quite faultless and perfect.

"There was, too, always present a solemnising sense of the realities of the spiritual world, of the seriousness of the issues . . . which were being decided in the years of a university life, and an appeal to his hearers to face these issues and to give their help to the religious and social needs of the time.

Wellington College Chapel, 1892.

"One sermon on the young man whom Jesus loved let us see his own real pastoral love for the young, and his hopeful faith that though they turned away for the time, they were still objects of both Divine and human love and would return to their allegiance.

"Another bore trace of Gladstonian influence in his pleading for justice as between class and class, or between nation and nation, and its protest against what seemed to him unrighteous war. He returned very often to the Epistle to the Hebrews, of which he had made a special study; he was attracted by the picture of the great offering—the perfect sacrifice of a human will—because he felt that the Epistle 'carries us back' behind the Levitical ordinances to the needs of human nature—the fear of death, the craving for sympathy, the stings of conscience, which put all mankind on a level; and also because he believed fully the central theme of the argument that Christianity is superior not only to Judaism, but to all religions, 'as the final and sufficient revelation of God to man.'

"As one listened to his preaching the first thought that rose to one's mind was, 'How scholarly! This is the careful commentator on Horace who has learnt something of his author's *curiosa felicitas*;' but this soon gave way to the deeper thought, 'How tender and delicate in feeling! This is the tutor, this is the schoolmaster, who really knows and cares for his pupils;' or perhaps to the thought, 'How courageous! This is the pleader for social justice and righteousness;' and all in time were merged in and overmastered by the deepest impression of all, 'How solemn! This is the true humble Christian who will send us back to work our work, and think our thoughts, and teach our pupils with a more abiding sense of the Presence of the Divine Spirit.'"

Typical of his earlier preaching before the university, and of his whole mental attitude, is the sermon on "An Open Mind" preached on Advent Sunday, 1866. From the text of Acts xvii. 11 he draws out a strong plea against premature partisanship —in politics, but especially in religion. The sermon contains passages of no little force and beauty:

"The trial of the Beroeans cannot in its literal details be repeated, for Christianity has become part of the established order of the world. But who shall say that no revelation is still reserved for the eye that can see and the ear that can hear? Who shall say that the generous heart and open mind, the capacity to receive new truth, and the wisdom and justice and candour to examine and appreciate and confess it, have become enemies of the faith of which once they were the forerunners, or forfeited the eulogy which in this happy instance was passed upon them by the Spirit of God?"

On religious partisanship he speaks in no measured terms:

"To join a party is in a way to sacrifice the genuineness and independence of your religious judgment. It cannot be necessary for the young, and, if not necessary, it is a portentous evil. Parties are cruel. They have their own ends, which may be good or bad, but are not the moral or spiritual good of their members. They will desire your assistance, not your growth in holiness or in enlightenment. By and by, if you change your opinions — and what honest man can promise that he will not?—they will brand you as a renegade, and speak of you almost as if you had incurred a moral disgrace."

Among the last sermons preached by Wickham in St. Mary's are a university sermon delivered first at Oxford on the fourth Sunday after Easter, 1902,

and again seven years later at Cambridge; and a sermon to undergraduates on "The Rich Man and Lazarus," preached November 8, 1903, in which, on the basis of Mr. Charles Booth's recently published volumes, he set forth one of the themes which fired his eloquence always to its whitest glow—the contrasts of poverty and wealth in modern life, and our duty in the matter. He concludes with a challenge—the challenge, as he conceives it, of the book to which he has been referring:

"Who, it cries—cries to us all, but most to those who have still the precious gifts of time, of unspoiled enthusiasm—who, in one of the many ways that open to them of unselfish work for their fellows—political, social, religious—open to them, but only if heart and mind be given unstintingly to preparation for it—who, for this great enterprise on behalf of his country and his kind, is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"

His last appearance before the university was in New College Chapel, on Trinity Sunday 1908.

His text is Psalm xvi. 9: "I have set God always before me," a text which, as he says, might well be taken as a motto for the Bible, and also for man's life. These words describe the leading characteristic of Holy Scripture, and give the thread by which the Bible hangs together—a thread, as the preacher points out, more and not less discernible as a result of modern criticism.

As a motto for man's life the words "speak of its safety, its dignity, its happiness, and hope." . . . "In truth, what problem is there of all that hang a weight upon man's spirit, which is not (if we may not say *solved*) *lightened* of its burden by 'setting God always before' us?"

After dwelling on the consolation and inspiration to be derived from the constant realisation of the Creator's presence, the preacher turns to the three special thoughts which he had in mind in choosing his text: (1) Its relation to the services of Trinity Sunday; (2) its peculiar appropriateness to the day of ordination; and (3) its bearing on the hopes and prospects of that great Anglican Communion, whose representatives from all parts of the world were met in conference that week.

After recalling Dr. Arnold's words of seventy years before—"When I think of the Church I could sit down, and pine, and die. . . . Easter Day we keep as the birthday of a living friend, but Whitsunday we keep as the birthday of a dead friend"—the Dean points out that it is "to him and men like him, to his friends and those no less with whom he most stoutly contended, that we owe it that such a gloomy forecast would be impossible to those who at this time hear the Church's call to her service."

"The intervening years," he goes on, "have been in many ways years of stress and difficulty, of anxious problems and large calls on faith and patience, of the 'removing of things that could be shaken that what could not be shaken might remain'; but they have been years also of life and growth, of inspiriting hopes and heroic enterprise. What they have brought to us is summed up, in many of its aspects, in the great gathering that is taking place this week in London.

"We know well that we cannot glory. There is plenty to humble us: sad shames on our Christian civilisation, sad fruits still to be gathered of past disunion, sad gaps in the armies of God. We know well also, as we are warned from several sides, that

we must not confuse 'Pan-Anglican' with 'Catholic' or 'Pan-Christian.' But the only way for the whole to become better is for the parts to become better. Even to reunion the road lies not through indifference and inaction but through strenuous living out, in every part of Christ's Church, of that portion of truth which He allows it to see, and that measure of grace which He dispenses to it."

In this, his last message to his beloved university, delivered in the chapel of his best-beloved college, Wickham, after his manner, brought out "things old and new." In a way this sermon sums up all his Oxford preaching. It is itself an exemplification of that "open mind" which he had inculcated so earnestly forty-two years before.

His favourite topics—the solemn reality and nearness of the spiritual world, the seriousness of the issues of our daily life, the imperative call and challenge of the social evils of our age, "the housing problem, sweated industries, the drink traffic"—all are, as it were, passed in review, and a new question, that of religious education, of which the preacher was showing himself so keen, so brave, and so wise a champion comes into special prominence. But the final note, the imperial note of a sure and wide hope based on the vision of a wondrous progress granted by God's grace to the Church of his baptism, is the distinctive mark of his maturity. To its attainment must contribute not only the discipline of Winchester and Oxford, but the still severer discipline of twenty years at Wellington College, and the wider outlook rendered possible to a Dean of Lincoln from his seat in the Convocation of Canterbury.

CHAPTER VII

WELLINGTON COLLEGE

(1873–1893)

When the eminently successful tutor of New College essayed to take up Dr. Benson's work at Wellington, he was making an excursion into unknown and unfamiliar country.

True, he had been dealing with ex-public school boys for the last fourteen years at Oxford, and had been engaged in actual school work, himself, at Winchester, for the two years which preceded his long service at New College. But it is one thing to radiate the influence of personal inspiration from a more or less informal position, in an environment where one is thoroughly at home; quite another to become responsible for the administration of a large and incompletely developed institution whose every feature is unfamiliar.

The new work was in many ways a remarkable contrast to the old. Hitherto Wickham's lot had been cast, both at school and at college, in an environment where age-long tradition was dominant. The Wykehamical circle in which he had lived from childhood represented the very quintessence of the traditional spirit. Now he was to pour his energies into an institution which had only been in existence for fourteen years. It was in 1858, while Edward Wickham

was tutoring the Sixth book at Winchester, that Edward White Benson, then a master at Rugby, was selected by the Prince Consort, with the approval of the governors, to be the first head of the new Memorial College on the wild Berkshire heath. Such traditions as Wellington College possessed in 1873 were the growth of yesterday, and owed their existence and their character partly, perhaps, to Arnold's and Temple's Rugby, but chiefly to the fertile, restless, and resourceful brain of Dr. Benson. For Wickham, with his training and traditions, to take charge of such a work involved a most difficult act of imaginative sympathy. He must turn his energies into new channels, must modify in a hundred ways his habitual point of view, must accustom himself to a fresh focus of sight, a fresh perspective, a fresh standard of values.

How true this is we can best realise, perhaps, if we digress for a moment into the early history of Wellington College.

The first days of the college have been vividly and picturesquely described in Mr. A. C. Benson's Life of his Father.[1] The writer of this Memoir is fortunate enough to be able to draw, also, upon the recollections of one who saw Wellington in its earliest days, worked there under Benson from 1868, witnessed and experienced the transition, and then served under Wickham, with the same loyalty with which he had seconded the rule and administration of the first Master of the college.

"In the year 1858," says the Rev. E. Davenport, "Dr. Benson, then a master at Rugby, was selected by the Prince Consort to be the first head master of

[1] Esp. vol. i. ch. v. pp. 159 sqq.

Wellington College.[1] I was then in his form at Rugby. We wondered at his accepting the appointment. We knew something of Benson's qualifications, nothing of Wellington College. This was my first introduction to the name. My first introduction to the college itself, and its immediate locality, was in 1861. In this year, at the invitation of the Rugbeians who had followed Benson to Wellington College as his assistant masters, I took an Eleven of Rugby boys to play the Wellington boys at cricket. That visit has left a vivid impression on my memory. Little did I think it could ever be what it is now! We played on a strip of turf on the edge of a barren-looking heath. The college stood alone —a big pile of red brick. Its accommodation was very limited. We were not accustomed to luxuries at Rugby, but here we did not find even the ordinary comforts or necessaries of school life. The boys were few. Those who were not playing in the match walked about in a dark blue uniform, in keeping with the sombre surroundings. All was very primitive."

Subsequent visits paid to Wellington from Oxford in the 'Sixties brought home to this old Rugbeian the fact that the new creation was growing steadily under Dr. Benson's hand; but the full measure of its growth only dawned on him when, at the end of the first decade of its existence, he became an assistant master at the college in 1868.

"The history of that growth," he says, "is an interesting one." It is on record that when Dr. Temple assisted Benson to examine the first group of boys, it was with the utmost difficulty that any answers at all

[1] "At a meeting held on the 19th April 1858, the Prince Consort announced to the governors, with reference to a circular which had been addressed to them to collect their opinions upon the subject, that the Rev. E. W. Benson had been offered, and had accepted, the Head Mastership of the College" (*Official Record* [Privately Printed], 1874).

were extracted from a set of candidates who showed an equal ignorance of Latin, French, and Arithmetic. "Compulsory Greek" was out of the question from the first: a Modern School was immediately formed. "In the Classical School," says the same informant, "Benson was teaching the Sixth οὗτος; the Lower School master was administering ὁ, ἡ, τό."

Starting with some fifty boys, of the intellectual attainments indicated above—"boys unknown to one another, and from all parts"—the young school developed with amazing rapidity. At first masters and boys lived a "rough-and-tumble" life at close quarters. There was only one building; all lived under a single roof; one of the dormitories was used as chapel. Over this amorphous material, the genius of Dr. Benson brooded with quickening inspiration. In fourteen years he had transformed an unmanageable family into the semblance of a public school.

When he resigned in 1873 he had not a little cause for self-congratulation. "He was handing over to his successor not merely a family party, but a public school with a name in the scholastic world. I think he felt most pride in handing over to the famous Latin scholar a Sixth Form which contained some of the cleverest boys he had ever taught."

Whenever a great school suffers a change of head, the moment of transition is always more or less critical. The new Master is sure to find some matters crying out for alteration, some movements needing, in his opinion, to be diverted, suppressed, or hastened. He is equally sure to evoke against himself the forces of that quintessential conservatism which is one of the most constant characteristics of the English schoolboy. But the change at Wellington was no ordinary change. An institution, barely fifteen years old, was losing its

feared and honoured Master, its beloved and deeply trusted father; nay, one might almost say its creator, who had brought order and organized life out of its primal chaos.[1]

"Wellington College," says the Rev. A. Carr, "was a new institution. Its traditions had been created and its system ordered by the master hand of its first founder, who had so completely entered into every detail of its organisation, and had become so much a vital and essential part of it, that the task of taking up the work stamped with the individuality of Dr. Benson was indeed a difficult one."

It was to take up this exceptionally difficult task that the brilliant and successful Oxford don left, in 1873, the college and the university which owed so much to his fine scholarship, his sound wisdom, his high sense of duty, and chivalrous zeal "to right the wrong." While the pupils and colleagues he had left were trying to draw consolation from the obvious improvement in health which showed itself after a few months' residence on the Berkshire heath, while masters and boys at Wellington were deploring their lost ruler and wondering whether the fine scholar would also prove an inspiring leader, Edward Wickham was quietly setting himself to follow a predecessor from whom he differed, by temperament and tradition, about as much as one good and able man can differ from another.

"In school matters generally," says one[2] who was under Wickham as boy, and afterwards as master, "he appeared to reign rather than to rule."

What was noticed at once was a change "from despotism to constitutional government"; a change which involved not a few risks, especially in the department of discipline—risks which were certainly not

[1] Cf. Note at end of Chapter. [2] Mr. A. H. Fox-Strangways.

diminished because the change was made silently and without any flourish of trumpets. Boys and masters alike, accustomed as they had been to the iron hand, the ubiquitous presence, the emotional and magnetic personality of Benson—that "prodigy of vitality and genial, rather turbulent energy,"—were bewildered at first by the silent, gentle, unobtrusive methods of his successor.

Trained to watch for guidance, to listen for orders moment by moment, they hardly knew what to do with their new-found liberty and the responsibility inseparable from it. Though the "dark blue uniforms" had disappeared some years back, military discipline, not to say martial law, had been in force. Wickham's policy was to give as free a hand as possible to masters, and to keep discipline in college mainly through the agency of trusted and trusty prefects. Hitherto, Rugby had formed the sole model for the building up of traditions; henceforth this would be supplemented by ideas derived from William of Wykeham's foundations. And it is noticeable, in view of the Wykehamist motto, that one of the results of the new régime is described as an "improvement in manners." As a matter of fact discipline seems to have suffered at first. The former tutor of New College did not realise, it was thought, the difference between schoolboys and undergraduates; but it was afterwards recognised that "the change from despotism to constitutional government was a great benefit in the end."

Besides the constantly felt control of Benson's hand, what the masters missed most was the open-hearted, unrestrained sympathy of their former chief. "The attitude of Dr. Benson to his fellow-workers had been one of affectionate sympathy and outspoken friendship. They had become accustomed to an effusiveness

of praise and encouragement in their work, which they missed in their new chief." As a college tutor, it will be remembered, Wickham had given the impression of being somewhat slow to praise. At Wellington, masters and boys alike soon made the same discovery. "The Sixth Form," says Rev. E. Davenport, "had a profound respect for his scholarship, but I fancy they felt the want of some appreciation of their own efforts, of the crudity of which they were not themselves fully aware." Wickham could not pretend that inferior work gave him any pleasure to read; and in the case of adult work, the least approach to over-ornamental was abhorrent to him. His slowness to praise was of a piece with his natural reserve, and of the scholar's extreme sensitiveness to the responsibility involved in the use of words. He was like an abnormally sensitive musician, to whom, as conductor of a chorus, the best efforts of the singers bring nothing but pain. He had not, however, the tactful conductor's power of simulating pleasure in response to honest striving. Simulation and dissimulation were alike impossible to him. And whereas the familiar and congenial atmosphere of Oxford life had succeeded, to some extent, in penetrating the barrier of reserve, and letting loose the forces of generous humanity that lay within, the strangeness of the new environment tended to put Wickham's nature, so to speak, on the defensive, and to accentuate that "coldness of manner" which has often been attributed to him.

How warm was the heart that beat beneath that somewhat inaccessible exterior, soon became known to those who, whether as masters or as boys, were drawn into special relations with the new head. It would not be difficult to match, from utterances of his former pupils and colleagues at Wellington, the

enthusiastic tribute given so unhesitatingly by those whom he taught at Winchester and at New College.

Among masters and boys alike, those who were in any serious trouble—bereavement, sorrow, sickness, or the like—found in tribulation a key to unlock the treasure chamber of the Master's sympathy; and more than one has seen cause to bless the dark day in which he first came to know his chief and to win that friendship which, however undemonstrative, was to be henceforth one of his most precious possessions.

"When I failed to carry off the leading scholarship," says one of his former pupils, "my tutor told me that he had never seen Wickham so moved and distressed." [1]

"His personal sympathy was not lightly given," says another of his old Sixth Form. "The inner door of his heart did not stand open; but when it was unlocked by some intimate appeal, sympathy flowed out deep and genuine. During my last term at Wellington a family sorrow befell me, and I had to ask the head master's leave to go home. He did not use many words, but I remember them well to-day; they were like himself—tender, self-controlled, tranquil, sincere, like a cool hand laid on an aching brow. . . . That was my last real meeting with him. Looking back, I now see that it was also the first." [2]

In the sanatorium both he and his newly wedded wife were indefatigable. He was known, sometimes, after an exhausting day, to spend the best part of the night by a boy's sick-bed. And tales could be told of very late and unconventional visits to a colleague who, he felt, needed a word of comfort and reassurance before retiring for the night.

If the masters, in general, missed the constant spur of Benson's inspiration, they soon found the atmosphere

[1] Mr. J. B. Atlay. [2] Mr. E. A. Mitchell-Innes, K.C.

of enhanced freedom and responsibility to be, in its own way, equally bracing; and Common Room became the most delightful and stimulating of clubs, under the régime of a head who had a remarkable capacity for choosing the best of assistants. No one, perhaps, has ever collected around him a more brilliant and congenial set of masters than those with whom Wickham manned his staff in the 'Seventies and 'Eighties.[1]

He chose his men, and trusted them. "Left them to flounder," would perhaps be the verdict of the unsympathetic. But, without being at all in evidence, he had a wonderful way of knowing what was going on, not only in college, but in the various houses. A raw house tutor, at the beginning of his charge, found himself confronted by a situation involving almost inevitably the expulsion of two of his boys. With fear and trembling he ventured to scandalise the Master's ears with this unheard-of disgrace. "Do you know," was Wickham's reassuring response, "I put you in charge of that dormitory partly in order that you might get rid of those two?"

"Boys would say they did not know him; they little knew," says a former colleague,[2] "how well he knew them. Private school masters have marvelled to me of his knowledge of their boys."

As he knew the material on which his assistants had to use their energies, so also he knew something of the capacities of those assistants. His treatment of the masters was doubtless coloured, to some extent, by personal liking. Not that he could be accused of favouritism in any unjust sense; but he had his intimates, even in the chosen band, and confided most

[1] "He had a keen eye for a gentleman," says the writer of the obituary notice in the *Wellington College Year Book*, "and a wonderful sense in judging the fitness of a young man to make a good schoolmaster."

[2] Rev. E. Davenport.

in those who were bound to him by a sort of natural sympathy. To these, the subtle inspiration of contact with his fine soul meant more than they can express. All alike felt themselves to be in the presence of a man "to whom a really high ideal was perfectly natural"; his intimates felt themselves uplifted as well as awed by such contact.

As regards the general lines of work and discipline, he had one rule for all. In later years his substitute for Benson's ubiquitous directive energy in dealing with his colleagues is represented by a sheet of note-paper, which the newly arrived assistant master would find laid on the table of his room.

Among the boys it was the Sixth Form that knew him best—of his work with them we shall say more anon;—they saw most of him, and felt the thrill of contact with his personality, expressing itself through the medium of his beloved Horace and Æschylus. And the respect which all true boys feel for real efficiency ripened quickly into a loyal admiration such as no new head can hope to win in a day.

It has been said that, though inevitably unpopular with the coarser type of boy, with whom his ultra-refined nature found it hard to cultivate even a moderate degree of sympathy, he was quickly appreciated by those whose opinion was most worth having. "By the inner circle of his prefects and Sixth Form," says one who has a right to speak, "he was appreciated, and as popular as a head master who does his duty can expect to be. Had the vote of the 'Upper Ten' prefects been taken in a year I know of, there would have been only one vote given against the head. And that would have been the vote of the only one who was not a member of the Classical Sixth, and therefore of the one who knew him least. Also, it would have been given

more than half in jest, and as a protest against the serious admiration of the rest."

An incident may serve to illustrate his relations with the prefects.

"On one occasion," we are told, "a very promising young boy, landed in a high form of the school where principles had become relaxed, and finding cheating in the school work prevalent all around him, yielded, in a kind of hopeless disgust, to the surrounding example for the time; and unlike the older practitioners, was soon detected and handed over for punishment. This was bad enough; but worse was that, very naturally, the boy's character was in danger of being misunderstood, and, metaphorically, a black mark was likely to be placed against his name. His punishment promised thus to be heavier than would probably have come upon any other in the form. One of the senior prefects, however, knowing pretty exactly the state of the case, ventured to lay it before the Master.

"It was with much hesitation and little hope of doing any good that he sought an interview, expecting, as a boy might be apt to do, that he might do the culprit no good, and come off himself not only with something like a snubbing, but with some loss of character, possibly as a silly meddler, or as an interested, hypocritical sympathiser with the wrongdoing. But, after much less awkwardness than he expected, the head appeared to grasp the situation almost completely. He said very little, he made no promises; but the prefect went away with an impression that something had been gained; and events appeared to show that the boy's character had been in the main relieved from the stigma from which, in fact, despite what he had actually done, it was more than usually free."

This incident shows how frankly Wickham accepted

fresh light, and "respected the information, and even the opinions, of a boy of eighteen or so, who had no reason to expect any favourable reception, and was not then on any terms of confidential intercourse with the Master."

At Wellington, as throughout his life, it was as a teacher that Wickham excelled. But the head of a large school is responsible for much besides teaching, and before we enlarge upon this, the most congenial aspect of his work, it will be well to pass in review some of those other elements of the college life which came less naturally to him, and in which his energies were, perhaps, spent with a less indisputable success.

To the problems of internal discipline we have already alluded. As a disciplinarian Wickham suffered somewhat from the lack of those physical gifts which impress boys at first sight. A stentorian voice, abundant confidence of bearing, the forcefulness that belongs to abnormal vitality—these may compensate for commanding stature, and for not a few other defects; but Wickham had none of these.[1] He possessed, on the other hand, a clearness of vision, quietness of manner, and strong self-control, steady loftiness of aim, and an unswerving loyalty to duty as he conceived it.

With the characteristics of his favourite Horace's

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum"

he combined those of Vergil's

"Vir pietate gravis,"

---

[1] *Apropos* of Wickham's stature an amusing story is told of the late Duke of Cambridge. It is said that the Duke was unable to be present at the Governors' Meeting which elected Wickham, but on the previous day met Archbishop Tait and impressed on him the necessity of electing a man of commanding presence. A few days later he asked the Archbishop whether they had elected a good big man. The Archbishop replied that Wickham came fairly up to the standard. When the Duke had seen the new Headmaster, he said to Dr. Tait, "You need to be an Archbishop to be able to tell a lie like that!"

whose example his father had set before him in the 'Fifties ; and this influence told in the end. But, meanwhile, there was nothing in him to compel the unruly, and nothing to capture the imagination of the enthusiastic. Throughout life he had an almost morbid dread of popularity, which again and again caused him to fail, in common phrase, to " make the best of himself." Only once or twice did he seem to " rise to the occasion." When he chose to do so, it was never forgotten.

The novelty of the environment accentuated the difficulties of discipline. " The prefects," says one who once held that office, " could not understand their head master, and the head master found himself surrounded with a type as far removed from the Wykehamists of his own youth as from the New College undergraduates. The boys had been ridden on the curb with a liberal use of the spur, and now they were put on the snaffle."

During Wickham's first two years, this change of treatment nearly led to open rebellion, and lawlessness had to be suppressed with a strong hand. Even the prefects, on whom Wickham, with his Winchester traditions, was inclined to place a heavier responsibility and a fuller reliance than they had formerly received, showed a " strong disposition to encroach on the Master's prerogatives." [1]

How effectually things righted themselves in the end may be judged from the fact that when, in 1892, the famous migration to Malvern—parallel in many ways to the historic incident known as " Uppingham-on-the-Sea "—quartered a whole population of public-school boys upon an unfamiliar Midland town, the Wellingtonians were so thoroughly in hand " that the inhabitants were scarcely aware of their presence."

A correspondent gives the following incident as an

[1] Mr. J. B. Atlay.

illustration of the way in which Wickham's reserved and unmasterful manner at first bewildered both masters and boys, and played into the hands of undiscipline.

"Benson had introduced from Rugby the custom of a half-term oral examination of every form in the school by the head master. Tom Hughes has given a famous picture of Dr. Arnold conducting those visitations, and its features were almost identical with those which I can remember in my early days at Wellington. Rewards and punishments were dealt out in a stentorian voice, the weak spots in the teaching were laid mercilessly bare, the most hardened transgressors were brought to the verge of tears, and unless the field-day passed off with unusual *éclat*, the form-master was made as uncomfortable as any of his pupils. In Wickham's first term I happened to be in the Middle Fifth, then under a most admirable teacher and stern disciplinarian. The boys were, with the usual exceptions, rather above the average in point of ability, and had had small opportunity for idleness. I well remember how quietly Wickham came in and took his seat at the desk, the form-master sitting a little behind him. One by one we were put on to construe in the *Æneid* and the *Memorabilia*; from the first I had an uneasy consciousness that things were not going well, that renderings were being proffered which had been scouted by our form-master, and that the wildest 'shots' were being made from the least expected quarters. There was a nasty glitter in the form-master's eye, and his pencil was seen to be working ominously, but Wickham sat calm and impassive, occasionally correcting a blunder or suggesting an alternative version, as if he had been examining in the schools at Oxford. At the end of the hour he gathered up his books, bowed, and

left the room without a word of praise or reproof. To the boys it was a sign that they had passed the ordeal triumphantly: Benson would have let them know in his own emphatic way, before the first ten minutes were over, if he had cause to be dissatisfied. The door closed and our form-master, in a white heat of fury, explained that we had given the most disgraceful exhibition ever recorded in the annals of the Fifth Form, that we had construed vilely, that we had forgotten all his most cherished injunctions, and that we had lolled about the forms in every attitude of supercilious inattention. For the rest of the term we were condemned by him to a truly Egyptian bondage, but from Wickham there came never a word. I have no doubt that the form-master was perfectly right, but I am equally sure that if the head master had pulled us together at the beginning, after the manner to which we were accustomed, the result would have been quite different. In the regular examinations at the end of the term the form did remarkably well."

We shall see when we come to treat of his work with the Sixth, that among older boys, at any rate, Wickham could make his feelings felt without departing from his natural quietness of manner.

"Amongst other causes," the same informant continues, "that militated against good order in the school was the fact that, except for the eighty foundationers, there were no superannuation rules, and the Middle and Upper Schools were flooded with boys who were doing no good to themselves, and were a stumbling-block to industrious youth. Benson had a trenchant way of dealing with these ne'er-do-wells, which mitigated without removing the mischief. Wickham took the wiser course of introducing an effective system of superannuation which may have worked harshly

in individual cases, but was an infinite blessing to the survivors. Another stumbling-block was the "Caps," in other words, the School Football Twenty, who had tacitly acquired powers approaching those possessed by the prefects, and who were regarded as little short of demi-gods by their schoolfellows. The Rugby football of those days was far more dependent on mere size and dead-weight than it has since become, and the Caps were largely drawn from that class which stood most in need of the superannuation rules. Wickham soon curtailed the privilege of those heroes, and made the very salutary law that the captain of football must henceforward be taken from the prefects. Unhappily, he succeeded in creating the impression that he was unsympathetic to football generally. . . . As an old Wykehamist, Rugby football never appealed to him, and I think he was much annoyed by the way in which it was exalted over cricket in the general estimation. For some years after he came, Wellington was conspicuously unsuccessful at cricket, and a bad fashion had grown up among a good many of the older boys of loafing during the summer, and reserving their athletic energies for the winter terms: the real secret being that football was 'compulsory,' cricket was not. Against this tendency to depreciate cricket Wickham strove to the utmost, and I shall never forget the satisfaction when, in 1878, a really good Eleven, largely recruited from the Sixth, enjoyed a successful season. His openly expressed delight when the second wicket put on 100 runs in the Charterhouse match, was a thing to be remembered."

More troublesome still, in many ways, than the problems of internal discipline, was the task of financial and administrative reorganisation and development with which Wickham soon found himself confronted.

In the matter of superannuation, as we have seen, he showed himself wisely inflexible. There were, however, other matters of a more controversial nature, in regard to which reform seemed to him equally necessary. In his reforms he was, for the most part, unfortunate enough to find himself working in an uncongenial atmosphere. Wellington College was founded, of course, primarily for the Army.[1] Its eighty foundationers, who receive their board and education at a nominal charge of ten pounds a year, are sons of deceased officers, "who within five years of their death, had been either on full or retired pay."

Financial and educational reasons alike, however, made it necessary that this nucleus of foundationers should be supplemented by a body of non-foundationers, whose fees should help to keep the institution going while their attainments, their capacities, and their *ethos*—drawn from a wider field—should impart to the college something of the tone of a public school. But among these non-foundationers a large number of the sons of living officers were admitted on a "reduced rate," represented to-day by the difference between £99 and £114 per annum.

Thus there was at the back of the college, as also on its governing body, a strong army tone and feeling: a tone with which Wickham found it difficult to sympathise. Nor was this all. The new master's avowedly liberal sympathies, and still more his close, personal association with Mr. Gladstone, gave the typical army man a prejudice against him, and made every

[1] "It is proposed to erect and endow by public subscription a School or College, to bear the name of the Duke of Wellington, for the gratuitous, or nearly gratuitous, Education of Orphan Children of Indigent and Meritorious Officers of the Army" (Lord Derby's Letter, of which 100,000 copies were sent out in 1852 and 1853).

innovation proposed by the great statesman's son-in-law doubly suspect.

In his zeal for the success of Wellington as a public school, Edward Wickham saw, or thought he saw, that drastic changes must be made. The school needed more brains and more money if it was to be carried on successfully. Dr. Benson had already converted it from a "charitable institution" into a public school, in which the "sons of heroes" might enjoy a free and good education side by side with the best civilian types, and yet be relieved of all invidious marks and distinctions. Mr. Wickham desired to develop still further his predecessor's work, and to recruit the more favoured class of non-foundationers from the best men among officers' sons. It seemed to him not unfair to introduce the element of competition, and, later on, to substitute for the "£80 list" (as it seems then to have been called) a number of scholarships of a value representing the difference between £80 and the full fees.[1]

Military parents looked upon this as a deliberate and unwarranted attack upon their prerogatives. They considered that they had a right, according to the original constitution, to enter their sons, however dull, without competition, by priority of nomination. The proposed change seemed therefore to them an intolerable hardship: to Wickham it was but a more

[1] The complicated history of this "Reduced List" seems to have been, roughly, as follows: In 1854 the (as yet inexperienced) governors resolved to admit thirty sons of living officers at £30 per annum. In 1857 they said this was too little, and substituted nineteen boys at £40. By November 1858 it had become plain that £40 would not nearly cover expenses, and £70 was tried for a year. In February 1860 the charge for sons of living officers was raised to £80, a fairly correct estimate of the actual cost of their board and education. But the eighty foundationers cost £6400, £2400 more than the income of the college endowment. Obviously, therefore, only a limited number of non-foundationers could be admitted at cost price. This number was reduced to eighty in 1874, at Wickham's suggestion. Some years later came competition for the eighty places; and finally, in Wickham's later years, the abolition of the £80 list.

reasonable and effectual interpretation of the spirit of the constitution. He did not realise, perhaps, how greatly poverty entered into the question: how the vacant places, under his own scheme, would be liable to fall not necessarily to the most deserving, but often to those whose parents had been able to afford the most expensive private school teaching. His own views are clearly stated in a letter written to the present Bishop of Southwark from Italy, a few months after his resignation of the headmastership.

HOTEL ANGLO-AMERICAIN, FLORENCE,
November 16, 1893.

"MY DEAR BURGE,—Your letters are a great pleasure to both of us—I was delighted to learn that you had come to close quarters with Pollock, and that he had talked over his problems with you. The change of the scholarship date will certainly be wise. I should have changed it if I had stayed. It was at E.'s advice only that we adopted the present time, and this year he has failed us—all his good boys (sixteen) having got scholarships elsewhere already.

"An £80 list pure and simple is out of the question. That is where we started in 1873, and it means bankruptcy, or, at least, the abandonment of all hopes of building, paying debts, etc. The soldiers are gaining on civilians hand over hand, and the income falling yearly. If there is to be *limitation*, *i.e. selection* in some form, it must be either by succession or by competition. The first was tried most patiently, and failed. The latter is giving the school a very good element of refined and capable boys. Still, the problem is a difficult one. I hope Bertram Pollock may see through it better than I have. . . ."

Wickham's hope was fulfilled, though not, perhaps, in the way he would have anticipated. Dr. Pollock solved the administrative problem by a rule whereby any officer's son could claim reduced fees if he was entered on the registers sufficiently early, and joined the school before the age of thirteen and a half; the financial problem was gradually solved, partly by increasing the numbers of the non-foundationers, partly by slightly raising the fees of all of them.

The hostility which Wickham's policy aroused against him must have embittered, to some extent, the years that followed. Reform and development did, indeed, take place during his reign, alike in the completion of the bursarial system, by which the financial administration of the college,[1] domestically considered, was finally freed from leading strings and rendered independent; in the development and expansion of the school buildings, and in other important ways, to which we shall shortly refer; but everything that Wickham accomplished, he accomplished, so to speak, "under fire." His every movement was watched; every misfortune, every epidemic of illness in the school, gave a handle to the less scrupulous of those who, genuinely convinced of the wrong-headedness of one with whom they were entirely out of sympathy, did not disdain to use the public press as an instrument of vindictiveness. The keenness of the feeling roused may be judged from an extract from a letter written by the headmaster to Mrs. Gladstone in his sixth year at Wellington.

[1] "He was, indeed, an excellent man of business, with a firm grip on the finance of the college, where the numbers rose from 350 to 400 in his first six years" ("A Colleague" [E. K. Purnell], in *Church Family Newspaper*, August 26, 1910). This rate of increase, however, was not maintained.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE,
September 26, 1878.

"DEAREST MRS. GLADSTONE,—How like you to shoot[1] the article in the *D. N.* and write off a kind note of sympathy. The *D. T.* was worse. The *Standard* the same way but friendly. As far as the school itself goes they say nothing against us—the complaint is rather that the school has been made too good. And I hope the governors are above being frightened by such thunder. And even if they are there is no money to do anything more for the soldiers at present, so that I don't think any harm can be done. . . ."

When we bear in mind the constant warfare of those years, there is something almost wistful in the Greek epigram on "Peace," which this "labourer for peace" sent in April 1885 to his brother, Mr. W. H. Wickham, when his five-year-old Irene was taken from him—

ΕΙΡΗΝΗΝ ἐκάλουν σε, φίλον βρέφος, οὐδ' εφάμαρτον·
Εἰρηνην γὰρ ἔχεις, ἀρτὶ θανοῦσα, Θεοῦ.

The strife culminated, as is well known, in the appointment of a Royal Commission, and the issue of a Blue book, which, while it vindicated in principle the policy of the headmaster, failed to compensate for the obloquy and opposition which still attended his sincere and painstaking efforts to put the school on a sounder basis.

What followed is well summarised by a former colleague of Wickham's: "Then began a long series of sanitary troubles, which were greatly aggravated by the hostile position taken up by the medical officer

[1] *Shoot* in "Glynnese" (the private dialect of the Glynne-Gladstone-Lyttelton group) is equivalent to the ordinary slang *spot*.

of the college, whose appointment had been terminated against his will. There had been at intervals cases of blood-poisoning among the boys, which could not easily be explained, though they were probably connected with the first breaking up of virgin soil near the college. Wickham acted with wisdom and promptitude in dealing with these matters. He obtained the best medical and sanitary advice, and recommended the governors to spend money with a free hand in improving the sanitary conditions of the college estate wherever any improvement could be suggested. But there were unscrupulous enemies who misrepresented all that was done, and made every epidemic of measles or mumps an occasion for attacking Wickham and spreading alarm among the parents of the Wellington boys. In spite, however, of slanders and misrepresentations, Wickham had the joy of seeing the college prosper under his management. The numbers increased, new boarding-houses and dormitories were opened, new classrooms were built; there were more fives courts, a grand gymnasium, a fine swimming bath, a large drill hall, and above all a very much larger and more commodious chapel before the time came for his retirement."

Some of his most cherished schemes of building had to be abandoned, and the money so painfully saved for this purpose squandered on expensive sanitation; but even on the material side he left Wellington a far nobler and more dignified place than he had found it. It was, however, on the side of the spirit—as teacher and preacher—that he left the deepest impress.

A few anecdotes and reminiscences drawn from his colleagues and pupils of that period will perhaps best illustrate his work as a teacher.

"His real *métier*," says one whom he had transferred into the Sixth at an abnormally early age, "was that of a college lecturer." His lessons in Æschylus and Horace were apt to be above the heads of the average Sixth Form boy, "though the wonderful refinement and purity of his nature, and the exquisite accuracy of his translation, could scarcely have been thrown away even on the most stolid."

"His Sixth," says one who was in that form in 1877–78, and served under Wickham as a master from 1887 till his resignation,[1] "were almost the only members of the school who at all understood him. I have spoken with many old Wellingtonians who had been in other parts of the school, and have not often heard anything warmhearted from them. They could not know him. The details of his lessons have long been forgotten, but the general impression remains, and is strong. It was impossible to be day by day in the presence of that immaculate scholarship and that unerring taste and not feel that such things as those would, if we could in any way come by them, be the things worth having. In his scholarship there was nothing pedantic or in the least degree schoolmasterly. There was abundance of mere textual criticism; but what on other men's lips could be dry and jejune seemed on his to suffer a sea-change. Two principal characteristics of his 'notes' were their extreme conciseness and their clarity. He was in public a hesitating speaker, but in the privacy of the Sixth classroom he said in few words, and once for all, what he wished us to know. None of us had at any time any doubt of his meaning; there were no two ways of taking any words he used. His jests were as rare as those perpetrated by Liddell

[1] Mr. A. H. Fox-Strangways.

and Scott, and by their rarity inspired a similar awe. He told us once, when dealing with the uses of ἀλλά, how, on a former occasion, one of his pupils at New College had entered in his notebook, as one of them, 'Allah precantis.' Being boys, and lovers of the more full-bodied joke, we couldn't exactly laugh at this, but we felt exalted by being made participators in such grey-eyed gaiety. Into the larger bearings of the *Odes*, and the *Agamemnon*, and the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and other books he read with us we entered, no doubt, only very imperfectly. But even if we carried away with us very little of such matters I don't think we missed entirely the cultured spirit which lay behind them. What he had to say to us lost nothing by its delivery. The tones of his voice were sonorous and varied, and he was quite the best reader of English, especially of the Bible, I have ever heard. He had his own way of articulating certain words: he would pronounce 'prĭmer, Trŏjans, and áccessory.' We simply felt that he was great enough for accents and quantities to be, as Haydn said of the rules of harmony, his 'obedient, humble servants,' or, at any rate, that we should come to understand some day this Verner's law of his which modified Grimm's. We sometimes—or, if the pronoun may be used for once in the editorial sense, frequently—did not know our Homer lesson (it was 100 lines, and biscuits and jam were not unknown to take the place of the preparation of the last 25 or 50). On such occasions he did not reward us after our deservings, but, as we said, 'looked sick'; and we loved and respected him too much to want that to happen too often. I am not sure that we were not wrought upon too by finding him occasionally with his dictionary on his knees preparing his own lesson. His method of correction was not

much blue pencil or vituperation, but 'read some chapters of Cicero and ask yourself if *ut* is used with the indicative to express purpose.' I can't remember a definitive instance of his praising anybody, but I don't think we were left in any doubt when he was pleased."

"He took," says another,[1] "a large share—the greater part, except of the composition—of the teaching of the Sixth Form; and for those who were willing to profit by it he was a rarely good form-master. He was, of course, one of the very best scholars in England; and with no special leaning towards new fashions and methods, he yet seemed to know everything that really bore on any point that turned up, and could illustrate the classics from a wide and thorough knowledge of the world's literature and history. But the main characteristic of his learning was its combination of soundness and sensitiveness. 'Wonderfully accurate for an Oxford man,' a young Cambridge master once remarked of him. On Horace he had published, or was then in course of publishing, the bulk of his results; and whether from modesty or for other reasons, he seldom, in those days, read him with the Sixth. . . . But he was best of all in Æschylus, especially the *Agamemnon*. Here he used to bring home to his form, with great power, the very essence of tragedy, especially of mental tragedy; and his 'silver-grey,' cold-dropping translation of the great choruses kept the form, at the end of the hour, almost uncannily impressed. . . ." Homer and Vergil were taken at a faster pace than Æschylus, and were rather dreaded by boys of whom a good deal was expected. "A rare word missed, perhaps: 'You never saw that word before,' he would say, 'and you will never see it again; why

[1] Mr. R. R. Ottley.

didn't you make sure of it ? ' An allusion or a ' learned ' epithet taken for granted : ' The whole point missed, you see, because you did not look that up.' And it ought to have done us good to feel how shocked he was when, for instance, it appeared one day that none of the Sixth could give any information at all about Don John of Austria."

" I shall never forget," say another, " the awe-inspiring effect of the Sixth Form classroom when I first came in contact with the small, wizen, unimposing-looking personality, who leaned one elbow upon the desk, and looked always over the top of his pince-nez. But the man was no longer small and unimposing when he was travelling along his Horace or his Divinity lecture."

" Personally," says Mr. Mitchell-Innes, " I did not even begin really to know Wickham till I entered the Upper Sixth ; but when I left Wellington three years later, I knew him and loved him well. I believe that almost every one of his Sixth boys would say the same. Who that read with him his favourite Horace, or the fourth Georgic, or the *Agamemnon*, or the second book of Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War* will ever forget the terse simplicity and nervous grace of his translations ? Which of them does not to-day recall gratefully that guidance of his early steps in the path of taste ?

" Wickham was one of the best readers, and, I think, *the* best reader of the Bible I ever heard. The clear pronunciation, without any mouthing, the balanced melody of the voice made listening a delight. He loved his Wordsworth and Tennyson. There are some of their lines, quoted by him—though this was rare—in his sermons in chapel, in which I shall always hear his voice—' The Happy Warrior,' the ' Ode to Duty,'

and, perhaps, most clear of all, canto xciv. of 'In Memoriam.'

> "They haunt the silence of the breast,
> Imaginations calm and fair,
> The memory like a cloudless air,
> The conscience as a sea at rest."

"When one was in the classical Sixth and a school prefect," says a writer[1] in the *Church Times* (Aug. 26, 1910), "one came to know him in a new way: the air of old reserve disappeared, to be replaced by the most persuasive kindness and interest, blended with a humour as quiet as it was delightful. As a classical Sixth Form teacher he can have had few equals. The so-called 'dead languages' glowed with life at his touch."

"In the management of his form," says an authority already quoted,[2] "he was always quiet and dignified. He had . . . a prematurely aged look, but his head was singularly finely shaped, and bore, in some positions, a strong resemblance to the well-known British Museum bust of Julius Cæsar, especially the brow and mouth. He had also a strangely penetrating look in his eyes—very familiar to me, as for many terms I sat directly opposite him. With this penetration there seemed to be a deep-lurking humour in the eyes. Rarely was this allowed to emerge further, and his gleaming smile was also rare. . . . If one of us treated him to a shambling, ill-prepared construe, or a piece of thoughtless stupidity, such as might have come from a Lower School boy, he dealt with it in a way which struck shame into all but the very thick skinned."

The underlying humour alluded to above was exhibited perhaps more freely in the company of the masters. One of these[3] remembers how when, after dinner, a science master had been explaining with

[1] Rev. A. C. Deane. [2] Mr. R. R. Ottley. [3] Rev. A. Carr.

a considerable show of learning that a strawberry was not a fruit but a pseudocarp, Wickham, at the close of his argument, quietly remarked that it was "a very good imitation of a fruit."

Other anecdotes might be given did space permit. We must only allow ourselves one more—and that possibly apocryphal, about the garden of the master's Lodge. The Wickhams did not keep "open house" at the Lodge. A deeply inbred love of retirement, and a modesty which showed itself in instinctive dread of anything like ostentation even in the matter of hospitality, rendered the master's *ménage* a type of quiet homeliness. But not a few have grateful memories of the Lodge in those days, and especially of the pleasure of meeting Mr. Gladstone under his daughter's roof. Tradition says that the great statesman, on one of these visits to his son-in-law, expressed a desire to cut down a tree, and that one of a group of birches on the lawn was selected for immolation: doubtless to the permanent advantage of its neighbours, for Mr. Gladstone was a real expert in woodcraft. The gardener, so the story runs, had not been consulted. His horror can be imagined when he identified the victim, all too late, as one of those planted by the Prince Consort! With a loyalty worthy of a better cause, he set himself to obliterate every trace of the catastrophe. At dead of night he took up and burnt every smallest chip of the fallen protégé of Prince Albert, he grubbed up the roots and made good the turf with incredible diligence and success. Next morning (so runs the legend) came a telegram from some London firm offering vast sums for portions of the wood on which two such illustrious memories had converged!

But to return to Wickham's work as a teacher. It was as a humanising and refining influence that he

most valued the teaching of the classics. To this end he spent a great deal of thought on the curriculum; with this view he was impatient of the domination of examination ideals, and ready to substitute Molière, on occasion, for the normal Greek play. At Wellington, as at New College, his fine scholarship was always at the service of religion. "He always looked upon religious teaching as the highest and most important part of his work, and he took care that all the teaching given at the college should be on Church lines. He was most particular in drawing up schemes of work to give adequate time for Bible lessons; he had them systematically arranged, and he prepared excellent notes upon the Church Catechism"—notes still used in not a few public schools—"which he made the basis of all theological instruction throughout the college."

"Our Divinity studies," says one of his early Wellington pupils,[1] "included Hooker, Butler, and, I think, Pearson. His Greek Testament lectures (for that is what they were) had, I should say, no rival in England; and to have read with him, as I did, the Gospel of St. John, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, and 1st Corinthians, was a real introduction to theology, and a profound lesson in Christian ethics. It was into the preparation of these lectures and of his sermons that Wickham threw his full strength and devoted his best gifts."

Wickham had learnt in far-off days from Dr. Moberly the importance of confirmation and of systematic preparation for it. Of these particular instructions, however, the pupil we have been citing was unable to avail himself. "I was confirmed," he says, "away from school, and so I did not attend his course of confirmation lectures; but I used to go to

[1] Mr. J. B. Atlay.

Saturday night addresses in preparation for the Holy Communion, and I never failed to find them most helpful.

"Wickham's apparently impassive nature used to blaze out in the face of the grosser schoolboy vices, dishonesty, cruelty, impurity. Twice in my own dormitory he came up to speak to us on the latter subject, and his words burnt themselves into our very souls."

The practical outcome of his confirmation lectures upon a thoughtful boy, is well expressed in the words of a pupil and colleague who has been already quoted more than once.[1]

"His was a copious and tolerant Christianity. It was widened and enriched by other systems of ethics and philosophy; these he received into his laboratory and transmuted by some wonderful alchemy. He said such things as a poet might say, only in pellucid prose. He gave us few practical rules of living; it would have savoured to him too much of 'tips' for an examination in virtue. We came away with thoughts of which we could have given no account in words, with knowledge which was better than instruction, with glimpses of the mountain tops which lie beyond fear and desire."

But it was, after all, his sermons in chapel which formed the climax of his teaching. "Make this sacred place," he had said years before to the undergraduates of New College (see above, p. 63), "the centre of your lives here." And still earlier in the New College days, when preaching at Marlborough College on Michaelmas Day, 1866, "Be true to the memories of this sacred place. The sight of this chapel filled with young faces that seem to find its services

[1] Mr. Fox-Strangways.

not a task but a delight, is one that touches a stranger's heart with awe and thankfulness. What must it be to you, to whom it is the shrine of tender memories; the gathering-place of friends of many years, it may be the resting-place of some; the sacred centre and hearth of your community! Carry with you into the world the remembrance of its sober and happy services. Prayer and praise have begun and ended your day here. You have not been ashamed here to kneel together from time to time at the feast of Christ's love—to bind yourselves again and again to His service in the Sacrament of self-sacrifice. When shall you have outgrown these lessons of your boyhood? When shall you be too wise, and strong, and enlightened to kneel like children at your Father's Table?"

That which had impressed him with awe and thankfulness ten years before was now his own. And as at New College, so still more at Wellington, the real centre of the college life was to him the chapel. It was known that he looked for masters to be present in chapel, unless prevented, "whenever boys were expected to be there"; and he himself set an example of unfailing attendance.

In this the traditions of his school and college life only enhanced the natural tendencies of a deeply religious nature. "He inherited," says the present Bishop of Southwark, "from Dr. Benson a regular 'Wellington Use,' most carefully and enthusiastically laid down; and he instilled into it a sentiment of quiet orderliness and tradition of a remarkable kind. Some of us used to get fidgety at times because he was very chary of giving out notices in chapel, or even the numbers of hymns: I think it was due to the fact that he loved to believe that we all knew quite naturally without being told."

With regard to his preaching, the same witness continues: "When I went to Wellington in 1887, my great hero as a preacher was Dean Church; and to my astonishment . . . I found myself listening the first Sunday to a preacher who showed the same clearness of vision, the same serenity of mind, lifted above the mists and dusts of controversy, the same forcible way of expressing simple, fundamental truths. The resemblance to me was quite unmistakable; and I was not prepared to put *any one* in the same class as Dean Church. I think many of us can still remember quite vividly ordinary sermons like that on the Parable of the Ten Virgins (the missing of opportunities by individuals and by nations), the Exposition of the First Psalm, the sermon on 'Blessed are the Meek.' . . ."

"His preaching in the school chapel," says the headmaster of Eton, "was singularly attractive to his adult listeners. The quiet delivery and sympathetic voice suited perfectly the marvellous simplicity of language and perfect appropriateness of expression to his theme. The sermons were not rousing, nor violently hortative, nor in any way startling, but full of literary grace, real piety, poetry, and suggestiveness, while the art of arrangement and lucidity was too perfect to attract attention." That the discourses which delighted his adult listeners were not altogether without appeal to their juniors is abundantly testified.

"The scholarly boys," says a former colleague,[1] "began to feel the attraction of their teacher. The trumpet notes of Benson were missed at first in chapel, but though all the boys could not appreciate the clear and lucid language of Wickham's sermons, upper boys as well as masters were beginning to do so. A head boy remarked to me: 'I am told Benson's sermons

[1] Rev. E. Davenport.

were so good. I read them, but can't understand them. Mr. Wickham's I can understand.' " More unqualified still is the eulogy of one of the boys themselves. " His sermons," says an old pupil,[1] " were absolutely ideal: far superior, if I may say so without offence, to the somewhat rugged discourses of his predecessor, which sometimes lent themselves to the mockery of the ribald. Exquisite in language, voice, and gesture, deeply earnest and spiritual, dealing now with some of the great Christian verities, now with some of the absorbing topics of the day, now with some event in our own little world, they left few, even of the most stupid or callous, unmoved. The sermon which he delivered in the college chapel on the occasion of the Jubilee Service, July 30, 1909, was as near perfection as anything I have ever heard."

" We have never heard anything like them," wrote another after the Dean's death, " since he left Wellington."

" How admirable . . . were his sermons," says the writer in the *Church Times* already quoted—" brief, lucid, and spoken with that delicate articulation which seemed so characteristic of the man! Like many another shy person, he could reveal his heart to a collective gathering as he could not do to an individual."

A glimpse of what this self-revelation cost is afforded by a saying of one of his old colleagues: " The Master told me he wrote his sermons with his life's blood."

Superficially inconsistent with this solemn utterance is the story others tell, of having found him scribbling at the sermon on his knees before the fire, a few minutes before service time. But the explanation of this is given in an obituary notice: " He has told us himself that, as time went on, his critical faculty

[1] Mr. J. B. Atlay.

so far outran his creative that in later days he always wrote his sermons directly before delivering them." [1]

A comprehensive picture of what the chapel meant to the Master, and what, through him, it came to mean to some of the boys, is contributed by Mr. Fox Strangways. Even at the risk of repetition we cannot but quote it in full.

"Eloquent as his sermons were, it was the simplicity and manliness of his character, and the nobility of his thought, far more than their intellectual quality, which enabled them to fulfil their purpose; and which even corrected any false idea that the mere language might have given. He used, for instance, often to speak of heaven under the metaphor of a 'banquet,' with an amount of realism that was curious in him, and that in another might have suggested something like a love of good living. Such suggestion being in his case wholly unthinkable, the metaphor sank back at once into its proper value. The word 'loyalty' was a favourite with him; it seemed to sum up in his mind many other virtues. He would speak of it, not as unfurling and draping a flag, but as of a deep-seated passion in himself, and, by implication, in others. What he understood by loyalty in its literal sense may be read in his words on three occasions when he was deeply moved and most himself—the first Sunday at Malvern, the last of his mastership, and the Jubilee of the college. He seldom inculcated virtue or alluded to vice, directly; he rather assumed and implied feelings in his congregation which nourished the one and killed the other. When 'something had happened' in the course of the week, and we wondered 'what Wickham would say,' he was, on the following Sunday, not in the least

[1] Obituary notice in *Wellington College Year Book*.

dramatic—he simply moved the thing on to a higher level than we had thought of.

"Of his sermons, on their intellectual side, others more qualified will speak. Of some hundreds of them which I have heard, the persuasiveness seemed to lie less in the delicate balance of phrase, the fastidious choice of words, and the rejection of oratorical devices of any kind, than in the orderliness of the thought, the arrangement of the subject matter, and the beautiful reticences. Of no less effect than his utterances was his mere presence there amongst us. I can distinctly remember sharing with others a sort of impatience, on one occasion, when he was called away to preach elsewhere. He would be early in his seat; not as an example—at least he drew no attention to it; nor as an act of discipline — for he never followed it up by animadversions; but because he liked to have time to collect his thoughts. He was there merely as a humble worshipper, such as the lowliest member of our society might be. It was God's House, not his. He seldom raised his voice in the responses; we heard him only when our own failed. He compiled a special lectionary, and a Usus, and chose the hymns; further than that he took no overt part in the service beyond uttering occasionally a necessary piece of rubric, or stepping to the lectern to find the place for a school prefect. He could not forget that a cleric might brawl in church as much as a layman. He took no liberties with the Ordinary; he refused to force appropriateness; he contented himself with noticing the appropriatenesses as they came, or in looking forward to those that were coming. On one Saint's Day evening I asked him, in my capacity of organist, whether the eighth would not be a more natural psalm than the seventh, which our Usus happened to prescribe; and he said, 'Oh, I don't

know ; the seventh has that verse, " God is a righteous Judge, strong and patient : and God is provoked every day." '

" Among the silent influences by which he worked, I wonder if it will be thought too trivial to mention what boys observe so closely, the *sic stabat, sic sedebat.* His dress was invariably of good quality, his person scrupulously cared for. His dislike of smoking, for instance, whatever ideas it may have connoted to him in relation to boys or masters, proceeded primarily from such uncleanliness as there may be in the habit. I watched him once, during a conversation at the public school camp, retreat five measured yards from a braided clerical devotee of tobacco. His study was orderly without being the wilderness of a precisian ; his books, often as they were in use, were never littered about. Tidiness as much as economy dictated the blank and creased page of a letter as the appropriate vehicle of his wishes to his staff or of a school notice. His illegibly-legible handwriting was neatness itself : every letter of a word was there—by implication. He stood, and sat, erect ; he walked with a swinging stride, the upper part of the body advanced, but without a stoop. He had a curious habit of pushing the extended forefinger of the left hand from left to right between his mouth and nose ; he employed this when one subject was ended and another was to begin. Beyond this he was singularly free from mannerisms of action, and there were none, I think, of phrase.

" As one of his assistant masters I saw, necessarily, much less of him, though enough to form a clear idea of his aims and methods. If it is thought, on the one hand, that he gave us our heads too much, it may be said, on the other, that he rode with hands. If he delegated duties which should more properly have been discharged

in person, he trained men, or allowed them to train themselves, to be successful head masters. If this or that man were, in thought or word, disloyal to him on occasion, he made them all feel that he rated loyalty to the institution more highly still; and this they gave in acts. Their intellectual standard was not less high, and their social average was higher than under his predecessor: it is hard to say which is of more value at a public school. No one doubted that all credit for the improvement was due to that modest scholar and gentleman who planted and allowed to grow. He left his dignity to take care of itself—a task it was perfectly equal to; and the example of this was enough to check an unworthy attitude on the part of any but the most obtuse of his colleagues. If dread of publicity is considered a vice in a head master, it may be said to have been compensated by the dislike he entertained, as a man, to 'advertisement'; this made for honest work on the part of his staff, and discouraged shams and poses."

The Jubilee sermon referred to above typifies Wickham's continued interest in Wellington, which lasted all through the years of his life. A characteristic glimpse of this feeling is given in the postscript of a letter written from the Deanery at Lincoln on May 31, 1901.

"Mrs. Wickham and I," he writes to an old Wellingtonian pupil, "were at Wellington for Ascension Day, and I preached in the chapel. It was looking, as I remember it so often at Ascension time, radiant with lustrous air, and young leaves, and blossoms."

"It was under Wickham," says an old Wellingtonian, "that Wellington became a great public school."[1] From an external point of view—looking back on the

[1] A. C. D. in the *Church Times*.

results achieved—his rule has been described as "a period of quiet growth."[1] Yet it was not the success which his Oxford career would have led us to anticipate. Indeed it is impossible to compare the years spent at New College with the Wellington period of his life without feeling something of a drop from surroundings altogether congenial, and a success almost unqualified, to an atmosphere charged with elements of difficulty and disillusion. But a true estimate of his work for Wellington will see in it something nobler than mere success. The steady, patient loyalty of it was, in a man of his physique and temperament, little short of heroic. "Wickham's quiet, unintermittent, unflagging service to Wellington," says the present head master of Eton, "was sustained by no buoyancy either of intellect or of temperament. It derived its staying power solely from strength of principle and a deep religiousness."

In the light of this, the closing words of his farewell sermon, preached in chapel on July 30, 1893, are full of intensest pathos.

"O pray for the peace of Jerusalem!" he exclaims; "they shall prosper that love thee! And pray for one who has loved it with all his heart, and in desire and in purpose, however human weakness has crossed and marred them, has done his best to serve it."

Much consolation, no doubt, he derived from those quiet walks and rides with chosen friends, in which he revelled now in the beauties of Nature, now in those—to him equally vivid—of his favourite classics, or discussed the value of this book and that as an instrument of education, or brought to bear on burning

[1] Obituary notice by "A Colleague" [E. K. Purnell], in *Church Family Newspaper*, August 26, 1910.

political questions that combination of old-fashioned liberal faith and critical and scholarly acumen, with that essentially spiritual temper, which lifted his political talks above the level of average partisanship.

Most of all did he drink in from the pure well of his own simple home-life the refreshment which makes perseverance possible. "He shall drink of the brook in the way; therefore shall he lift up his head." No anxieties or vexations were allowed to mar the serious tranquillity of the home; the Wellington days are, in memory, golden days to those whom he has left behind. His ideal of home-life is beautifully reflected in a letter which he wrote from Wellington to Mrs. Gladstone on the occasion of her golden wedding.

Master's Lodge,
Wellington College, Wokingham,
July 25, 1889.

"Dearest Mrs. Gladstone,—I am hoping to be able to run up to-morrow afternoon and to be with you on Thursday morning, but, for fear I should not I must write a line to tell you, what you will not doubt even if I do not write, how much I shall be with you in thought, in thanksgiving for the beautiful fifty years, and in prayers for all blessings on the years which still remain. There will be heartfelt prayers going up for you both from thousands of homes in Great Britain and Ireland.

"Of all fair sights in the world, none can be fairer than the long and happy married life of two people, who are everything to each other, and yet, in different ways, have room in their hearts for all the world besides—whom affection has never made selfish, but only helped and supported in unceasing activity of

head, and heart, and hand. Your own children know what an untold blessing it is to have had such a picture of life before them so long, and those happy people who have been taken into your large heart as *quasi children* feel it at least as deeply. There is, I fear, one cloud on the happiness of this year, which we did not look forward to for you a year ago. God grant it may pass away, and give you, if it is His will, a very bright and sunny evening, both in your home and in seeing the happy crowning of the great and generous public life.—Your most grateful and affectionate,

"E. C. WICKHAM."

WICKHAM'S APPRECIATION OF BENSON

Note.—Wickham's own tribute to his predecessor is not without interest. It is expressed in succinct form in the Dedication of his *Wellington College Sermons* (see below, p. 170); more fully in a sermon preached in Lincoln Cathedral after the Archbishop's death in 1896. "He made a great Public School—made it out of nothing. One hardly takes in at once what that implies. When he came to it, it was a crowd of little boys fresh from home or other schools, a mass of units, with no cohesion, no tradition, nothing to one another—rough and gentle, bad and good, with no natural leaders, no 'esprit de corps'—nothing to lift them above the level of their individual temperaments. When he left it after fourteen short years, it was a living, conscious, self-respecting community, with a conscience and spiritual life, with a *history*, already, if a short one, and a future—one, and an honoured one, of the sisterhood of English Public Schools. . . ."

See also Appendix B (p. 206).

CHAPTER VIII

LINCOLN

(1894–1910)

When Wickham succeeded Benson at Wellington, none could fail to mark the striking contrast of character and temperament between the two. At Lincoln the situation was almost exactly reproduced. Dean Butler, whose name will always hold a high place among the leaders of our Church during the latter half of the nineteenth century, was a man of Benson's exceptional vitality and magnetic force. "Butler of Wantage," as he will always be called, has left behind him in the great Wantage Sisterhood a monument than which none nobler can be imagined. The ideal parish priest had become a strong Dean, whose definite views and convictions made him an object of admiring respect to all, and a tower of refuge to those to whom his uncompromising churchmanship appealed. The uncompromising Churchman was also a genial host, a sincere, hearty, and inspiring friend, an unfailingly wise and faithful spiritual guide. Conservative in his political leanings, he was welcomed in the traditionally Tory society of the county, and of the "Above Hill" community in the city.

To this forceful personality succeeds the modest, retiring scholar to whom anything like partisanship in religion had been all through his life anathema;

the "Christian Man of Letters," to whom thought came naturally rather than action and feeling; almost fastidious in his dread of exaggeration, as in his dislike of popularity; above all, an ardent Gladstonian in politics, the only department in which his views could even suggest the label "Extremist."

And that which was, from one point of view, his greatest privilege, militated, perhaps more than anything else against his developing such a dominant position in his new surroundings as would have made the Lincoln period the indisputable climax of his long and strenuous life. That privilege was the inestimable happiness of having Edward King for his bishop. Dr. King had, in 1893, been Bishop of Lincoln already for eight golden years: each year loved and honoured, with a growing tenderness of affection, by gentle and simple alike. There could be no doubt whatever who was to be the centre of interest and enthusiasm in the place. "King is a royal fellow," one of his friends had playfully remarked in his Oxford days. At Lincoln he held his royal court, and every one else was content—and proud—to be overshadowed by that gracious and saintly presence.

Thus, while the Bishop's friendship and co-operation was an incalculable boon to the new Dean—their relations were cordial from the first, as is testified by some letters from the Bishop to be quoted anon, and growingly affectionate, in spite of many detailed divergences of view—it made his rôle at Lincoln inevitably less conspicuous. At Wellington he had been First; at Lincoln he could never be more than Second.

Yet the last sixteen years of his life, if they do not present an obvious climax, were, in not a few ways,

the worthy and natural sequel to the patient and conscientious labours of the preceding years.

The "learned leisure" of a deanery—in these days surely one of the most fallacious phrases in currency—did not indeed furnish him with the longed-for opportunity of producing, as the maturest fruit of his ripe scholarship, the projected edition of Æschylus; but it brought his exquisite preaching powers to a degree of perfection which surpassed even his own previous attainment, the last two or three sermons that he ever preached achieving a moving power such as his greatest admirers had scarcely felt before. But the Deanery did still more for him, and for the Church at large through him; for it gave him a place in Convocation, where his ripe judgment, backed by the experience of nearly half a century of continuous educational work, could be applied in the widest field. It was in these final years of his life that Edward Wickham's gifts were placed directly at the service of the entire Anglican communion, and his influence thus extended over a far wider circle than that which he had touched even in the late 'Sixties at Oxford.

But there were narrower circles, too, in which that benign influence was markedly felt. The impression which some of the obituary notices (perhaps unintentionally) gave, that his active career ended with the resignation of the Wellington Headmastership, is quite misleading. When he sent in his resignation, he had, it is true, no definite prospect before him. The resignation was not merely an act of sincerity and courage, it was also an act of faith. He felt that his work at Wellington was done. He had been there twenty years, and was now approaching his sixtieth year. He was brave enough and wise enough to see

that the college needed a fresh start, and to act upon that vision. That he had not resigned even earlier was due to the fact that he felt in conscience bound to see the college through the worst of the consequences of the "drainage scare," which cost some £30,000. Like his predecessor, he was to be called from Wellington to Lincoln; but he had not, like Dr. Benson, the invitation to Lincoln in his pocket when he resigned. The call came to him while he was enjoying a few months' well-earned holiday abroad.

Of the correspondence which passed between Mr. Gladstone and his son-in-law unfortunately nothing remains available, but certain letters of Bishop King throw some light on the situation, as well as illustrating the cordiality of the relations then initiated between Bishop and Dean.

The first of these is dated from the Old Palace, January 15, 1894.

"My dear Mr. Gladstone,—I do not know whether I am wrongly intruding, but I cannot help writing to tell you of the loss we have just sustained in the death of our much loved and highly valued Dean.

"It has been an unexpected blow to us. Dean Butler was so full of energy and constant work for others, that we could not think of him otherwise than as a strong man. He had really exhausted his strength in writing a review for the *Church Quarterly* of Dr. Pusey's life. He was obliged to write against time, with many pressing engagements as well. Then he caught cold, and inflammation of the lungs set in, and all was over yesterday afternoon.

"The end was just as one could wish—quiet, trustful peace. Poor Mrs. Butler had a slight stroke of

paralysis about six weeks ago, and is confined to her bed, but she was able to get up and see him. The dear Dean is a great loss to us; he has worked very hard here, and raised the standard of the Cathedral services, and won the reputation of a high, but thoroughly loyal, English Churchman.

"We are, of course, most anxious that the same life and teaching should be continued, and are indeed thankful to think that, under God, it will be for you to send us some one.

"May I offer my kindest and best good wishes to Mrs. Gladstone, and my love to your son Stephen, and with every good wish for yourself, believe me, yours sincerely and gratefully,

"E. LINCOLN."

On the 17th the Prime Minister sent his "best thanks" (as a note scribbled on the Bishop's letter records), and a week later he was able to give definite news of the appointment, as the Bishop's reply, dated January 27, makes clear.

"MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—I thank you sincerely for your kind attention in writing to tell me of Mr. Wickham's appointment to the Deanery of Lincoln.

"I am sure that I shall find him all that you have said; and I shall be most glad to welcome him in the diocese, and to help him in any way I can to fulfil the many opportunities of promoting the work of the Church which the Deanery will afford.

"We are, I am happy to say, a united body in the Cathedral, and there is a very friendly and valuable relation established between the Cathedral and the city, so that there are many opportunities of spreading the influence of the Church among the people.

"May I add that to me the strongest point in Mr. Wickham's appointment is that which you have called the 'weakest'; for I have the great pleasure of knowing Mrs. Wickham, and I am sure that she will be a most acceptable and valuable help to us all."

The same day he wrote also a warm word of welcome to the future Dean.

"My dear Mr. Wickham,—I heard this morning from Mr. Gladstone, and I have seen in the papers, your appointment to the Deanery of Lincoln. I write at once to assure you of a hearty welcome into the diocese, and of my readiness to do anything in my power to assist you in beginning your new life and work.

"You will find us a united and happy body. The relation between the Cathedral and the city and diocese is very friendly and pleasant, and there are not a few who have an increasing love and attachment to the Cathedral through the many spiritual advantages which the late good Dean provided for them. So that I hope you will find a useful and happy sphere of work amongst us.

"May I ask you to offer my congratulations and best wishes to Mrs. Wickham: it will be a very great pleasure to welcome her with you.

"If you would like to come and stay with me, or if I can be of any use to you, it will be a real pleasure to me if you will let me know. May God indeed bless you both in coming to us.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

"E. Lincoln."

A few days later there followed another characteristically kindly letter, dated February 5, 1894.

"My dear Mr. Wickham,—I thank you very sincerely for your kind letter.

"The precentor tells me to-day that March the 17th is being fixed for your installation. I am glad that I shall (D.V.) be at home on that day, though I believe that I have no part in the ceremony except by prayer and good will. My chief object in writing is to ask you to make any use you please of this house. You will have to come and see about furniture, etc., and I hope Mrs. Wickham may be able to come with you; if she does not mind risking the discomfort of a bachelor's house, I will do my best to take care of you. If you should mean to come and preach on Easter Day, would you come to me then, or all the week before, if you please.

"My only trouble is that you won't find a more worthy Bishop.

"With kind regards to Mrs. Wickham and every good wish for yourself and for ourselves with you, believe me, yours sincerely,

"E. Lincoln."

The Bishop was as good as his word. His welcome was of the warmest, and his friendship, as we have said, an inestimable boon to the man who was to co-operate so loyally with his new chief, and to follow him so speedily to the grave.

In reviewing the work of those sixteen years at Lincoln, we will touch first upon the Dean's work for Convocation, and then proceed to deal, in ever-narrowing circles, with his educational work for Lincoln and his relations to the Cathedral itself.

When, as Dean of Lincoln, Edward Wickham took his place in the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury, he brought to his work unusual qualifications. His great natural gifts for counsel and deliberation, hallowed as they were by a constan

reliance upon the Giver of all wisdom, had been trained in the school of long and effectual experience. Fourteen years of college meetings at Oxford, at the time when New College was making history and Wickham himself (it might almost be said) was making New College—this was no mean apprenticeship, but this was by no means all.

For a large part of his time at Wellington College he served on the committee of the Head Masters' Conference, and was twice (in 1884 and again in 1888) elected chairman of that committee. He had thus gained the habit of handling subjects of very wide and high interest, and controlling the administration of affairs which, by their breadth and complication, called for qualities of real statesmanship. Archdeacon Fearon, who worked with his old friend—to their mutual satisfaction—on both bodies, in the Head Masters' Conference from 1884 to 1893, and in Convocation from 1904 onwards, writes :—

"I can testify from my own experience that he carried considerable weight in both fields. Both in Head Masters' Conferences and in Convocation he was an infrequent speaker. He obviously never spoke for the sake of speaking. When he did speak, he spoke very deliberately, his words were well weighed, and he carried to his audience the conviction that he had carefully thought out the subject, and that he had balanced the arguments *pro* and *con*.

"In his general policy in both deliberative assemblies I was constantly struck by two salient features: first, that while he kept a markedly open mind, and was generally on the side of progress and reform, he was a cautious and conservative reformer—consequently, among the head masters, when he recommended a change, it was generally regarded as a safe change;

secondly, he had wonderful skill in bringing opposing views together, and finding some means of reconcilement between them. More than once in late years, in discussing some 'Convocation Minutes,' when I expressed surprise at finding some particular resolution standing in his name, I remember his saying that he had taken no very special interest in the matter, but that he had seen that there was a large amount of common ground between the opposing parties, and that he had found that common ground for them."

He endeavoured, as was finely said by a writer to the *Times* after his death, "to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace"[1] . . . and, in consequence, "party spirit was ashamed of itself in his presence."[2]

It was apropos of his work on the Education Settlement Committee that those two remarks were made; but they are applicable to all his committee work for Convocation, and there was hardly a committee of any importance on which he did not serve, at one time or another. Speaking for the committee on the "Moral Witness of the Church," the Bishop of Oxford[3] wrote, on August 26: "He will leave a very serious gap."

The Committee on the King's Letters of Business, pledged to face the difficult problems of Prayer-Book Reform, had need, above all others, of his wise spirit of progressive conservatism. One of its members looks forward with apprehension to the future, "when we shall have to face awkward questions without his dispassionate judgment and felicity of expression."

Of this department of his work (to which we shall refer again a little later) we have a small but precious

[1] "M. E. S." in *Times*, August 22, 1910.
[2] The same writer in *Morning Post*, August 23, 1910.
[3] Dr. Gore, then Bishop of Birmingham.

monument in the little pamphlet on *Revision, its Purposes and Principles*, published shortly after his death.

But it was on the more directly educational side that the full weight of his character and experience made itself felt. On the "Education Settlement Committee," and on the Council and Committee of the Church of England Training Colleges, his wise, far-seeing, and conciliatory spirit were exerted to maintain, in face of hostility in high places—in quarters, indeed, where his lifelong political sympathies would have been most naturally at home—the cause of religious instruction by religious minds as an integral part of the national education.

On the first named committee his energies were directed towards a mutual understanding between his colleagues of the Church and the leaders of nonconformity; in the second towards a policy among Churchmen that should earn justice by a moderate and conciliatory spirit. When Mr. M'Kenna's Education Bill appeared in 1908, the Dean contributed to the *Times* a masterly criticism of its defects. Less exhaustive from the historian's standpoint, but more interesting from the biographer's point of view, is the letter in which he, at the same moment, relieved his mind in less formal converse with his son Edward, who had recently been ordained to an East End curacy. It is characteristic of the father to take such pains that his son shall do justice to both good and bad points in the Bill.

DEANERY, LINCOLN,
March 1, 1908.

"DEAREST EDWARD,—The Bill was a disappointment, as I really hoped M'Kenna was going on our lines;

but any intention, if he had one, has been overruled. Still, the Bill has some very good points, and I much hope that serious efforts will be made to mend rather than end it. I think it has more grasp of the real situation than Birrell's, and is, therefore, more easy to amend without throwing it (as the Lords did with his) into chaos. The good points are :—

"1. That he recognises the fundamental difference of the position in the single school area and the area in which choice is possible.

"2. That he recognises (as B. never did) the necessity of defining 'Cowper-Temple' teaching *positively*, not merely negatively. His definition may be criticised and amended; but it is a great point to have it allowed that we must have some barrier against Dr. Clifford's 'literary and ethical sense,' so that he sees that what Churchmen want first and foremost is some *security*, that when they hand over their schools there shall be retained in them at least Christian teaching.

"The *bad* points are :—

"1. The provision for the contracting-out schools is inadequate, but that will be put straight. They are bent on placating the R.C.'s, and they cannot run their schools on the terms offered.

"2. There is in Clause 3 a shocking proposal to appropriate without payment any school which has a purely 'educational' trust, *i.e.* whose trustees have had too great confidence in the honour of the Board of Education to leave themselves a back door of escape. This can't stand.

"3. They must give 'facilities' in town schools as well as in country.

"4. They must give *better* facilities in all schools—*in* (instead of *out* of) school hours—and not forbidding the teachers to teach.

"If M'K. wants (as I believe he does) to get the Bill through he will meet us."

"*P.S.*—I have three copies of the Bill, so I send you one."

Of Wickham's work and influence upon the Education Settlement Committee, on which Churchmen and Nonconformists met to seek some basis of agreement, by far the best appreciation that has appeared in print is to be found in the two communications contributed to the *Times* of August 22, 1910, and the *Morning Post* of the following day, over the not very mysterious initials "M. E. S."

But the testimony of two other members of that large committee must be quoted. They are drawn in each case from letters written to Mrs. Wickham after her husband's death.

"I shall not forget," wrote Dr. Scott Lidgett, "his noble and Christian plea for peace, and for the preservation by mutual concession of religious teaching and influence in Public Education."

"His heart was in it," wrote Sir C. T. D. Acland, "and there was not one among the forty and more who did not lean upon him in some of the critical moments; and he never failed us."

Referring to the Dean's work for the Council and Committee of Church of England Training Colleges, the Bishop of St. Albans wrote:

"I believe we have really saved the colleges by a sane and, in the best sense, both liberal and conservative policy."

And Viscount Cobham :

" I never knew a man wiser in counsel, more fearless, conscientious, and at the same time more considerate than he was. His views were not exactly the most acceptable in that particular assembly ; but although firm in expressing them, he never intruded the slightest trace of temper."

The Archdeacon of Leicester, who was especially associated with the Dean in the matter of Prayer-Book Revision, contributes the following appreciation of his work and influence in the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury :

" Like his predecessor, Dean Blakesley, he was careful to obey the citations to appear, as they were successively issued, and both in the House and in the work of committees he made his influence widely felt.

" His first recorded speech is to be found in the *Chronicle of Convocation* for 1896 (pp. 335, 336). That there is no record of his having spoken earlier seems to show that he took some pains to learn the rules and ways of an assembly which stands high amongst those whose function is deliberation rather than legislation, but which, during the half century of its revived activity, has had always both a character and a method of its own.

" The Dean's first words in this Assembly are interesting, because of the subject of debate, and also because they reveal so clearly the qualities which won and maintained universal confidence and respect. The subject was secondary education, one to which Dr. Wickham gave so much of his life, one which to the very last, he was always considering in all its manifold bearings. The particular motion before the House was a resolution appended to a Report of Committee

proposing to submit for the consideration of the bishops 'the expediency of ordaining teachers to the diaconate for work in secondary schools.' This was proposed by Archdeacon Sandford and warmly supported by Dr. Bright and Canon Lowe.

The Dean of Lincoln followed :

" He did not desire to prolong the discussion, but, having been connected with another class of schools from those with which Canon Lowe was associated, he could not refrain from a few words to express the deep thankfulness he felt that this resolution had been brought before the House and was likely to be adopted. Of course, any one connected with a public school for a long time must have felt sorry to see the number of clergy on the list of assistant-masters steadily diminishing. There were many causes for this. One cause undoubtedly was a good cause, and one for which they must be thankful—that was that the mere custom of taking holy orders had been broken through. On the other hand there were causes which they deplored, and which they were doing something to-day to depreciate or break down. The feeling in the minds of parochial clergy, and in the minds of the bishops, that schoolmaster's work was not clerical work, was diminishing. He knew of young men going to the Bishop for ordination—even when the Bishop consented to ordain them on their schoolmasters' places—and when one hoped they would come back strengthened and with their hearts warmed with the feeling that they were coming back to do work with the consent of the Bishop of the diocese and the Church ; but these men had been soused with cold water. They had been given to understand it was a great favour to ordain them, and that it was hoped they would very soon take

up real clerical work. This, of course, impressed young schoolmasters with a lay feeling; and this was what they wanted to protest against and break down. They wanted them to feel that theirs was in the fullest sense pastoral work—that 'Feed My lambs' was quite as urgent a commission as 'Feed My sheep.'

"The qualities which such words reveal are obvious: quiet independence of judgment and calm fearlessness in giving expression to it; a capacity for seeing both the good and the bad in the causes of a particular line of action attractive and popular at the moment, coupled with a decided conviction as to whether such line of action should be approved or deprecated; both vigour and humour in the way in which points are put, combined with scrupulous fairness in putting them. These qualities always impressed themselves upon Dr. Wickham's hearers, and the result was, inevitably, that no one was listened to with greater respect, even when, as was frequently the case, he spoke rather for the minority than the majority, and that no one was more welcome or more useful in the work of committees. To give details of this latter side of the Dean's influence would be out of place, but a few words may be said of the last work on which he was engaged as a member of the Lower House, viz. the work consequent upon the issue to the Convocations of Royal Letters of Business, both in the House and in Committee. Those who were privileged to serve with him on the Committee of the Lower House will never forget his unwearied patience, his uniform courtesy, his unfailing fairness of mental attitude towards those with whom he did not agree, his clearness of vision and his quiet firmness of judgment. The pamphlet which bears the Dean's name is sufficient of itself to show the strength of his convictions on the main question before the Convoca-

tions; yet the way in which he made these convictions known, and sought to win acceptance for them, impressed friend and foe alike as before all things fair and just."

The Dean's experience of local educational work in Lincoln city and diocese gave point and weight to his counsel on the large and, so to speak, national committees to which Convocation introduced him; and, conversely, he could advise more surely and more wisely in the concerns of the more restricted area, because his thoughts were so habitually focussed on a larger and more distant horizon. In his administration of the part the well-being of the whole was constantly before him: in legislating for the present he never forgot the future.

Thus, the wider interests which Convocation opened up to him were not allowed to interfere with the claims of the diocese and city of Lincoln. Indeed, the narrower circles profited to no small extent by the experience gained, and the judgment ripened in the wider sphere. Especially was this the case in that department of educational work which he had made peculiarly his own.

"Working with him," says Canon Jeudwine, "was one of the pleasures of diocesan work."

"I always felt him so splendidly sympathetic," says another, "with all that worked for the real good of the Church and of mankind . . . his sound judgment and practical knowledge will be greatly missed in all diocesan work."

Here, as elsewhere, his well-known Radical sympathies tended to arouse a *prima facie* suspicion against him—a suspicion which a closer acquaintance was sure to dispel. "The Dean," says one who worked with

him a good deal, " was often in a minority on current questions, and many of the clergy and laity were unjustly suspicious, but latterly they came to regard him with ever-increasing confidence and veneration." Another relates how " often the great majority " of a certain diocesan body " were against his policy ; yet," he adds, " we voted him most heartily and confidently into the chair, and he always used his influence both for peace and width of view."

The present Bishop (Dr. Hicks), on coming to take up his work in the diocese, found the Dean " possessed of an extraordinary knowledge "[1] of its parishes and clergy, their circumstances and their history, with a constant concern for the poorer of them and an eagerness to bring them relief.[2] His unselfish sacrifice of time and thought in committee-work outweighed even the generosity of his unobtrusive financial support of the various diocesan organisations and charities.

It is then, we may believe, not in the spirit of mere formal compliment that the Diocesan Board of Education put on record its estimate of the late Dean's usefulness.

" . . . His wide knowledge of educational problems was always freely placed at their disposal, and he guided with unvarying skill and courtesy the deliberations of their Executive Committee. They bear in grateful remembrance his keen interest in all departments of the work of the Board, and especially his watchful care and munificent support of the Lincoln Training College."

The mention of the Training College brings before

[1] This intimate knowledge was largely acquired on the Committees of the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund and the Poor Benefices Association, of which, as the Precentor informs us, he was a very keen member.

[2] During part of the last winter of his life he abjured dinner two nights a week, and worked at these tasks from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

us the centre of Dr. Wickham's energetic labours. Far from neglecting the diocese—apart from his labours on committees and his watchful care and thought for the struggling parishes, he preached from time to time in more than a score of different churches outside the city[1]—it was still upon the cathedral city that he concentrated much of his energy.

On his work for Education in the city of Lincoln an entire volume might be written. The mere enumeration of the various offices he held is enough to take one's breath away; the wonder is increased when one realises the extreme conscientiousness with which he set himself to fulfil the corresponding tasks. "The late Dean," says one who had unique opportunities of knowing,[2] "rarely missed attendance at meetings. Having accepted the responsibility of an official position, he invariably acted in every capacity which the duty of the office demanded."

He held office on at least seven different educational bodies in Lincoln. Every one of these felt the stimulus of his generous zeal and profited by the ripeness of his judgment. Most of them will date from his régime some important development in their constitution. He was Chairman of the Committee of Management of the Training College for Elementary School Teachers; he was a Governor of the Lincoln Grammar School, and also of the Christ's Hospital Endowment, and of the High School for Girls, which is part of that foundation; he was Vice-Chairman and member of the City of Lincoln Education Committee since its formation in 1903, and at the same time Chairman of the

[1] In the delirious and half-delirious ramblings of his last illness, the material of which was almost always public affairs—of the Church, of Convocation, of the diocese, of the cathedral—one of the things clearly upon his mind was a harvest festival sermon, which his relatives looked up in his diary and cancelled.

[2] Mr. R. C. Minton, secretary of the Lincoln Educational Committee.

Voluntary Schools Committee, besides being on the Committee of Management of certain specific voluntary schools. In all these capacities, as we have said, he made his influence felt; we can only single out three for special mention. These are the Training College, which really owed its enlargement to him; the Grammar School, as regards which the actual developments which took place under his influence may indeed be open to discussion—some would still regard it as decidedly mistaken—but the spirit of his work is beyond praise; and the Elementary Education, "Voluntary" and "Council," in which spirit and results alike might well form a model for any city in the kingdom.

A resolution passed at the time of his death by the Commitee of the Training College sums up eloquently the nature and quality of his work upon that body:

"... His alert intelligence, his learning and knowledge of affairs, his punctuality and unfailing patience, made him everywhere a model chairman, but especially here, where his practised skill in educational matters was peculiarly welcome. Without his most generous initiative the college would probably not have been enlarged. His defence of the just claims of the training colleges of the Church in the presence of State legislation was maintained with singular dignity as well as skill. His colleagues on the committee lament in him the loss of a friend who had endeared himself to them, alike by the simplicity and courage and by the sweetness of his character."

Still more eloquent is the private confession of a member of that committee:

"We were often at the Training College and at other times in opposition, but I often discovered afterwards that my opinion had been immature and that his had

been wiser. His great courtesy and kindness to those from whose opinions he differed was always warmly appreciated. I know, too, how often his skill in drafting a resolution that would unite differing opinions was instrumental in getting a meeting out of a tight place."

A new Grammar School was built, largely by the Dean's initiative, and the entire institution was reorganised under the Regulations of the Board of Education for Secondary Schools. The headmaster found in him ever a wise and generous friend. His testimony shows that Edward Wickham had not lost, in the last decade of his life, that power of winning enthusiastic affection, which was so strikingly exhibited at Winchester and at New College nearly half a century earlier.

"He was our constant and unfailing friend," says Mr. F. H. Chambers. "He knew what real education meant; and he knew the temptations that a school of this kind always has to win an easy path for itself by allowing something which is not quite the real thing.

"As a schoolmaster I could not be with him ten minutes without having my sense of the things that really matter deepened and quickened. He helped us, in exactly the way that older men may naturally help younger ones, to see straight and to go straight.

"Of his generosity, which was often in secret, you will probably have had many an example: I saw it in connection with the boys. He assisted both individuals and the school itself as often as need arose. He gave us, unasked, £200 for the gymnasium and swimming bath.

". . . I had a good deal to do with him at a time when educational controversy was fierce.

It is easy to lose pluck and the clearness of vision of what is really worth while, in that barren rough and tumble; and many a time he gave them both back to me by his unfailing patience and courage—that, too, when weariness was visible in every line of his face."

With regard to the third subject singled out for further notice, it is significant, in the first place, to find the same person acting as Chairman of the Voluntary Schools Committee, and Vice-Chairman of that which administered the Council Schools. Both groups realised that they had in the Dean a great expert on Education, and one whose judgment—at once keen and impartial—was of the utmost value, while his influence was steadily exerted to promote the twin objects of progress and pacification.

The "Education Committee," of which he was Vice-Chairman, had problems to face of the greatest difficulty and importance. The whole of the Elementary Schools in the city had to be organised afresh under the Education Act of 1902; a general policy had to be inaugurated with reference to both elementary and secondary education throughout the city; provision must be made for the training of Elementary School teachers in the early stages of pupil-teachership, bursarship, and student-teachership, and, for the sake of the "Educational Ladder," schemes had to be devised of scholarships tenable in the higher schools by scholars from the Elementary Schools. But the matter in which the Dean seems to have interested himself most deeply, and in which his influence was perhaps most profoundly beneficent, was the drafting of a syllabus of religious instruction for use in the Council Schools.

The printed "Scheme of Religious Instruction," approved by the Committee on November 15, 1904, is in many ways a model document. It shows what good things may be done by a mixed body of men, provided the dominant interest be one of serious, wise, broad-minded, and deeply conscientious sincerity. Besides an elaborate and well-chosen syllabus of Old and New Testament lessons for the middle and upper divisions of schools, and a classified set of texts to be learnt by the infants, there is a sensible scheme of morning and evening prayers for every day in the week, and a provisional list of hymns culled from eight books belonging to different denominations. But perhaps the most valuable part of the whole publication is that in which, as we are informed, Dean Wickham had the greatest hand, viz. the "Prefatory Remarks" and the "General Principles" enunciated at the outset. In view of their close connection with the subject of this Memoir it will be well to quote these passages in full.

The Prefatory Remarks run as follows:

The committee are most anxious that neither the teachers nor the children should look upon the religious instruction as a burden. In the committee's opinion this portion of the work of education, whilst of the highest importance, is of special difficulty, demanding the utmost skill, discretion, and sympathy on the part of the teacher. The chief object to be kept in view is to develop the spiritual faculties, and so to inculcate the highest standard of morality. Teachers should therefore understand that, whilst they are expected to carry out the spirit of the system herein put forward, they have, in respect of detail, a reasonable measure of latitude; and the committee rely upon them to give each lesson in such a manner, and to such an extent, as will be most suitable to the age and capacities of the children concerned.

The following suggestion to teachers does not refer specially to the time devoted to religious instruction, but is intended to apply to the whole tone and teaching of the school. All teachers are

expected to give lessons on one or other of the points named at frequent intervals.

1. Duties to parents and to our country to be often explained.
2. Temperance, purity, and general self-restraint in daily life to be taught.
3. Children to be warned against evils arising from drinking, gambling, juvenile smoking, etc.
4. Courtesy to be inculcated by action and teaching.
5. Kindness to animals to be taught.
6. Thrift to be encouraged.
7. Healthy exercise and sports to be encouraged, but not to such an extent as to interfere with work and duty.

The General Principles are subsumed under seven heads :

1. It is the desire of the Education Authority that the standard of religious knowledge in the Council Schools shall not be inferior to that of secular instruction either in regard to the qualifications of the teachers or the efficiency of the work done.

2. In the schools provided by the City of Lincoln Education Authority, the Bible shall be read and there shall be given such explanations and such instruction therefrom in the principles of the Christian religion and of morality as are suited to the capacities of children, provided always—

(i.) That in such explanations and such instruction the provisions of the Elementary Education Act, 1870, in Sections VII. and XIV., be strictly observed, both in letter and spirit, and that no attempt be made in any such schools to attach children to any particular denomination.

(ii.) Such explanations and such instruction as are recognised by the foregoing regulation shall be given by the head and assistant teachers of the school, and only by pupil teachers at the discretion, and under the supervision, of the head teachers.

3. Every head teacher shall be considered responsible for the religious instruction in his (or her) own school, shall see that the instruction is efficiently and reverently given in every class, and shall, as a rule, take a definite part in the actual instruction of the several classes.

4. It shall be the duty of the head teacher to report to the school management sub-committee the case of any assistant teacher having conscientious objections to giving the religious teaching

provided by the syllabus with a view to authorising such a teacher to be excused from such teaching.

5. The schools shall be opened in the morning and closed in the evening by prayer and the singing of a hymn. Forms of prayer for use at the opening and closing of school will be found on pages 6 to 17.

6. Not more than thirty minutes at the beginning of the morning session, exclusive of marking registers or any other business, and five minutes in the afternoon session shall be set apart for hymns, prayers, and religious instruction, and the morning session shall be closed and the afternoon session opened with the singing of grace.

7. When any children are withdrawn from religious instruction, provision should be made for their instruction in secular subjects during the time of such religious teaching.

One of the Dean's most prominent colleagues in this department of the educational work, and more especially in the drafting of the syllabus, was the Rev. H. H. Carlisle, then Congregational minister in Lincoln. He says: "We met and discussed the details and then formulated the syllabus, which was unanimously accepted by the committee. I remember that, as he and I sat on either side of his fire in his study at the last interview over that matter, he said to me: 'Well, Mr. Carlisle, I rather anticipated that we might have met with some rather difficult denominational matters in this work, but I am pleased to find that really the only difficulty we have had was the one of the true interpretation of parts of the Bible, and even that difficulty has not arisen between you and me, although I think that there may be some branches of the Free Church which might not go quite so far as we do in the matter.' . . . I found him (Mr. Carlisle continues) most tolerant and charitable, a devoted and high-minded Christian, a high Churchman, but one who was sufficiently broad-minded to appreciate the standpoint of those who represent the Free Churches."

One more quotation, and that from the secretary of the Education Committee, to whom much of the foregoing information is due, may serve to close this fragmentary account of the late Dean's educational work for Lincoln.

"One of the marked features of his educational work," says Mr. Minton, "was his harmonising influence in debates.

"He spoke whenever he considered it necessary, and his views were respectfully received. His judgment was unbiased, and his speeches put forth the fair view, and were acceptable. He pre-eminently was *the* Authority on Higher Education in Lincoln, and in the new problems of an Education Authority, dealing for the first time in English history with matters relating to Higher Education, the late Dean's knowledge and experience, and the kindly way in which he put forth his opinions, won both the confidence and esteem of his fellow-members of all educational bodies he was connected with.

"Many difficulties arose in connection with the Regulations of the Board of Education, and on more than one occasion various governing bodies had to seek interviews with the Board. The late Dean assisted at these interviews, and lent dignity and weight to each deputation in so doing.

"He was always a supporter of sound and progressive policy as regards the staffing of schools and the improvement of school premises."

Finally, referring to the syllabus which we have already described, Mr. Minton characterises it as "a scheme which was free from criticism when placed before the Education Committee, and yet thoroughly full and sound in its principles and in its details."

At New College and Wellington it was the Chapel that formed for him life's centre; that the Cathedral should hold the same place in his Lincoln days is less remarkable: and those who had hoped for an advance on the ritual standard attained during Dean Butler's reign, may have been tempted, perhaps, to think his successor lacking in zeal for the House of God. They little knew how large a place it held in his thoughts and his affections: how the delicately sensitive nature, to whom anything savouring of extravagance or exaggeration was as abhorrent as anything approaching partisanship in religion, weighed every detail on the exquisite balance of his conscience, and had a reason for every denial as well as for every concession. They could not, however, fail to notice his constant and devout attendance at the altar, or the reverence of his demeanour at the daily offices; they could not fail to be thrilled and uplifted by his beautiful reading of the Lections from Holy Scripture, which in its exquisite finish and its equally exquisite naturalness came as near to the ideal as any which one is likely to hear. I well remember how, when I first heard him read a lesson, I said in my heart: "I should like to know the man who reads like that!"[1] Least of all could they escape the spell of his preaching. The very short sermons he delivered from the lectern on Saints' Days at Evensong were models of beauty, brevity, and arrangement.[2] "His thoughts, beautiful as his face, came out in the most perfect English." His sermons proper, which were true outpourings of his soul, were eagerly looked forward to by gentle and simple—by the Bishop, and by the

[1] After his death a Lincoln friend wrote: "It was a privilege to hear him read the daily lessons, so quietly, but with such understanding that it was as if one had been studying a commentary on them."

[2] For a specimen, see the St. Matthew's Day Address, Appendix C, pp. 210-212.

humblest and least educated of the congregation. Here is a note from the Bishop, dated Ash Wednesday evening, 1901:

"My dear Dean,—Do let us have the beautiful sermon you have just preached to us in print. Might it not be in the March *Diocesan Magazine*? I am sure it would be a help and comfort to many besides yours affectionately, E. Lincoln."

Equally striking is the testimony afforded by two anonymous notes written in a "printed" hand at an interval of three years and a half. It is the testimony of one who does not shrink from a "split infinitive," yet feels the charm of the Dean's perfect English. The first of these is dated March 8, 1904.

"I write to *earnestly* request you to preach again that most beautiful sermon on St. Mary Magdalene; the text, I *think*, was St. Luke vii. 47, and the closing words: 'Only eyes to seek His face, only ears to hear His parting words, "Thy sins be forgiven thee, go in peace."' Could you not preach it on the 20th, or when that lesson occurs again?"

The petitioner had to wait in patience, but was ultimately rewarded, and did not fail to be grateful.

"(*October* 7, 1907).—*Thank you* for preaching that sermon again as I asked you. It is most beautiful, and, better still, helpful and comforting."

Two more testimonies may be added to the power of the Dean's preaching over the minds of those who, though not privileged to know him intimately in private life, learned to love him in the pulpit; and each of these witnesses, it should be mentioned, is something of an expert in theology.

"Every one of his sermons that I was privileged to listen to," writes one, "gave me, in their clear, spiritual truth and beauty, something which no one else's ever did."

And the other:

"Those twenty minutes' sermons in the nave of the Cathedral I shall never forget: they often touched me as few other sermons have. And they used to make me long to know a little more intimately the writer of them."

In his preaching, much more than in public speaking,[1] he seemed to have a growing power of "rising to an occasion." His sermons, always remarkable for their beauty, became at these moments memorable. As in the term of exile, the year before he came to Lincoln, when Wellington College was temporarily established at Malvern, he had touched the hearts of boys and masters by a sermon on the theme, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" thrilling them with the feeling that perhaps that episode might be fraught with a solemn providential purpose; so, too, in his later days at Lincoln he showed a wonderful capacity for drawing out, with clear insight and dignified solemnity, the lessons of any particular incident or occurence. On the Septingentenary Commemoration of St. Hugh,[2] on the death of Queen Victoria, on the departure for South Africa of the Volunteers and of the 3rd Battalion of the Lincolnshire regiment, and again on their return, on the unveiling of the

[1] Yet on a subject very near his heart he could rise to astounding heights even upon the platform. His speech at an "Armenian" meeting in the Lincoln Corn Exchange is remembered as one of "strong, flaming eloquence," in which "he seemed transformed and carried out of himself."

[2] It is characteristic of Dean Wickham that he made this particular celebration (which owed so much of its success to him), the starting-point of an *annual* commemoration. Since then "St. Hugh's Day" has been kept yearly in the Cathedral.

monument to the local South African heroes, on the Tennyson Memorial[1]—on these and other special occasions his power as a preacher made itself conspicuously felt. But it was in the last months of his life that this characteristic of his preaching reached its climax: when it seemed as though the veil concealing the unseen world had worn thin for him, enabling him to interpret temporal things more surely and more naturally in the light of the eternal.

Memorable and touching was his sermon on the death of his beloved Bishop, Edward King, on the text: "Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." Memorable were his utterances on the occasion of the General Election of January 1910, and the sermon on "Kingly service," in which, on May 18, he commemorated King Edward VII.; but nothing could surpass in haunting charm or in symbolic significance the last two sermons that he was to preach in the Cathedral.

In June the Lincoln Muscial Festival was to take place, and Sir Edward Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* was to be performed. The Dean decided to prepare the audience beforehand to derive all possible spiritual help from the performance, and on June 5 he preached from St. John xiv. 4, 5, a discourse on the "Other world," which is in a sense an apology for Newman's poem, but is far more than that; vindicating the reasonableness of the truth underlying the doctrine of Purgatory, "too widely believed and welcomed not to rest on some deep human instincts."[2]

"What Christians hope for in death," he had dared to say, "is not only to see as never before the soul-vanquishing, soul-purifying sight at once of their

[1] See Appendix F, pp. 226 sqq. [2] See Appendix D, pp. 213 sqq.

own sin and of God's atoning love, but also to see, if He will, *the glory of God*, the infinite treasures, not of His mercy only, but of His wisdom and greatness; to read His purposes, and, understanding them, to say Hallelujah for evermore."

The last sermon of all, preached on the Sunday after the consecration of his old friend Dr. Hicks, and before his enthronisation in the Cathedral, is entered in the vestry book in a way which afterwards seemed to friends who heard him then for the last time, significant of the higher call that he was so soon to hear.

"Hebrews xiii. 7, 17, 18. Thoughts before an enthronement."

The appeal of the sacred writer, which the Dean reiterated on behalf of the new Bishop, "Pray for us," evoked a heartfelt response on his own behalf during the anxious days of the following August when Lincoln began to realise as never before what the Dean's loss might mean. And the last words of the verse, "We are persuaded that we have a good conscience, desiring to live honestly in all things," have a special appropriateness to one who had gradually and patiently won his way to trust and confidence, in face of much adverse criticism, by sheer force of sincerity and fair-mindedness. His unrivalled powers as a preacher, his exceptional wisdom as a counsellor, the charity which never would speak unkindly of an opponent, his unfailing gentleness and courtesy, and his equally unfailing generosity and readiness to help were bound to conquer the hearts of those among whom he lived; but it was not until his departure seemed imminent that Lincoln realised her feeling for him to the full. It came almost as a revelation to those who were watching round his sick-bed at Sierre.

Scores of letters written during the Dean's last

illness and after his death testify eloquently to this feeling.

"I cannot refrain from telling you," wrote the Archdeacon of Stow on August 12, "that it is difficult to move along the streets, as people stop one continually in earnest inquiry after the Dean, so great is the sense of his value, and the personal affection felt towards him."

For days his grave condition—and the beauty of his sermons—were the prevalent topics in the streets and in the shops. Churchmen and Nonconformists alike felt that they were in danger of losing a true friend. Dissenters in Lincoln had loved Bishop King because of the irresistible charm of his amiable and saintly personality: they would have been less than human had they failed to do so. They loved and honoured the less magnetic personality of the Dean because the experience of the leaders who had worked with him on Education Committees evinced in this ecclesiastical dignitary, whom they always regarded, and spoke of, as a "High Churchman," something more than a general good will towards the members of the "Free Churches"—a desire to understand, and be just to their position. The Free Church Council passed a resolution: "We thank God for the saintly character and life of the late Dean."

"The whole city loved and esteemed him," is the verdict of one who saw Lincoln at the time of his death.

"Lincoln mourns with you on the loss of a Dean endeared to us all by his perfect work and kindly heart . . . " are the words of the Mayor's condoling telegram.

"There was a workman crying in the Minster in front

of me on Monday," wrote an intimate friend to Mrs. Wickham. And the Cathedral workmen wrote to say, "We all feel that we have lost a true friend, a wise counsellor, and a generous employer."

Indeed, it is worthy of note how this man of academic experience and almost fastidiously scholarly tastes, naturally shy, retiring, and reserved, endeared himself conspicuously to those engaged in manual labour, and not least to his own employés. Some months after the Dean's death one who had been his gardener wrote:

"It is a great comfort to both C—— and myself to know that our services have been appreciated. It has always been a pleasure to work for the Dean. I often think it was his great love for the garden that drew us so much together, and made everything so pleasant. I shall always think of the time I worked at the Deanery as the happiest sixteen years of my life."

We have tried to sketch in outline the leading features of the last phase of Edward Wickham's career. Such a sketch is almost bound to prove inadequate, for more reasons than one. These last years are too near to be seen as yet in true perspective; and not a little of the illustrative matter which would otherwise have been available is as yet too personal in its associations to be adapted for publication. But enough will have been said if the reader of these pages is brought to see with the writer that the Lincoln period, so far from forming an anticlimax in Wickham's career, was the climax of it all—the work for which Brook Green, and Winchester, and Wellington, and even the brilliant years at New College had been the providential preparation; while the passionate and overbearing tendency which his anxious father more than suspected in the 'Fifties was gradually schooled to a perfect control; the theoretic-

ally balanced judgment was ripened by long years of hard experience into that intensely practical wisdom which made him an ideal counsellor and an ideal chairman; while the strong, reforming zeal (never, from the first, dissociated from a saving reverence for antiquity) developed new qualities of insight and of discernment through long familiarity with rule and administration; while success and disappointment alike, in a life and a home founded on the reality of personal religion, conspired to mature that large-hearted, tolerant, and considerate charity which is the crown of a well-used experience of life.

The true greatness and goodness of that last phase of Edward Wickham's character was only guessed by a few. "I can best compare his life as I saw it," says one who saw much of him, "to the steady shining of a clear white light." But the fullest and most just appreciation of what he had become is that of an old friend, who, coming into close association with him again after many years, could judge of the development that had taken place.

When Dr. King's successor for the See of Lincoln was chosen, the Dean wrote to his friend Rev. Arthur Carr (April 22, 1910):

"We are gladly welcoming Hicks—a scholar and an old Oxford friend—with just the right experience, and a most sympathetic personality."

How heartily the new bishop reciprocated this estimate of an old friend will be clear from his appreciation of the Dean's character and work, which we make no apologies for quoting in full.

"When first I went up to Oxford, it happened that Wickham examined me for Responsions, and something

in the man at once attracted me: I hoped some day to get to know him. . . .

"After I had taken my degree and had settled down at Corpus, it was my lot to examine with him for Classical Moderations, and I found him (as every one else did) a very able and delightful colleague.

"Until he left Oxford we maintained our friendly acquaintance, and, afterwards, when he was at Wellington, I came to examine the school and spent a happy week with him. I think all who knew him would say that his extreme humility, which was almost reserve, prevented him from making approaches as often as he might, and caused strangers and juniors to be somewhat in awe of him. It was so at New College (I think) in his tutorial days: and the peculiarity followed him through life. And yet to those who knew him his friendship was very precious. He was utterly unselfish and kind, and his help was always real.

"His knowledge of literature, of places, of people and things, was large and accurate. Unobtrusive as he was in company, he spoke always with effect; his words were to the point, independent, original. You could not be with him long without being ashamed of your own ignorance, and yet admiring his modesty. I have sometimes thought that the choicest Oxford spirits of that time had about them a degree of delicacy and reserve which rendered their gentleness, humility, and piety incapable of appealing to the public at large. Those who remember Edwin Palmer and James Riddell of Balliol (not to mention others of the same date and type) will best appreciate what I mean.

"After he became Dean of Lincoln I was his guest for a couple of nights, and preached in his beautiful Cathedral. He was still as keen as ever about Horace, and the classics, and general literature; neither had the

accession of Church dignity dulled the edge of his liberalism. I left him after a most happy visit, little thinking that one day I should be called to closer relations with him as Bishop of the See.

" I shall never forget his thoughtful kindness to me when I came to a diocese so new to me and so wide in extent. I found Wickham possessed of an extraordinary knowledge of the parishes and the clergy of Lincolnshire. He seemed to know them all, and their circumstances and their history. His judgments were invariably kind, and he desired especially to be fair to men of all parties.

" He placed all his information at my disposal, and I found him the better adviser because he insisted upon my making all my decisions for myself.

" His instinctive modesty and self-suppression struck me as the marks of a strong and highly disciplined character: he seemed to have grown in grace as he grew in years.

" He took infinite pains about every detail of my enthronement, and I have sometimes had a fear lest his untiring pains in making everything convenient and happy for my incoming may have taxed too freely his already weakened energies.

" Before he left for his last journey to Switzerland he wrote and sent me, unasked, some valuable memoranda concerning the Use of the Cathedral as regards the Bishop, and also concerning the chief diocesan organisations.

" He had been a generous but unobtrusive giver to all diocesan charities and institutions; but more precious than his ample gifts was the unselfish sacrifice of his time and thought in committee-work. Into every educational effort he had thrown his best energies, the fulness of his great knowledge, and the help of his

balanced judgment. But few were aware of his constant concern for the poorer clergy, and his eagerness to relieve and enlarge their scanty incomes.

"I do not think the general public, nor even the Churchmen of the diocese, really understood the goodness of their Dean. The beauty of his sermons they could not but perceive; but the beauty of his character was not known to the world at large. In this rough and distracting life we live, a man who does good by stealth, and seeks always the less public share of benevolent efforts, may easily evade his due appreciation. But all who knew Wickham found in his rare and exquisite character more and more to admire, and look back upon his friendship with a reverent thankfulness.

"To me his death was a heavy loss. I had counted on enjoying his company for years to come. I had hoped much from his counsel and experience. *Dis aliter visum.* But I cherish the memories of him, and the very sound of his voice, and his gentle smile, among my tenderest recollections."

The following note is supplied by the kindness of the Rev. Sub-Dean Leeke:—

Some Work done at the Cathedral in the late Dean's time.

Restoration of the north-west turret.

A large area of lead relaid on the nave roof.

The whole of the roof of the central tower relaid.

Polishing of Purbeck marble shafts in the south-east transept and north choir aisle.

Restoration of the two large buttresses of angel choir, east end.

Restoration of the arcade running along the east end of angel choir.

*Installing the electric light throughout the Cathedral.

*New internal oak doors to the western porches.

New lightning conductors to many points of the roof.

The items marked (*) are those of an exceptional nature.

Repolishing the Purbeck marble piers of nave arcade and the shafts of the wall arcade.

Restoration of the buttresses of north nave aisle.

Restoration of the outside of clerestory wall, same side.

New stained-glass window in the retrochoir to the memory of St. Hugh.

Two new stained-glass windows in the south choir aisle.

Four new stained-glass windows in the chapter house.

One new stained-glass window in Bishop Russell's chantry.

Releading the three lancets in south transept and the Bishop's Eye.

*An extensive fire-preventing scheme, with hydrants all over the Cathedral and up to the top of the central tower, and an electrically driven pump to augment the pressure from the city water mains.

*Rebuilding the Cathedral organ, with electric motors to blow the bellows.

The items marked (*) are those of an exceptional nature.

CHAPTER IX

HORACE AND LITERARY WORK

(Prefatory Note.—The appreciation of Dr. Wickham's work upon Horace is contributed by one uniquely qualified for the task, Mr. A. O. Prickard [pp. 157–165]; the author of this Memoir has added a short account of the other publications of the late Dean.)

All notices of the late Dean of Lincoln are agreed in pointing to the thoroughness and delicacy of his classical scholarship as an essential characteristic and, indeed, a part of himself. The Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. E. L. Hicks), who knew him for many years as a contemporary of considerably junior standing, puts this in words as graceful as they are true: "At Oxford we knew him as an exact and exquisite scholar, whose keen sense of literary form seemed to give a tone to every word, and look, and act." Many generations of his pupils would add their grateful testimony to the intensity of his grasp of the great authors, his skill and tact in making them and the languages in which they wrote truly educational, and his unwearied attention to individuals and their special intellectual needs. To the literature of scholarship he has contributed his complete edition of Horace, of which the first volume appeared in 1874, and the second in 1891, the prose translation of Horace (1903), and minor editions of the same author. The *Epistle to the Hebrews*, edited for the "Westminster Commentaries" (1910), is conspicuous for sense of style and of nicety of expression of every

kind, and also for the searching power of analysis, which he had learned through classical studies, and which is closely connected with them. He entered little into discussion about matters of scholarship. I do not think that he ever reviewed a book, and the only paper which I can recall is in the *Classical Review* of 1888, where he discusses in advance a difficulty of interpretation of Horace (p. 40, *Sat.* I. 7. 10–11) to be raised in the second volume. The beauty of his own style is witnessed by his Oxford Prize compositions, the Latin Verse of 1856 on the "Death of Socrates," and the Latin Essay of 1857; by translations contributed to such collections as the *Nova Anthologia Oxoniensis* (1899), and Professor G. G. Ramsay's *Latin Prose Versions* (1894); by his two Latin sermons preached before the Convocation of Canterbury (1895 and 1900), and by many memorial notices of friends, whether epitaphs or addresses, in Latin or English. None who heard it will ever forget the exquisite felicity of his tribute to the late Mr. Alfred Robinson, in June 1898, on the occasion of the opening of the new Holywell Tower in New College, which bears his name.

The actual output may seem smaller than might reasonably have been expected. I do not think that to himself this was cause for regret. He had taken his work in life to be that of a teacher, whether college tutor or schoolmaster, and it was hardly a matter of ambition with him to leave a name to rank among those of the great English scholars. But to give thoroughness to a teacher's life, and to enable him to take wide and just views of the results attained by others, he held that his interests, necessarily scattered over a large field, should also be concentrated on some one study, by preference that of a great author. Horace, a writer entirely to his mind, was placed in his hands early by

the delegates of the Oxford University Press, and remained with him to the end. He bought and read every book or pamphlet about Horace as it appeared, and his special collection, which has been presented to New College, is remarkably complete. When he found himself in a place of dignity and comparative leisure, he read widely in Latin poetry and in general literature, and thoroughly enjoyed his library. But he felt that new duties were now laid upon him, and that the time left over by the work of administration at home, and of committees in London, was claimed by theological study and by literary schemes to benefit diocese or city. Had he been in a position to attack another classical author there is no doubt whither his tastes would have led him; and it is matter of sincere regret to his old pupils that he has not left us an Æschylus. His collection of books on Æschylus is only less complete than that on Horace; he had worked much and independently upon him, building upon sound Oxford tradition, and in particular upon the teaching of John Conington.

The features in the Horace which have been accepted as most characteristic of the editor are, first, the delicate appreciation of style, of the *callida junctura* and *curiosa felicitas* of this delicate artist in words, and then the subtle and thorough analysis of the thought of every poem. How much he himself valued paraphrase, though well aware of its inherent drawbacks, especially as applied to lyric poems, may be seen in his Preface to the second volume, where he entreats his younger readers "that they will read, both before beginning a Satire or Epistle, and also side by side with it, the analysis which I have prefixed to it, and without which the commentary will be incomplete"; or, in the Preface to his *Hebrews*, where (in a passage which

is quoted later on)[1] he compares in a most illuminating way the functions of paraphrase and translation. Translation was always with him a preliminary to lecturing or writing upon an author. A pocket classic was a constant travelling companion, and the work went on, perhaps on the seat outside a Swiss hotel, perhaps in a Welsh lodging or some inner sanctum of Penygwryd. When every thought was weighed in the author's words, and translated into his own, analysis and comment followed easily and surely.

The feeling for Horace's characteristic happiness of expression lies through all the notes, and it is hardly needful to particularise; there is always a fear lest the delicacy of a phrase should vanish in the process of explaining it, and what is true of poet applies also to commentator. However, the notes on Horace's epithets will well illustrate our point. There is often a tangible and intentional propriety which would escape the notice of a moderately careful reader, even of one very familiar with the words. (A well-known Oxford scholar and wit used to say that no Eton man in that bygone time ever knew his Horace!) However that may be, such notes as those on "pinus ingens albaque populus" (*Od.* 2. 39), or on the adjectives used throughout the stanzas on "Necessitas" (*Od.* I. 35. 15–24), or again on "longae avenae" (*Sat.* II. 6. 84), or "tenuis cautusque" (*A. P.* 46), show a constant vigilance and a nice apprehension of fine shades. One other detail may be mentioned. Professor Sellar, in his posthumous volume on *Horace and the Elegiac Poets*, which came out in 1892, speaks (p. 184) of the quiet endings of Horace's odes: "The feeling rises as it

[1] See below, p. 173.

approaches the central fact or thought, and then for the most part dies away in lines that, while calming the emotion, deepen the impression of the whole." Professor Sellar refers to the Regulus Ode (III. 5), and adds: "This characteristic of the art of Horace is well brought out by Mr. Wickham in his notes on the Odes." The whole note on the closing stanzas of this Ode is well worthy of a reference, and also that on the ending of the "Pindarum quisquis" Ode (IV. 2). It is fair to say that in the latter Ode the point is not altogether passed over by Orelli, as it is by other earlier editors; but the development of it in Wickham's note is all his own. Professor Sellar was a writer with whom the Dean would be likely to be in full sympathy: his article on *Lucretius* in the "Oxford Essays" of 1855, followed later on by his volumes on the *Roman Poets of the Republic* and on *Virgil*, had given a great impulse to literary scholarship in Oxford, and broken what was really new ground.

So far as these characteristics go, an admirable and helpful edition might be produced by a good Latin scholar, with a keen sense of style, and a love of his author, without much further equipment. But it is clear that this would not be sufficient. An edition to issue from a University Press must embody the best knowledge of the day, and this knowledge, especially as to textual matters, and the correlation of manuscripts and other authorities, is much larger than it was, and grows almost daily. The problem for an editor is to show his readers how much is certain, and where opinion comes in, and what are the materials for forming an opinion, without giving an undue prominence to the uncertain. To take text alone, Horace passes for a fairly settled author; the worst text of him ever printed would probably be little less useful

for education, at least if corrected in punctuation, than a really good one. But the margin of error and of doubt is still considerable; almost every edition includes some readings which rest on pure conjecture, indeed, every edition must do so to some extent. This is shown in detail, and with much vigour, by H. A. J. Munro in the introduction to his text of 1869. There was no editor on whom Wickham was more disposed to rely, and none, except Bentley, whom he more admired. But Wickham's text keeps much more closely to manuscripts than Munro's. Old friends, like "Corrector Bestius" (*Epist.* I. 15. 37), "unus" (*A. P.* 32) disappear; "trium" is allowed to replace "ter" in *Epist.* IV. 8, but under the protest of an *obelus*. In *Od.* III. 24, "Tyrrhenum" holds its ground, and "Apulicum," the latter rather by right of prescription than from weight of MS. authority.[1] Apart from glaring instances such as these, there is an endless number of cases where a balance has to be struck between manuscript readings, differing perhaps only in a letter, but making considerable difference as to the tense of a verb, and so to the whole run of a sentence: "laedit" (*Epist.* II. 2. 16), where "laedat and laedet" are also read, with consequences, is an instance; or the variations between "te" and "tu," "procedit" and "procedis" (*Od.* IV. 2. 49). Here an editor must be largely in the hands of Keller and Holder, but while gratefully acknowledging his obligations to them, and recognising the value of such a classification as they adopt, Wickham has not, any more than Munro, been able to accept as final a system which seems to disparage the "Oldest Blandinian" of Cruquius or the

[1] In *A. P.* 139, parturient displaces Bentley's parturiunt, and the great scholar's despairing question, "Quando erit, obsecro, ut mus iste nascatur?" has to remain unanswered.

Bernese manuscript, by placing them in a second class. Again, questions of difficulty arise as to the importance to be given to the ancient commentators, both as witnesses to readings and as interpreters. Thus a very considerable weight of learning has to be borne, and it is by no means easy to avoid disproportion, to serve the cause of advancement in scholarship without obstructing the main issue before the scholars.

Another question of some delicacy arises as to views or theories put forward by living scholars and still *sub judice*. Here a prudent editor, if he cannot frankly accept, will usually refer his readers to the original statement, rather than weary them with his own reasons for remaining neutral or for differing. He may even feel it more respectful when he does not feel that a *prima facie* case has been made out, to pass by, say, an impugnment of the genuineness of a line or passage, rather than to argue the matter out. As an illustration of the care with which the Dean watched contemporary literature bearing upon Horace, and of his caution, we may take the Ninth Epode. This spirited poem is explained in the first edition as having been written at Rome on the receipt of the news of Actium, when even the direction of the flight of Antony and Cleopatra was uncertain. In 1882 appeared a work by H. T. Plüss, a collection of studies on Horace, some old, others new, and among the latter one on this epode, in which the view is put forward that it was written at sea on Maecenas' galley on the evening of the battle, a view which adds much to the animation of the appeal. This view had been favourably mentioned, if not adopted, by Professor Sellar in his volume on *Horace and the Elegiac Poets* (p. 124). It is even more cordially received

in the third edition of Wickham's edition (1896). The editor speaks of the ingenuity and force of the argument, and points out several circumstances as in its favour, but also points out the slenderness of the evidence as to the presence of Maecenas at the battle. But Plüss has a further suggestion, that lines 25 and 26 are ironical, that the leader to be brought home and escorted in triumph is not Augustus (which might be fulsome praise), but Cleopatra (or Antony), who is compared with Jugurtha and with the Hasdrubal who boasted that, if Carthage fell, he would be buried in the ashes, and who, after all, surrendered to Scipio. This is adopted by Sellar, who fortifies the argument by a couplet from Propertius, in which the names of Cleopatra and Jugurtha are associated. Wickham has entirely rewritten his note, but does not there refer to this view. In an "additional note" he shows how greatly he was attracted by this "ingenious and tempting" theory, yet finds a fatal objection to it in the word "Africano," which has to be taken as equivalent to "Punico," though the Jugurthine, which is to be contrasted with that war, was equally "African." This may not be the last word to be said on the passage, and the termination of "Africano" is itself uncertain; but the treatment of the new view seems to show the freshness of interest and the caution which were so characteristic of the editor.

The caution, and even suspicion, with which the Dean was inclined to look on novelties in text or interpretation was by no means only, or mainly, due to a conservative habit of mind, or a dislike to disturb the familiar, but rather to a feeling of the positive greatness and continuity of the stream of tradition. Every generation must to some extent readjust its point of view, and discoveries may make something

even more drastic imperative. But, on the whole, the chances are against a truth hidden for nineteen centuries flashing out in the twentieth. This rule of parsimony he applied strictly to himself, and his name will not be connected with anything startlingly original, nor, perhaps, would he have wished it to be. Yet he was no "dissimulator opis propriae." If he could speak of himself, in addressing Convocation, as "e minimis aliquis," the phrase was neither conventional nor unreal; he was thinking of that greatness in others, living or dead, of which he had a profound but a most discriminating sense. And so in matters of classical learning; he felt that he was speaking after Bentley, and Lachmann, and Munro, all giants, and chose that his own tone should be quiet, and his attitude reserved. But no one could insist with greater tenacity or courage on conclusions which he felt to be vital, and had made his own. He had the keenest appreciation of what was due to labourers in the same field, and there was a genial and unaffected courtesy in his expression of it. There was also a strong sense of proportion, and an enjoyment of all that was humorous which never failed him. Above all there was loyalty to his author, as a representative of the great minds of the older world. Others might have done great things for the classics; he had done his best for one of them, he never could forget what great things they had done for him.

Wickham's work on Horace was appreciated on the continent of Europe and in America. A quaintly-worded letter from a young French Professor, addressed to "Mr. E. C. Wickham, Esq., D.D., Editor of *Horace*, Wellington College and late fellow of New College, Oxford, Angleterre," and dated Aug. 14, 1903, testifies

to the enthusiasm evoked by the first volume of the standard Oxford edition. The writer possesses the "marvellous" first volume, and longs for the second. His small salary will not allow him to purchase the book, so he humbly offers in exchange for it a copy of Bentley's edition (A. Schulzii, 1833).

"In the case this book should please you," he says, "I should be very happy to exchange it for the second volume of your *Horace*. I well know that the difference of value between these two works is very great, as your fine scholarship is equal to that of several Bentleys: therefore if this exchange would please you, I should merrily proclaim that you are not only one of the greatest scholars in the world—a thing which all the latinists know—but even a true Maecenas."

More measured, but no less enthusiastic, is the following appreciation written to Canon Hudson by an American friend of over thirty years' standing; "an Horatian enthusiast" whom the Canon had the happiness of introducing to Dean Wickham.

240 Bowen Street,
Providence R.I., U.S.A.,
September 4, 1910.

"Dear Canon Hudson,—It was exceedingly kind of you to send me the newspaper clippings in regard to the late Dean. I read of his death with real regret, and I am sure that the statements made in regard to his ripe scholarship are fully justified.

"I own three of his publications, namely, the Clarendon Press edition of *Horace*, in two volumes (1874) (2nd ed. 1877); the exquisite little Oxford miniature edition of *Horace* (1897); and *Horace for English Readers*, an English translation published at the Claren-

don Press in 1903. His two-volume edition of 1874 is, of course, the text, and does not purport to supply any renderings into English. And yet, here and there, all through the annotations, he has incidentally occasion to supply an English equivalent, and always in such a way as to delight the reader or student. These renderings show, on Dr. Wickham's part, a sure touch and a happy command of English. It was the recollection of these 'felicities' in his renderings of *Horace* which caused me to look forward with great interest to his *Horace for English Readers* when that was announced; and I was not disappointed.

"Just as Butcher & Lang's prose translation of the *Odyssey* showed the possibilities of English prose, in reproducing the spirit of a Greek poem, so Dr. Wickham's prose version of *Horace* showed that the charm of such a writer as this can be conveyed in English prose as well as it can be in English verse. Indeed, I am more and more dissatisfied, from year to year, with all the various poetical attempts at reproducing *Horace*. They all fall short of the mark.

"A prose version—if in the hands of a master of the English language, as Dr. Wickham was—frankly disavows the aim of reproducing the complete effect, which is given by the original in its practical and rhythmic organisation, and purports only to supply so much of the charm as can be expressed in prose.

"It is only an artist (in language) who can give us such 'felicities' as these.

Odes, I. 1. 18.
indocilis pauperiem pati.
To be content without wealth he *finds too hard a lesson.*

,, I. 3. 22.
Oceano dissociabili
The estranging ocean.

Odes, I. 5. 4.
Simplex munditiis
So trim, so simple.
,, I. 7. 13–14.
. . . et uda
mobilibus pomaria rivis.
. . . and the apple orchards wet with streamlets, never still.
,, I. 9. 3.
silvae laborantes
the straining woods.

"The little book (the Oxford miniature edition of 1897) is always a favourite with every one who learns of its existence.

"In my time I have given this book as a present in four different instances, and it has always been received with delight and gratitude. To have the whole of *Horace* within so brief a compass, and yet printed in legible type and on tough, durable paper, is a notable advantage. One of those to whom I gave a copy of it was the ship's surgeon on the White Star steamship *Oceanic*, on my return from England in 1904. This was Dr. O'Laughlin, a graduate from the University of Dublin, an all-round classical scholar, but in particular a great lover of Horace, bits of whose poetry he always had at his tongue's end. I went to his office several times during the voyage, and used to see him nearly every day, and I remember his surprise and somewhat envious look when he saw me pull this little *Horace* out of my pocket to be compared with the clumsy edition of *Horace* which he had (a bulky copy of Baxter's edition). So greatly did he admire the little book, that when I reached home I bought another copy of it and sent it to him. The next time that his ship came in at New York, I had a letter from him (the greater part of which was in Latin, for he could not refrain from 'dropping'

into *Horace*, even when writing), expressing the greatest delight at owning this pocket edition. So far as the two-volume edition of 1874 is concerned, I had a gratifying evidence not long ago of the success with which Dr. Wickham's treatment of the subject had appealed to young readers. I had a request from the young daughter of a man whom I have long known very well, to come in some Sunday to look over my *Horaces*. She is only about sixteen or seventeen, and I was only too delighted to show them to her and to find how keen an interest she had in Horace. I could not help putting the question to her—how she had happened to gain so intimate a knowledge of Horace and so evident an interest in him? Her answer showed that it had been largely due to her text-book; and this proved to be Wickham's *Horace*.

"I have several of the Dean's letters to me, which show his characteristic courtesy, as well as his wide interest and sympathy. In 1904 he wrote me, as you remember, in regard to the letter of Mr. Searle on a portrait of Horace, which I was unable to see at Lincoln that year on account of my unexpectedly early return home. With extraordinary kindness and thoughtfulness he sent this letter to me across the Atlantic, and I copied it and returned it to him. He wrote me again in 1908, and again this year in this latter instance, as you know, most obligingly answering my inquiry about the 'Novum Registrum' of Lincoln Cathedral.

"In 1907, when I called on him, he presented me with a copy of his *Horace for English Readers*, which I value highly. This was at five o'clock tea, and Mrs. Wickham, I remember, showed me, hanging on the wall, Millais' extremely striking portrait of her father, Mr. Gladstone. Although I was familiar with

much of Dr. Wickham's career, there were some features of it, outlined in the *Times* obituary notice of him, which were new to me, and which I read with very great interest. Thus I was unaware of his connection with the movement at Oxford for eliminating celibacy as a condition of the fellowships. I was glad also to read the tribute of the Warden of Keble, who has very justly characterised his 'scholarly appreciation of the exact force of each word, that insight into the relation of part to part in the whole structure of the composition,' etc.

"It is hard that we must write 'finis' against the career of such a man.—Sincerely yours,

"William E. Foster."

Apart from the editions of Horace—commentary, text, and translation—the Dean's literary output is astonishingly small. Four modest volumes—two of them shilling manuals—complete the list, unless we include a dozen or so of sermons and papers printed from time to time for private circulation,[1] and the sermons which in his later years he allowed to appear occasionally in the *Lincoln Diocesan Gazette*.

In 1887 he published, with Macmillan, his *Wellington College Sermons*, with the touching dedication:

TO
EDWARD WHITE BENSON
LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
FIRST MASTER OF WELLINGTON COLLEGE
THE FATHER AND FOUNDER OF ITS SPIRITUAL LIFE
THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED
GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
BY ONE WHO HAS ENTERED INTO HIS LABOURS

[1] Of these sermons one is printed in Appendix A, pp. 195 sqq.; others are referred to above, pp. 76, 109. Two of the Papers, dating from the Wellington

The volume contains thirty-nine selected sermons, models of directness, simplicity, and deep earnestness, as well as of exquisite style. Of these an old pupil has said—

"Some of us, as we read them to-day, can see again the chapel, with its long rows of boys, dotted here and there with a surpliced master, and the fragile figure beside the brass stand which served as a pulpit, and hear once more that wonderful voice—so quiet, so level, so penetrating—speaking words sagacious, warning, or inspiring, the memory of which abides with us through all our days."[1]

Any one who gives himself the privilege of reading the sermons in this volume will scarcely fail to understand how it is that Dean Wickham's preaching has, by different and independent witnesses, been compared to that of Dean Church; and surely no higher compliment than that could be paid to any preacher?

The next two publications were issued from the house of Rivingtons, in 1892 and 1895 respectively. They thus form a sort of link of continuity between the last years at Wellington and the beginning of his life at Lincoln. In both alike we have a summary of his own teaching given to the middle forms at Wellington; in both he gratefully acknowledges the help of his friend and former colleague, the Rev. Arthur Carr—the

period, are of exceptional value. (1) *Home Training and Teaching in Religion*, read before a Ruridecanal Conference in 1890, and (2) a Paper read to the Wokingham Clerical Society on July 7, 1881, entitled *Some Reasons for Regarding with Confidence the Results of Criticism as applied to the Bible, drawn from the History of Criticism as applied to Classical Literature*. The point of view is so interesting, the expression so characteristic, and the results so permanently true, that we have thought well to reprint this paper *in extenso*. See Appendix E, pp. 218 sqq.

A third, of considerable interest, on *Roman Education in the Days of Horace*, dates from near the end of the Lincoln period (cf. below, p. 181).

[1] A. C. D. in *Church Times* of August 26, 1910.

friend with whom at one time he had hoped to collaborate in an edition of *Horace* for Fifth Form boys.[1]

The former of these little volumes, *Notes and Questions on The Church Catechism*, reached its fourth edition in 1905, and the second volume, on *The Prayer Book*, its third edition in 1909.

Both volumes undoubtedly owe very much to the inspiration of Dr. Moberly's teaching at Winchester, an inspiration unspent through the lapse of more than forty years; but though in each volume the author expressly abjures all claim to originality, these modest manuals have a special interest for his admirers, because they represent a department of his teaching on which, through all his academic career, he devoted a large proportion of his time and strength. Conscientious care, scholarly precision, sincerity, and spirituality—all the Dean's best characteristics—are here combined for the work, which, after all, lay nearest to his heart, and combined for a result which typifies in its modesty one more of his fundamental characteristics. If he had only left to posterity his far more conspicuous and brilliant work on Horace, his literary remains would have included no record of the work to which he himself attached, perhaps, the greatest importance of all.

Happily the Dean found time and strength at the end of his life to give to the world, in his commentary on *The Epistle to the Hebrews*, a worthier monument of those Biblical and theological studies which more and more took the place which pure scholarship had formerly held, and, conspiring with the many engrossing demands of Convocation and other ecclesiastical work,

[1] Mr. Carr has shown the author a letter on this subject . . . in which Edward Wickham characteristically remarks, "You have large experience of a Fifth Form . . . but I am clearly over the heads of a Fifth, who want more dogmatism."

drove from the field his projected commentary on Æschylus.

This is not the place to insert a formal review of Dr. Wickham's last book. It is already known and valued by many a student of the New Testament, to whom its careful exposition, marked by the eminently *reasonable* spirit so characteristic of the man, the clear grasp of the argument displayed in the valuable paraphrase, and the combined scholarship and spiritual insight of the detailed exposition more than compensate for the Dean's conscientious vagueness as to date, occasion, and authorship, and for the lack of certain features whose absence has been deplored by critics.[1]

One point of special interest in this book is the prominence of the paraphrase—a feature necessitated, in the author's opinion, by the peculiar character of the Epistle. And not less interesting are the Dean's own remarks on the subject, in his Preface:

"A paraphrase," he says, "is not a loose translation. It deliberately forfeits the power of reproducing in any way the literary form; but it aims at preserving, and in some degree making clearer than a translation can make it, the complete articulation of the thought."

Published in the year of his death, in his own seventy-fifth year, the commentary shows, as his preaching showed to the last, an unflagging intellectual vigour: "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." But it symbolises more than this. The spirit and mental elasticity which enabled him to launch out as a septuagenarian into new waters and assay what was in many respects an untried type of work acquires a fresh significance in view of the subject and nature of that work. What listeners had noticed in the later

[1] *e.g.* in the *Times* newspaper, August 30, 1910.

sermons—"a ripening and a mellowing of spiritual beauty in his treatment of the unseen realities of the world to come"[1]—explains, to some extent, his special interest in the *Epistle to the Hebrews*, and also reflects something of its influence upon him. It marks the growing intensity in him of that conviction which, in the words of his paraphrase, justified the faith of the Patriarchs—

"That 'City of God' of their dreams was a real one."

List of Published Works of the Late Dr. E. C. Wickham and Dean of Lincoln

1. Horace.
   (a) *Quinti Horatii Flacci Omnia Opera*: The Works of Horace, with a Commentary. By E. C. Wickham, M.A.
      Vol. I., The *Odes*, *Carmen Saeculare*, and *Epodes*. Oxford Clarendon Press, 1874.
         Do. 2nd (smaller) edition for schools, 1881. Oxford Clarendon Press, 1874.
         Do. 3rd (smaller) edition for schools, 1887 and subsequently.
         Do. enlarged school edition, 1904.
      Vol. II. The *Satires*, *Epistles*, and *De Arte Poetica*. 1891.
         Do., 2nd edition for schools, 1903.
         Do., *Odes*, Book I. for schools, 1892.
   (b) *Selected Odes*: Text with Notes. 1886.
      The Text: recensuit E. C. Wickham, S.T.P. 1897.
   (c) The Text in *Oxford Classical Texts* Series (reproduced in various forms; please specify).
         Sewed, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s; India paper, 4s. 6d. Editions identical.
   (d) *Horace for English Readers*, being a Translation of the Poems of Quintus Horatius Flaccus into English Prose. By E. C. Wickham, D.D., Dean of Lincoln, Hon. Fellow of New College, Oxford. 1903.
2. Wellington College Sermons. By E. C. Wickham, M.A., Master of Wellington College, late Fellow of New College, Oxford. London: Macmillan. 1887.

[1] Quoted from Chancellor Crowfoot's Memorial Sermon, preached in Lincoln Cathedral on Sunday, August 21, 1910.

3. The Church Catechism: Notes and Questions intended to help towards its teaching in the middle forms of Public Schools. By E. C. Wickham, M.A., Master of Wellington College, late Fellow of New College, Oxford. London: Rivingtons. 1892.

4. The Prayer Book: Notes and Questions intended to help towards its teaching in the middle forms of Public Schools. By E. C. Wickham, D.D., Dean of Lincoln, formerly Master of Wellington College. London: Rivingtons. 1895. 3rd edition, 1909.

5. The Epistle to the Hebrews, with Introduction and Notes. By E. C. Wickham, D.D., Dean of Lincoln, Hon. Fellow of New College, Oxford. London: Methuen. 1910. (*Westminster Commentaries.*)

6. Revision of Rubrics, its Purpose and Principles. By E. C. Wickham, D.D., late Dean of Lincoln. London: James Nisbet. 1910. (*Prayer Book Revision* Series. Edited by Canon Beeching.)

CHAPTER X

HOME LIFE: PERSONAL DETAILS: LAST DAYS

Of Edward Wickham's early days at Brook Green we have recounted all that can be gathered at this distant date. His father's letters, written to him at the end of his Winchester time, bespeak a foundation of sincere piety, combined with a frankness of loving rebuke, and at the same time a real respect for his son's personality that are very significant. This correspondence of 1850–51 throws light on the home influences of the 'Forties. For the rest, the early loss of his mother must have intensified his natural reserve, and thrown him more than ever upon those academic interests which were about him from the first.

During his undergraduate days and the subsequent years of residence at Oxford, we get few glimpses into what may be properly called his "private life." Mrs. F. Morshead, with whose husband Wickham spent, for three years, a good deal of his vacation time at Beaumaris, speaks very warmly of the pleasure of her first meeting with him, and other of her husband's Oxford friends, in Switzerland, soon after her marriage, when they walked and rode over various famous passes together, "a very merry, happy party." At Beaumaris he was welcomed as a guest, "always thoughtful, courteous, and sympathetic," and "every one liked the sermons he preached there." When he and his Oxford friends walked through the little town,

Family Group—Hawarden Castle, 1876.

they were called by the ladies "Mr. Morshead's beautiful sight." He became godfather to his friend's eldest son, to whom (as is gratefully remembered) he gave £10 for books when the boy left Winchester to go to Oxford.

This was not, by the way, his first appearance as a godfather, as is evinced by a characteristic passage from one of his father's letters, written to Edward in his own schooldays :

"(*May* 11, 1850.)—My dear Edward, I will lose no time in answering your letter. I not only have no objection to your being godfather to your little cousin, but I should like you to do so. Uncle Frederic had asked me my opinion and wishes before he proposed it to you. It will be an additional bond, in a worldly point of view, between you and another branch of your family : and if you undertake the office with a right mind, it will be a memento to you of the responsibility as well as privileges of your Christian profession."

"He was a true friend," writes Mrs. Morshead, "ready to hear of joys and sorrows and to sympathise. He could so easily adapt himself to any conversation that I never felt I could not tell him anything, or that he was too clever to be troubled with small events. He always listened and understood." After his death she recalled with pride how she had been the first confidante of his successful love—"the crown of his earthly blessing."

North Wales and Switzerland were the favourite haunts of his Oxford vacations ; the former especially, the scene of those more intimate relations with his pupils of which we have already spoken in a former chapter.

The high Alps, ever since their "discovery" in

the last century, have always exercised a fascination over certain fine types of mind, and Edward Wickham felt their attraction very strongly. The late Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Wordsworth), recalls how, in 1865, "when I and Arthur Prickard were in Switzerland, we learnt some of its beauty from him, and a great many other good things."

In the Oxford days it was his colleagues and pupils, chiefly, who shared with him these exhilarating experiences; later on his wife naturally took the first place, with, later still, the children. Italy could not fail to attract the specialist on Horace, and its æsthetic delights vied with its literary associations for the first place in his affections. Mrs. Wickham had made a dramatic first acquaintance with Italy when, as a girl, she accompanied her illustrious father (then Commissioner Extraordinary of the Ionian Islands) in a state entry into Venice.[1] In later days they were both very fond of Florence. There it was that they spent *en famille* a large proportion of the holiday that followed Mr. Wickham's resignation of Wellington College. The Rev. H. A. Venables, chaplain of the American Church in Florence, who frequently met the Dean and Mrs. Wickham "at Lady Hobart's hospitable board," recalls with pleasure and gratitude the Dean's kindly remembrance of an old pupil. Mrs. Basil Williams records the pleasure it gave to her brother, Edward Caulfield, to see him in Florence, show him his vineyard, and be assured by the great Latin scholar that his *contadini* were using a "pre-Virgilian plough." Among the many privileges that they owed to Florence they valued not a little their acquaintance and friendship with the distinguished

[1] Strictly, the second visit. As a small child she had accompanied her parents to Naples on the occasion when the famous "Letters to Lord Aberdeen" were written.

Professor Villari, his English wife, and their clever son. On November 16, 1893, Wickham wrote to his former colleague, H. M. Burge, now Bishop of Southwark :

" I am seeing here something of *Villari*, the writer on Savonarola, a liberal and a politician, ex-minister, etc. I cannot help feeling that the view he takes of S.'s work and place among the Humanists of the Renaissance has its applicability to the question of the room for sober preachers of righteousness and simple faith in the highly intellectualised atmosphere of Oxford, where there is such a tendency in politics and in religion to sit ' holding no form of creed, but contemplating all.' I put an extract on a separate piece of paper."

The rest of that letter is worth quoting here, because it shows how keen and discerning was his interest in politics, even when on holiday, and illustrates also his instinctive tendency to draw comparisons. He goes on :

" There is a good deal of sadness and alarm in the minds of sober liberals here at their political situation. The present Govt. seems to be rash and incapable. What my informants desire to see is : (1) the giving up of ambitious foreign policy, and with it retrenchment of military expenditure ; (2) more *home-rule* for different parts of Italy. This last seems a pressing question. *Sicily* is said to be on the verge of a separatist movement—not so much on account of actual legislation, which is distasteful to it, but of centralised and unsympathetic administration (not unlike Ireland and Dublin Castle), *e.g.* trade unions are sat upon there, newspapers that report them suppressed, etc., while moderate liberals out of the Administration think that

they should be encouraged. It is the more striking as these politicians whom I come across are very critical and doubtful about our Irish Home Rule, not quite seeing the parallel with their own case. . . ."

"*P.S.*—An instance of the present Govt. here in its shiftiness and unconstitutional ways. By a decree (the Chambers not being in session) they last week ordered all customs-duties to be paid in gold, the decree to operate on all goods in the Douanes on the Monday following, *i.e.* even if they had entered before the decree was passed. As their paper is at a discount of 4 lire on an English sovereign, this means a raising of all customs by 16 per cent. The papers are furious, and they may yet have to summon the Chambers and may be put out on it."

It was on the borders of Italy, in that beautiful lakeland associated with the memory of Antonio Fogazzaro, that the writer of this Memoir twice met the Dean and his wife towards the end of Dr. Wickham's life. In the spring of 1906 we were at Menaggio, and the Wickhams made a pilgrimage on a horribly wet day, from Lugano, to make the acquaintance of our little daughter Bice, then but a few weeks old. We like to think that from that moment she felt the attraction that he exercised so often upon children.[1] Our next meeting was at Lanzo d'Intelvi, about fifteen months before the Dean's death. He was still walking vigorously, with just an occasional pause for breath when the slope was steep. He still refused to let his junior carry for him coat or waistcoat, of which, after his careful manner, he methodically divested himself

[1] On November 14, 1910, a Lincoln friend wrote to Mrs. Wickham: "My daughter has really been devoted to him since she was little more than a child; she thinks there is no one like him."

as he grew warm with walking, to don them at the halting-place or on the hilltop.

We discoursed of many things: of his son William's new post under Government; of politics in general, and the Education Question in particular, but most of all of Roman Education in the days of Horace, on which he had recently written an interesting Paper.[1] I remember distinctly what striking and fruitful comparisons he drew between the old Roman "rhetorical" training for public life and our own traditional public school system.

Another topic of conversation in those sunny meadows and shady woodland glades was the *Epistle to the Hebrews*, on which he was then just finishing his commentary.

No one could be with him in that way for days together without noticing his tender care of his wife, who could walk so little, and the happy devotion with which he ministered to her comfort. Hours were spent in reading aloud to her while she rested; a custom at once pleasurable and profitable to them both. Dr. W. H. Brook, the Dean's medical man in Lincoln, records how, when he once confided to Dr. Wickham that he found Miss Austen's novels very difficult to read, the Dean replied that he had found the same difficulty until he and Mrs. Wickham were detained by bad weather in a small hotel where there was nothing to read but one of her books. He read it aloud to his wife, and found that he could appreciate the beauty of her style: the conversations had to be spoken, not read to oneself.

When, at Commemoration time in 1873, after he had accepted Wellington College, he met his future wife, Agnes Gladstone, at the house of her relatives

[1] Cf. above, p. 171, note.

and his warm friends, the Edward Talbots of Keble: when, in due course, he won her love, even the joy of a successful lover was enhanced by the way in which this new bond united him to his political beau-ideal. His admiration for Mr. Gladstone dates from a considerably earlier period. It was based fundamentally on a likeness of nature between two men externally very dissimilar. In both alike a passion for righteousness in social and national life, and a flaming indignation against even the appearance of injustice or oppression, was the one enthusiasm that tended to upset the balance of an otherwise calmly dispassionate mind; in both alike conscience was a factor of tremendous importance, and in both reforming zeal gave a radical trend to a temper in certain ways naturally conservative. Of the younger man a former colleague at Wellington says: "He was by nature a radical, but any tendency to hasty or unwise action was checked by his level-mindedness, and his habit of always seeing the good on the other side of the question." [1]

Politically Edward Wickham was certainly a radical; and though in the Lincoln (as in the Wellington) period he took care to abstain from direct participation in partisan politics, there was no doubt at all on which side of the balance the weight of the Deanery would be found. Politics was always a high and serious matter, not an irresponsible game. If he ever approached a playful tone on the subject it was, perhaps, in his private letters to Mrs. Gladstone: here is a specimen.

Wellington College, Wokingham.
February 21, 1882.

"Dearest Mrs. Gladstone.— . . . About your visit. We are thinking that you will be wishing to

[1] Obituary notice in *Wellington College Year-Book.*

be in London for the rebuke of the unbearable Lords next Monday. . . .

"I have been reading the Speech. It seems to have done good at once by its tone. It is wonderful, coming after the stormy scene before it—like his speech on the Resolutions in the E(astern) Q(uestion) time. Mr. Marriott ought to be put in a horsepond—or, at any rate, to go to some Tory borough."

Against this should be placed, in fairness, his expression about the loss of a Cornish seat in 1878.

In the September of that year he wrote to the same correspondent:

"Truro is a great pity, but I imagine our side had a very bad candidate, not very reputable; and Colonel Tremayne was much the best man personally."

An ardent Home-Ruler, it was with feelings of very deep emotion that he consented to preach the sermon on the occasion of the unveiling of the memorial window to Lord Frederick Cavendish, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 22, 1883.

Lord Frederick, to whom he was bound by ties of affinity as well as those of admiration and affection—he and his wife had been frequent visitors to Wellington—had been a victim of the Phœnix Park murders; and the indignation aroused by that dastardly outrage was going far to alienate hearts formerly loyal to the Irish Nationalist Cause. The preacher, taking as his theme "Suffering and Hope," delivered what Lady Frederick afterwards described as a "perfect sermon," in which, after proclaiming that the Church of Christ is bound to lift up her voice against the idea that we may "do evil that good may come," he pointed out that "it is the very characteristic of national sin

that the punishment comes almost always upon the innocent." His "tribute of reverence and affection to the singularly pure and noble life . . . so sadly and cruelly cut short," is ennobled by the way in which it is linked with the appeal of the crucifix, and by the sublime hope and confidence of the text: *The Lord sitteth above the water flood: and the Lord remaineth a King for ever. The Lord shall give strength unto His people: the Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace* (Ps. xxix. 10, 11).

Edward Wickham's permanent connection with Hawarden was swiftly formed. In June he made his proposal of marriage at Oxford; on August 25 he was accepted at Hawarden; the following December saw him married in Hawarden Church. The interval of suspense between June and August was spent in his beloved Switzerland, where, with his friends R. S. Copleston[1] and Herbert (now Lord) Gladstone, he consoled himself by risking his neck on the Jungfrau. It was his first and last big climb; his physique was not really strong enough for the strain of first-class mountaineering—and besides, after that August, a higher value was set upon his neck!

The interval between August and Christmas was occupied by his first term at Wellington. On St. Stephen's Day he sped up to Hawarden; and St. John's Day saw a quiet family wedding—the first in the Gladstone family—in which the emotion of all was deepened by the inspiring presence of the great statesman for whom the sacramental character of the rite invested it with a special sanctity and awe. Henceforth Hawarden Castle became for Edward Wickham a second home: a home in which his visits were fraught, for him, with the assurance of a most inspiring

[1] Afterward successively Bishop of Colombo and Metropolitan of India.

intercourse. By others outside the castle those appearances were looked forward to with eager anticipation. "The many visits to Hawarden, when we have seen him or heard him preach," says one, "stand out in my mind as beautiful things to remember." And one who had the privilege of following him to Lincoln and deepening acquaintance there, has a very vivid recollection of the first meeting at Hawarden. "I shall never forget," wrote Canon Du Buisson on August 9, 1910, "my first meeting with the Dean, when I was a curate at Hawarden. One Sunday, in the Rector's absence, he gave the Absolution (I, then a deacon, was taking the service) and read the lessons and preached on Psalm iv. That sermon has always remained in my mind, and now"—at the news of his death—"the words, 'I will lay me down in peace and take my rest,' which somehow seem to me inseparably connected with his voice and Hawarden Church, come home with a special appropriateness."

Mr. Gladstone died on May 19, 1898, and his wife, who had watched over him and shielded him in his life of uniquely exhausting strain with a motherly as well as a wifely devotion, followed him in June 1900. These bereavements took a great deal of brightness and interest out of life for the son-in-law, to whom both had been objects of deep admiration as well as of affection. Hawarden would never be the same place again.

In 1910 yet another link was broken, when, after a very brief illness, the Rev. Harry Drew, who had succeeded to the Rectory of Hawarden, when Stephen Gladstone moved to Lincolnshire, was taken away in the midst of an active and vigorous ministry.[1]

[1] The Dean was a trustee of that excellent institution S. Deiniol's Hostel and Library, in which the memory of Mr. Gladstone's literary and theological

That year was indeed a year of unusual strain for the Dean. On March 6, Bishop King passed away, and to the emotional strain of the bereavement was added the heavy responsibility of administering the diocese during the interregnum. Further, there was the new Bishop to introduce. Bishop King's successor has testified eloquently (see p. 154) to the marvellous diligence and effectiveness with which the Dean endeavoured to render his initiation into the mysteries of the diocese as easy as possible.

Meanwhile at Easter came Mr. Drew's death, and a call—such as his heart knew not how to refuse—to rush over to Hawarden amid the press of work, and spend his own little reserve of force in a sermon of consolation. Without the extra burdens which the year laid upon him, he was doing, in Convocation and on various committees, more work than his age or his strength really warranted. When he crossed the Channel, tired out in mind and body, on his last journey to Switzerland, the end was nearer than he or any one suspected. That unflagging energy, ready always to spend and be spent in the cause of Christ and humanity, had at last really used itself up. Switzerland failed to work its accustomed charm. The tired feeling was not left behind, as heretofore. It never actually ceased until the day when he "laid him down in peace and took his rest."

The story of the last days is soon told. He had been sadly overworked for months, and was working up to the last before going abroad. The autumn held out a heavy programme, including the first Diocesan Conference of the new Bishop, in which the Dean was

tastes is so appropriately enshrined. He shewed his affection for the Founder, when the new buildings were raised as part of the National Memorial, by presenting stone figures of two of Mr. Gladstone's four "Masters"—Aristotle and Dante.

characteristically anxious to be of all possible service to him.[1]

The usual holiday in bracing air was more than ever necessary. It was decided to go to Switzerland, and to collect the family there by degrees. After two quiet days spent with the Talbots at Falconhurst, the Dean and Mrs. Wickham crossed to Calais on the 12th of July, continued their journey on the next day, and reached Vevey on the morning of Thursday the 14th. Here they stayed till the following Monday, hoping that the reposeful atmosphere of the lake would fit them for the high mountain air. The overwhelming weariness continued, but the Dean was hoping much from the bracing air of the high Alps. They therefore moved on to Zermatt, where the 18th and 19th were spent, and from thence, on Wednesday, July 20, they mounted to the Riffel Berg, having been joined by several members of the family. Here they intended to stay for the bulk of the holiday. The Dean was able to join in several picnics and walks; and it was not until the party had migrated to the Riffel Alp that the first signs of definite illness appeared. He quickly developed distressing symptoms of bronchitis, and after ten days of great discomfort he was allowed to travel down, on August 6, to Zermatt, and finally to Sierre in the valley, which was reached on Monday, August 8. Here he was found to be suffering from double pneumonia of an unusual type. The known weakness of the heart made things look very grave. The clever and attentive doctors—the local Swiss practitioner and the English doctor from Montreux—felt this from the moment of their first consultation on August 10; and though the unexpectedly stubborn rally of the heart gave hope almost to the last moment, he succumbed, spent with

[1] He had written to this effect, on April 22, to Rev. A. Carr.

the toil of noble tasks, at seven o'clock in the evening of Thursday, August 18.

The grounds of the more or less hopeful bulletins, which had buoyed up the hearts of his many anxious friends in Lincoln and elsewhere, are explained by the following letter, which his sister-in-law, Miss Gladstone, wrote to an old friend on the very morrow of his death.

Hotel Bellevue, Sierre,
August 17, 1910.

"Dear Mr. Carr,—My sister has asked me to thank you for your kind note of August 13. The Dean is still *very* gravely ill, but they have never called it quite hopeless, and to-day the doctor has allowed us to telegraph 'slight improvement,' but with a less good report as to strength. Yesterday the two doctors depressed us very much, but we are trying not to take this little glimmer at more than its worth. It is double pneumonia, and not of the usual kind with a regular course and a crisis, but rather a poisonous sort of more indefinite period and more indefinite turns. The breathing is very bad and there is much rambling, but heart and strength have so far kept up well, considering that his heart has for some time been a weak point. My nieces and Edward (the younger) are all here, and I have come out to try and help too. We have two good doctors, a local French one, and an English one from Montreux. My sister is very brave, and clings to hope while she may.—Yours sincerely, Helen Gladstone."

All the last days were more or less continuously unconscious or delirious, but it was characteristic that the wanderings of his mind turned almost invariably

round the subjects on which his heart was set: the striving to bring opposed parties together, the striving for peace in education, in Convocation, in the matter of Bishop King's Memorial at Lincoln. It was still, "I labour for peace. . . ." Only once he seemed to come back enough to be prayed *with*, when he was "talking definitely, though strangely, about the need of doing God's will unconditionally."

On Monday, August 22, his body was laid to rest in the midst of his beloved mountains. The funeral was taken by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, with Mrs. Davidson, hurried down from the Simplon to be present, assisted by the Rev. H. Colchester, who was acting as S.P.G. chaplain at Montana.

On the Saturday, after receiving the news of the Dean's death, the Archbishop had written off at once to Mrs. Wickham:

"... I am not sure whether this letter will reach you before we arrive (my wife and I) for the sad service on Monday morning, but in any case I should like to send a few lines to assure you of our thoughts, and prayers, and sympathy. There is so much for which we can thank God in the years of strenuous service, that one feels the note of triumph to predominate over the note of mourning. . . ."

Then, after some private words of consolation, he concludes:

"It is very kind of you to allow me to take part in the service. I have, I fear, no proper Episcopal robes with me here—only a linen rochet—and no means, of course, of borrowing any. But you will understand and pardon. We ought to reach Sierre at

10 a.m. on Monday, and shall doubtless be able to find out at the station where to go.

"May God have you in His keeping."

The ceremony itself may best be described in words contributed to the *Guardian* of August 26, by an eye-witness.

"It was no doubt a disappointment to many friends that Dean Wickham was buried in the Swiss village of Sierre, where he died, instead of at Lincoln. His family were influenced in deciding thus chiefly by what they felt sure would have been the Dean's wish. Above all things he liked absolute simplicity, and simplicity could never have been preserved if any other decision had been made. Those who know the Rhone Valley only by reputation may find it hard to realise the wonderful charm and beautiful peacefulness of Sierre. It is hot, especially in August, but always in sight of snow, and everywhere there is the sound of running water. There are green vineyards and fruit-laden orchards in all their richness. To the English visitor there is here a wondrous sense of peace; in a glance around at the church towers in every hamlet on the hillside there is an assurance that religion is not forgotten, as also in the echoing bells seldom silent; for the English Churchman there is provided, under the control of the S.P.G., with a charming little church. The village cemetery—dominated by a simple, though noble, grey granite crucifix—has already received the bodies of several English visitors who have died in the neighbourhood. Can we, then, who believe in the Spiritual Communion, feel any doubt as to the choice of this resting-place for the body of the Dean?

"During the ten days' illness here, the watchers

round the sick-bed had daily used the little church.[1] Here the body reposed for three days before the burial. The illness had revealed the presence of many English friends not far off. The Archbishop, who had so lately taken part in the funeral of Bishop King at Lincoln, came down from the Simplon to conduct the service. With him came Mrs. Randall Davidson. From Murren, so near for one with wings, but a long day's journey from Sierre for ordinary mortals, came two old friends, who stood for many more—Archdeacon Fearon and Miss Susan Wordsworth. The first part of the service was taken in the little church, in which the body had been resting in its simple oaken coffin, with the inscription: 'Edward Charles Wickham, Dean of Lincoln. Born December 7, 1834. Died August 18, 1910. R.I.P.'

"One hymn was sung, a favourite of the Dean's—'Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.' Owing to the rain, all but the Committal was taken in church, and then the coffin was reverently borne by four Swiss peasants in simple workaday clothes, and laid upon a luggage-lorry. The *curé* kindly lent a covering for this improvised bier and a pall of black and white to cover the coffin. Only a few flowers were laid upon the coffin, and afterwards upon the grave: some tea-roses, a tiny white heather cross, some wild flowers, and last, but not least, a nosegay of roses left by an anonymous admirer of his *Horace*. The procession to the grave was simplicity itself. It was led by a little Swiss boy with bare brown knees, carrying a plain pine cross with the letters 'E. C. W.,' which was to mark the grave, temporarily, at least. Then the coffin and the two officiating ministers (the Archbishop and the S.P.G. chaplain from Montana),

[1] His son, Rev. E. S. G. Wickham, acting as chaplain.

then the small body of relations, necessarily showing outwardly only slight signs of mourning, the one or two representative and devoted friends, the doctor, and one of the nurses. Just a quarter-of-a-mile walk, no pushing crowd of sightseers, seemly reverence on the part of any who passed—so to the cemetery. The roughness of the soil, where grass will not grow as in England, had been tempered by some clusters of wild clematis. There the body was lowered to its resting-place, and the sun came out. . . . "

"The sun came out." . . . The note of triumph had "predominated over the note of mourning." The triumphant strains of Abelard's "O quanta qualia" must have seemed an echo of his own forecast of the Christian's hope in death: ". . . to see, if He will, *the glory of God*, . . . to read His purposes, and, understanding them, to say Hallelujah for evermore."

The memorial service at Lincoln was one of the most moving experiences in which one had ever taken part: more, and not less, touching because the memories of another funeral in that glorious place were so fresh and poignant. The Bishop and the Chancellor had both preached about him on the previous day, Sunday, August 21: the Bishop, taking for his theme the Good Samaritan, exclaimed, "Why had you all come to love him so? It was because you felt that he was a living ensample of the spirit of the Gospel."

The Chancellor adopted Elisha's cry, wrung from his lips when he saw his beloved master wafted from him; the cry, also of Joash, as he stood by the death-bed of Elisha.

Now that the silvery voice is stilled, the wise, patient, charitable spirit called up to work in regions beyond our ken, the Cathedral City, and the Diocese, and

S. Smith, Lincoln.

THE NEW LIBRARY ANNEXE AND WATT'S STATUE, LINCOLN.

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY

the Church at large realise that they have lost one who was indeed "chariot and horsemen" in the great age-long fight for Christ and the Right, and one whose aid can ill be spared; unless, indeed, we may think that his intercessions beyond the veil are more effectual still.

The noblest monument of his life—*aere perennius*—will be the permanent effect upon England of his untiring labours in the cause of peace and charity. At Lincoln not a few improvements in the fabric of the Cathedral remain to mark his reign,[1] of which, perhaps, the most conspicuous is his generous gift of an annexe to the library, a work only completed after his death. In front of it there stands upon the green that Tennyson memorial in which he took so great an interest, and which called forth such a signal burst of eloquence from his lips.[2]

Eloquent in a more intimate way is an unnoticed mark upon the fabric of his Lincoln home. His widow returned from Sierre to the Deanery on August 25, the thirty-seventh anniversary of their engagement, and found completed there a little alteration designed for her comfort in commemoration of the day.

[1] See above, pp. 155, 156.

[2] See Appendix F, pp. 226 sqq.

APPENDIX A

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF FREEDOM[1]

"All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any."—1 Cor. vi. 12.

"All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me, but all things edify not. Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth."—*Ibid.* x. 23.

We can hardly hear such passages without thinking of the often-quoted saying[2] about St. Paul, that he was the "finest gentleman that ever lived."

His whole life and writings are full of "noble forms of courtesy," of proofs of a chivalrous and delicate regard for others: but in such passages as I have read, we seem to see something that comes home to us even more; we see, or think we see, a connection between that life and a motive which, though it is the very soul of what we mean by a "gentleman," we are perhaps too apt to regard as belonging, at the best, rather to the heroic than to the saintly character,—the motive, I mean, of self-respect, of personal honour.

Such self-respect is a strong characteristic of St. Paul. It shows itself at times in flashes of what we might have been inclined to call self-assertion. He is the humblest of men, and the most self-devoted. But his humility and devotion are the humility and devotion of an erect and manly soul. His humility is based not on ignorance nor on weakness, but on strength and knowledge. His service is conscious and reasonable service. His worship is rendered to goodness, not to power.

He knows, and is not afraid to own, that he has laboured

[1] A Sermon preached in New College Chapel, on Sunday, November 10, 1867.

[2] Lord Lyttelton.

"more than they all," though yet he sees also that it is "not he, but the grace of God that was given him." He knows and avows that he has "fought a good fight," though yet he "counts not himself to have apprehended"; for that before his mind there floats the unattainable glory, the vision of the "perfect man," "the measure of the stature of Christ." He is "not meet to be called an apostle, for that he persecuted the Church of God"; but even as he says it, he knows, and reminds others, that he did it "ignorantly, in unbelief"; and after all, "is he not an apostle? if not to others, at least to them, his children in the faith." He feels—who ever felt more keenly?—the struggles of the flesh against the spirit, the awful danger lest "when he had preached to others he might be himself a castaway"; yet he does not confuse struggle and danger with defeat, he is strong enough still to encourage his failing brothers in the fight, to bid them "be followers of him, even as he is of Christ."

"All things are lawful for me!" There is doubtless in the words a flash of self-assertion. Even if they be in these places, as seems possible, not quite the expression of St. Paul's own foremost thoughts at the moment, but old words of his own quoted against him, as though he were now seeking to limit the liberty of which before he had been the champion; yet at least he takes them up and avows them proudly, even while he explains their true bearing. "All things are lawful for me!" He cannot acquiesce in a falsehood against himself any more than to his own advantage. He cannot acknowledge an obligation where none exists, any more than he can accept as a favour what is his right. "Do they thrust us out privily? Nay, verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out!"[1] The freedom of the gospel is to him not only a primary doctrine of the faith; it is, we may almost say, a point of honour. To deny it is not only to impose on Christian consciences a needless burden; it is to destroy a chief motive to willing and chivalrous obedience, to take from self-sacrifice its glory, and its beauty, and its happiness.

"All things are lawful for me." Into the theological meaning of the liberty which St. Paul claims we need hardly enter. In the second passage of the two he is referring immediately to things in themselves indifferent, to questions of ceremonial, and the like. Of the first passage the same, perhaps, cannot be said. But none will think that he is denying the obligations of morality

[1] Acts xvi. 37.

because he removes them for Christians from the sphere of external law to the sphere of conscience, of gratitude, of honour. For those to whom these are names he does not say that there is no law.

The thought which seems to me most obviously to be suggested by the two passages, and on which, as I have said, I wish to dwell, is the connection in St. Paul's mind—the connection, surely, in every generous mind—between the sense of freedom and the sense of a deeper and truer servitude; the immediate sequence from self-respect to self-mastery; and to self-mastery not only for the sake of self, but for the sake of others. "*Noblesse oblige.*" He is free, but he is bound by a constraining motive of love to One who, at the cost of His own sufferings, has thus set him free. He is free from the wearisome restrictions of a law without him—touch not, taste not, handle not—but he is bound, therefore, to rule himself more reverently and exactly by a law within. He is free, and therefore on himself falls the responsibility of his acts. On him rests the care of the health and purity not only of his own soul, but of the souls of others. He must weigh the consequences of his actions on them as well as on himself. He must care for them, or else to this extent they will not be cared for. He must care for them, because he has the power to help them, the power to injure them. He is bound to these things by the very sense of his freedom; not merely by a rush of natural inclination to this obedience and tenderness, such as might be supposed to spring up in a Christian heart simultaneously with the sense of Christian freedom; but by that freedom itself, by the very feeling of manly self-respect which causes him to claim and value his freedom. For self-respect, like all true respect or love of others, is a relative feeling. It implies a standard, an ideal apart from ourselves, with which we compare ourselves, and for the likeness to which, or the possibility of likeness to which, in ourselves, we respect ourselves. He cannot reverence himself who reverences nothing higher, even as he cannot in the truest sense "love" another who "loves not honour more." And so self-respect is a constraining force, raising and softening and purifying the life.

The motive of which I have been speaking—the motive which, unless we read him wrongly, stirred St. Paul so deeply—the motive of honour, is one which English gentlemen, unless they are false to the "grand old name" which they bear, understand fully. What we want rather is, not to learn a new motive, but to see

the duties and opportunities of our daily life in the light of one which already we feel and own. Let me spend these few minutes in suggesting to you a few practical occasions and applications of it.

"All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any." Oh, brethren, that these words might ring in the ears of all who find themselves in possession of the perilous gift of a new liberty! The perilous gift, yet the necessary, the honourable and manly gift. For many years of our life that liberty comes to us more and more. Little by little the kindly restraints that bound our childish and our youthful years are struck off. Physical restraints, the restraints of actual compulsion, go first; and then the sphere of positive law begins to contract; more and more is left to our own judgment and conscience. The number of those above us on whom we can lean, who care for our moral growth and can watch and help us, grows less. We move further from one another, and so the restraint of feeling that our own conduct influences immediately and perceptibly the conduct of others is lost to us. And then we begin to think for ourselves, and to ask the meaning and ground of moral laws; we mix in the world, and can find, if we like it, countenance and authority for acts and habits which we were taught to shrink from with horror. At each stage, especially at any great and signal step in the process, the feeling of liberty cannot but force itself upon us, and cannot but be pleasant to us. "All things are lawful for me!" It is in itself, if the liberty comes naturally, an honourable and elevating feeling. It is capable of becoming in a generous heart something much more. "All things are not expedient."

Remember that as you are free from the restraints and rules which helped and guided you in earlier years, so you are bound in manliness and honour—and bound ever more and more as the restraints that surround you even here grows less—to *rule yourselves*. Is there a sadder sight than that of one who bore the trials of school-life bravely, who came to this place industrious, high-minded, pure, but whose resolution sickens and withers in the first fresh breath of manly freedom? Alas! how shall he possibly stand the further trials of a world of temptations?

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? even by ruling himself after Thy word." [1] Brethren, believe it: there is

[1] Ps. cxix. 9.

but one way of safety for us. General resolutions, the best and highest and bravest, will fail us at the pinch: we must live by rule, if we would live securely. Make rules for yourselves—rules for your hours of work, rules for your expenditure, rules for your religious life; make them prudently, moderately; make them with prayer to God to guide you in making them. Alter them from time to time, if need be, boldly; only never in the moment of passion, never in the moment when you are tempted to break them. Alter them, if need be, deliberately; but, till you have altered them, keep them as a sacred and inviolable duty; keep them as you value your own peace and self-respect.

"All things are lawful for me." St. Paul adds another consideration, "all things edify not. Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth." Brethren, we cannot throw stones at one another in this matter, but can we, any of us, say that, in the public and social life which we lead here, we are sufficiently careful to think how far the liberty (perhaps as far as concerns ourselves the harmless liberty) in which we indulge ourselves in respect of talk, in respect of time, in respect of religious observances, may lead others into harm? Do we think enough, for instance, how far our own mode of life, our own indulgence in unnecessary luxuries, may be tending to raise the general tone of expense in this place; to make it harder and harder for a struggling man to live here; or to encourage any who are here to live in what to them is extravagance? Are we not too apt to think, though we should be shocked to say it, "What is it to us? why should they follow our example? they know their own means, and should be manly enough to live within them." It is true: yet it is a more gentle and chivalrous spirit that says, "I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

Brethren, there is one more topic on which I cannot let slip this occasion of speaking to you. You must bear with me if I speak on it clumsily. I cling to the hope that to have named it at all in this sacred place, and at this time, may be in itself a good; that your own hearts and consciences may preach to you on it better than I can.

It is idle to doubt that one of the real temptations which beset, or may beset, some of you in your Oxford life, is the temptation to what I shall call by its plain name, *gambling*. I call by that name, and the world calls by that name, all card-playing in which

the pleasure sought is the excitement of risking the loss or gain of money. This is a vice, the perilous nature of which the world as a rule estimates truly. Men of the world, who will condone other and even possibly more terrible vices in youth, will be shocked to hear of a friend, or a friend's son, who has taken even the first step in this.

I do not wish, brethren, to exaggerate this matter, either its wrongness, or the evil effects which are likely to follow from it. I hope and fully believe that, in any society in which you are likely to mix, very large sums are not often lost and won. I hope also and fully believe that, if any of you have ever joined in such play, it has been an occasional, not an habitual foolishness; that you have strength of will, and goodness of purpose, if once you could see the true evil of the pleasure, to abandon it at once and for ever.

I know also that young men begin a babit of this kind usually without knowing what they are doing. They are playing cards very likely at the moment in some more innocent way, and the company becomes a little larger, and it is proposed to take to a game fitted for a larger number. The passion of gaming is quite unknown to them. They begin—all men begin—even if against the whispers of conscience, yet with no deliberate motive of evil, very likely simply and absolutely from easiness and good nature.

But none the less I know that they are taking the first taste of a poisonous passion, which in some natures works like an instantaneous fire. Believe it, it is a fearful risk for any man to taste that passion; and the risk is not over when you have played a few times, and found, as you think, that it does not stir your pulses very strongly.

It may be true, perhaps, that such susceptible natures are rare; but, even short of that absolute ruin of a life which we think of when we speak of a "gambler," is there no danger in meddling with games of chance? no danger of losing, if not large sums in themselves, yet large sums for you; and then of being led on to play again, and yet again to lose? And then, alas! money that should pay honest debts, goes to pay the sadly called debt of honour; and the old story begins to be repeated—the story that makes fathers and mothers, amid all their hopes, half shudder to send their sons here—debt, and the concealment of debt; a hidden shame, eating out the heart of manliness and honour; the confidence and happiness of home poisoned; a

lifelong load bound upon the memory and conscience, of which the actual debt is the lightest part.

And, brethren, beyond all this, even if none of these evils of which I have spoken follow it, yet believe that the passion on which gambling, even in its most innocent form, plays—the passion in the excitement of which the pleasure of gambling consists—is a base and evil passion. The excitement is an unwholesome and deadly excitement, destructive to the intellect as well as to the character. It is an excitement, the craving for which must grow on you, if you indulge it; and as it grows, it dulls all taste for purer and more wholesome excitement. And it deadens the *feelings* too. Oh! brethren, I appeal to any that ever played for serious sums of money. Can you remember the first night that you played? Can you remember going back to your room, having *lost* money that you could ill spare—money which in that moment you knew and felt not to have been your own, but lent you, a sacred loan, for far other purposes?—Or, what to a man of honour was even worse, having *won* money which was not yours, which came from whence you knew not; *through* whom you knew, but *from* whom you knew not. And if you knew not, how dared you take it? How knew you (is it an impossible case in Oxford?) that it came not from the scanty savings of a widow, spared hardly, but spared cheerfully, only not for this end.

"All things are lawful for you." In [1] a sense it is true. You are men, and not boys. But, brethren, the very impunity of the sin throws the graver responsibility on yourselves. We cannot watch your lives closely enough to save you from it: you must save yourselves: *for your own sakes*, for the sake of the hope which you all cherish of a manly and honourable and useful life.

And if, brethren, there should be one who, for his own sake, has not the heart or the will to fly from this temptation: if he is inclined to answer that after all the amusement is pleasant; that he can trust himself not to go too far; that at the worst he is

[1] I am sure my words will not be misunderstood. I do not say, or think, that *gambling* is among "things indifferent" or morally lawful, any more than St. Paul, in 1 Cor. vi. 12, means to say that *incest* is among "things indifferent" or morally lawful. Nor do I say, or think, that gambling is lawful in the sense of being contrary to no positive law. My argument only is, that in proportion as circumstances give a man more *practical* freedom in this matter, he ought to feel that the responsibility of the act is thrown more heavily upon himself. He is freed *pro tanto* from the restraint of external law. His hope must lie in his reverence for a law within him.

willing to run the risk, and bear, if it must be so, the shame and suffering :—is it still quite hopeless to appeal to him through a yet more generous feeling ?

Oh ! my brother, *for the sake of others*—for the sake of those (and thou canst not at least read their hearts) who have not thy strength of will, to whom the dangers of this passion are real and urgent, yet who from the very sight of thy strength will draw the fatal courage that will lead them to their ruin—abstain from this pleasure. Taste the divine pleasure of refusing a pleasure for the sake of others ; *even as Jesus Christ came down from heaven to die for thee.*

APPENDIX B

FOUNDERS: A RETROSPECT [1]

TO THE "BOYS OF THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS"

O love we this fair home; nor cease
To work her weal in busy peace.

"If the Lord were pleased to kill us, He would not have received a burnt offering and a meat offering at our hands: neither would He have shewed us all these things; nor would, as at this time, have told us such things as these."—JUDG. xiii. 23.

THEY are the wise words in which, in the Bible story, Manoah's wife made answer to her husband when, on realising that the visitant whom they had been entertaining was no less than an angel, he had cried in panic, "We shall surely die, because we have seen God!"

That God has accepted *sacrifices* at men's hands, that He has blessed them in the past, that He has "showed" them things, "told" them things, has opened their intelligence, taught them to look forward, given them hopes and previsions of good, are all proofs that He wishes them not ill but well, that He still has gracious purposes and uses for them.

It is an anchor of the soul in the most far-reaching perplexities and misgivings. Human life (we may take it as meaning) is not a scene of wasted effort, disappointed aspiration, illusory hope and promise. God, as our great English poet [2] teaches us, "doth not leave His gifts imperfect." To put it from the other side in the bold words of the Bible [3] itself—"He is not unrighteous that He should forget work and labour of love" expended in His cause and for His children.

[1] A Sermon preached in Wellington College Chapel, on Friday, July 30, 1909, being the jubilee of the college.

[2] Wordsworth's "Laodamia." [3] Heb. vi. 10.

And so it is a thought which may be with us to-day when we meet, sons and servants of this dear House, to thank Almighty God, the Faithful and True, for its fifty years of honoured life and growth in all things fair.

He "would not have received a burnt offering at our hands; neither would He have showed us all these things."

It is a thought of the *sacrifices* which have been offered, and (as we humbly believe) accepted, on its behalf.

Unlike most of our great public schools it does not trace its buildings and endowment to the wealth of some princely benefactor, but in large part to the small givings of humble donors, united in gratitude and reverence towards a great name. That was a striking beginning: and as it began, so it has gone on. It has owed much always to self-sacrifice—to the loving labour of its first founders, and those who watched over its growth—to the large-hearted zeal of the many gifted men who have taught and ministered, some who have died, in it—not the least to the young lives which have been lived dutifully and generously in it, learning here, and passing on to others, first lessons in self-discipline and self-sacrifice for the sake of the community, in devotion to an ideal, in the unselfish instincts of patriotism and loyalty.

But if it is a thought of the gifts of human hands and hearts, "offered willingly to the Lord," it is still more surely a thought of *His gifts* to them, of the power given to them so to give; for "all things come of Him, and of His own do we give to Him." [1]

Let me name, then, a few of the gifts showered upon our college which are in all our minds.

1. And let us put first of all, in the words so familiar to us, "the *memory and good example of Arthur, Duke of Wellington.*" What a gift, what a proud and wholesome inheritance we have in them! Fifty-six years have passed since, "to the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation," [2] he was laid to rest. That is time for many things to happen—for past events to come into new lights and their true measure to be taken, for exaggerations and hidden flaws and false pretensions to be exposed. Nothing has happened to lessen in any degree by comparison the fame of the "great world-victor's victor"; and as the poet predicted, no "record has leapt to light" to cast a breath

[1] 1 Chron. 29.

[2] Tennyson.

of shame upon him. Every new biography that comes out of one and another of his contemporaries brings but into clearer light the lofty place which belonged to him even in a great epoch. We look back to him still as summing up beyond others the best characteristics of our greatest countrymen, in "saving common sense," but still more notably in singleness of aim, in truthfulness, in the sense of public duty—let me add —in simplicity of life. We shall not forget here the picture, which struck Englishmen so much at the time, of the room at Walmer with its camp-like furniture, in which the old warrior died.

2. And then we think of our *founders*, in the large sense, of those to whom we owe what is most characteristic in the life and spirit of the school—those first who conceived this new and noble form of a memorial to a great man, who laid down in general outline the purposes and conditions of the institution. It was to be a school, bearing a hero's name, and making his character, as his countrymen had seen it, an influence for good to generations to come. It was to have the external dignity, the richness of opportunity, the full and varied intellectual and social life of a great public school; but with these it was to have two special characteristics of its own. It was to have in its foundation a close tie to the *noble profession* of which the duke was the representative; and it was to give to *poverty* a place of peculiar consideration and honour—not only in the sense common to all English public schools in which a companion is taken for what he is in himself, without thought of accidents of birth or circumstance, but in the special sense also that here poverty was to be dignified by its association with misfortune and with gallant service.

Two persons stand before others as our founders, in this meaning of the term—two to whom, of all men of those years, a great school may well be proud to trace its beginnings—the *Prime Minister*[1] of the time, a leader of men, orator, and scholar, with head and heart full of noble images and chivalrous ideals; and the wise and good *Prince*, so early and grievously lost, but who left, as to us so to all his adopted country, such a large legacy of good begun and high example, who takes such a large share of the glory of that illustrious reign of sixty-three years.

3. Of the unique list of *governours*, men of the first eminence

[1] Edward, 14th Earl of Derby.

in Church and State, who have carried on their work, and guided the college through these critical years, there are two names which in a word or two you will wish me to recall. One is that of the august and gracious president for thirty-seven years, now our sovereign and visitor, always thoughtful, always indulgent, ungrudging of time and trouble if he could show interest and sympathy in our work here. The other is of the kindly, single-hearted, loyal friend, whose stately figure was so long a familiar sight within these walls, and who for more than forty years, as honorary secretary and as vice-president, watched over the growing college as if it were his own child.

4. To the Prince Consort, our first president, of whom I have already spoken, we owe, besides very much else, two special and priceless boons. The first is the choice of this delightful *home*, with its comely and dignified buildings, and its natural surroundings of health and beauty, of ample space, of fresh and lustrous air, the scents of fir and birchwood, the spring glory of rhododendrons and the summer glory of heather. The second is the choice (due, I imagine, entirely to his wisdom in consultation with another great man, Dr. Temple) of the *first master* of the college, the father and founder of its intellectual and spiritual life. What shall I say of him? To many here his must still be, in thought, the dominant presence in this place —that noble, eager, forward-looking face, as they remember it, which (as Kingsley said) told so truly of the spirit within. He had the true gifts of a founder—the imagination, practical at once and poetic, to picture beforehand in every detail and to bathe in sunny colours the fair creation towards which he worked —the will to rule, the eloquence to explain and commend, the enthusiasm to inspire, the infectious optimism which does so much to keep alive self-respect, to kindle hope, to make possible.

5. Of the remarkable set of men, able, loyal, devoted, who have stood round him and his successors, I have already said a word. The world has in a way set its value on them; for more than twenty public schools, amongst them the two oldest and most famous in the land, in choosing a head master for themselves have taken one who began his life of teaching on the staff of this school. But if those who have gone have gone to posts of distinction, some of the ablest in each generation have given to the school, what to a young institution is an

invaluable gift, their lifelong service. Without forgetting others, may I name one of them whom very many will be missing sadly to-day, one who may well be reckoned among our founders, in the sense that his ideas and character and example in his thirty-one years of work here had a large part in moulding the institutions of the school, especially in what Wellingtonians (I think) look upon as one of its happiest, as it is one of its most characteristic features—I mean the relation between a tutor and the boys in his dormitory. *Mr. Penny* was not himself a public school man. In some ways he was the more free for that to develop the originality with which he approached school questions. On the other hand he had innate in him, more than most men, the instincts which make a public school the training-place of character that it is—respect for a boy's individuality, trust in his honour, belief in his capability of good.

6. But, after all, when we speak, as we do to-day, of *founders*, we are thinking not only of donors and governours, and rulers and teachers; we are thinking of those who, in a larger sense still, have made the school what at this moment it is—the *boys of the first fifty years*. It was to them that, speaking to the first gathering of young Wellingtonians, at the formal opening of the school, Queen Victoria committed the task (in her own words) "of earning a character for the college worthy of the name it bears." What a responsibility theirs has been! Surely not in boastfulness, surely not in ignorance of shortcomings, of disappointments, even of calamities, we may yet on the whole "thank God and take courage" when we look back and think of the succession of those who have passed through these walls, of the leaders who have in natural ways been found among them in each generation and in each time of need, of the graces and gifts which they have brought here and the tone they have kept and set, of the honourable name which they have won for themselves and for the school in the world—in the army, in each branch of the service, and in nearly every regiment, on every field of battle, but in other lines of life also, in learning and literature, in law and medicine, in political life, in the Civil Service, at home and in India. Wellingtonians, whatever their profession, were to be, as a community, a living memorial "known and read of all men" of the heroic qualities which, in idea, belong to a British officer. Let me name one profession —the sacred profession of Holy Orders. We have given to it

(that is natural) not a very great number—about a hundred in the fifty years,—but we may say with just pride that they have been beyond the usual proportion men who have looked in the profession to the front places of hard service and even risk. Besides our own mission in Walworth they have furnished leaders to the missions of two other chief public schools. A considerable number of the Wellingtonians in Holy Orders have worked, some have died, on foreign service. There will be not a few here who will think with me of one of the noblest on our school lists [1] who died in heroic company in the Universities Mission to Central Africa.

7. This is one aspect of our jubilee. We cannot but think of those who are *not* with us in our joyful celebration, but whose young promise and whose "going from us" are part of the pride as well as of the pain of our retrospect. There is before our eyes that beautiful monument to the sixty-five gallant young lives which were laid down for their country in South Africa. And that is only one of many such memorials—a *sample*, though it is also a *crown* to them. They will touch and inspire distant generations who shall worship and learn here; but they speak to-day, in a way that they can hardly speak again, to those to whom one name and another still brings back a living presence, remembered traits and incidents, a sunny face, a gracious temper, cheery companionship, prowess in manly games, it may be, high aspiration and promise, visible growth in things noble, patient and gallant bearing of sickness or pain or disappointment.

8. One word more. It is part of a jubilee to *look back*—to "praise (as we have been doing) famous men" and recognise how "God has wrought great glory by them"—to pay a tribute to those who have fallen by the way, who have given us of their best, who have set us examples and bequeathed to us unfinished tasks. It is part of it also to *look forward*. We shall do that in the same spirit that we have tried to look back—not in any spirit of vainglory or self-reliance, yet in faith and courage. God has blessed us greatly, "showed" us much. Our looking forward will take the form of *prayer*—prayer for this dear House and for all who shall enter it, for all who shall love and serve it, that more and more as the years go by they may be enabled to make it a home of "godliness and good learning," a school where the young may learn lessons, as much needed now as

[1] W. A. Margesson.

fifty years ago, lessons of good comradeship, but also of simple living, of truth and moral courage and self-control—may learn to put honour before gain, duty before pleasure, the public good before private advantage, to care for the community, to feel its honour their honour, and its shame their shame. That is the patriotism that makes a nation great. That is the standard which we mean to set before ourselves when we honour and commend to our sons and our sons' sons the "memory and good example of Arthur, Duke of Wellington."

APPENDIX C

THE AUTUMN EMBER SEASON[1]

"We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."—2 Cor. iv. 5.

The choice of the Epistles for St. Matthew's Day has a special purpose. It is an Epistle for an Ember season. The other three Ember seasons carry on their face the ground of their selection: *Advent*, when our thoughts are of the preparation of Christ's people for His coming; *Lent*, when we are reminded of our Lord's own preparation for His ministry, when we are called to special thoughts of man's sin and Christ's Atonement; *Whitsuntide*, when we have just kept the birthday of the Christian Church, and have remembered again whence is the source of all spiritual gifts, of all power whether to teach or to learn of heavenly things. In the case of the *fourth Ember season* the reason of the choice is not quite so obvious. It was desired, no doubt, to find a time that divided fairly the space between Whitsuntide and Christmas; but there was a special fitness in the week selected—the week before St. Matthew's Day—before the day on which we commemorate one who is at once an apostle and an evangelist; we may add, perhaps, the time when we are about in a few days to commemorate the holy angels—God's *messengers* who do His perfect service. The Epistle was chosen just as the Epistle for the third Sunday in Advent, and the Epistle for the first Sunday in Lent was chosen in order that we may read in burning words of the great Apostle and servant of Christ and of His Church what the Christian ministry is and should be, what Christ's ministers should themselves think of it, in what spirit they should discharge its duties, what Christ's people should think of it.

[1] Address delivered in the Choir of Lincoln Cathedral on St. Matthew's Day, 1908.

"We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."

"Not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord." These words express the spirit of St. Paul's ministry, and they are illustrated to us to-day by what we know of St. Matthew. Think how little we are shown in the Gospels of the personality of most of the apostles. They were the chosen companions of the Lord, the foundation stones of His Church. During His own ministry what we hear of them chiefly is of their misunderstandings of His Word, of their failures, mistakes, weaknesses. After His ascension, when they assume necessarily the leadership, the whole stress is laid on the heavenly gift of Pentecost. With the exception of Peter and John little or nothing is heard of individual action—yet, humanly speaking, everything depended on them, on the depth of impress which the Lord's character and teaching had made on them, on the force and intelligence, the courage and wisdom with which they carried His message into all the world.

Of St. Matthew himself we know nothing, save that (in some way or other) the First Gospel—the Gospel for the Hebrew race—was by earliest tradition traced to him. Within its own pages it bears no name—its authorship and literary history are lost in its subject, "not ourselves but Christ Jesus the Lord," the Messiah of prophecy, the expected King, the Great Teacher fulfilling the law even as He fulfilled prophecy, the Giver of the first commission to all nations, who would be with His people "all the days, even unto the end of the world." There is at once a lesson, a pattern for the Christian ministry of all time.

St. Paul, in to-day's Epistle, adds another phrase to describe its attitude: "ourselves your servants, for Jesus' sake"—the servants for Jesus Christ's sake of the Christian community. That is how St. Paul wishes us to look at the Christian ministry. It is a thought for Christ's ministers. But it is a thought also for the Christian community. "Your servants"—that means not only "set to minister to you," it means "set to do your work," to do, lest it be left undone, that which it is the duty of all Christians to do or to have done on their behalf; to see that all is in order for the due service of Almighty God; to see that His poor and miserable are cared for, His sick people visited and helped, His children taught,

that His sacraments are ministered and His Word preached —all that, surely, is the business not of a few, but of all Christian people—of the community. It is theirs to see that all this is done, to see that clergy and other workers are provided to do it, to see that it is done well and thoroughly. It is not to one order or profession, but to all Christian people that St. Paul says "ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular."

APPENDIX D

ANOTHER WORLD (DREAM OF GERONTIUS)[1]

"Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto Him: Lord, we know not whither Thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him: I am the way."—St. John xiv. 4, 5.

"Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." "We know not whither Thou goest; and how can we know the way?"

In a sense, surely, both sayings are true. Take the human cry first: "We know not whither Thou goest." Whither had He gone when, as on Ascension Day, the mist gathered between them and Him, and a "cloud received Him out of their sight?" Where is the heaven of which He spoke, and in which He promised to prepare a place for them?

Men read the secrets of the sky. They make instruments which enable them to tell the courses of the stars, to measure their weight, to know of what they are made. Is it only a question of skill and time when some telescope shall be made of such power that we may look across the boundless spaces of sky and see the jasper walls of heaven? We know that it is an idle thought. Christ is not gone to a distance from us, invisible to our eyes because they are weak and He is far. He is "very near" to every one of us.

Where is heaven? We do not know. We do not know even whether the question, so put, has any meaning, otherwise than in a metaphor, the true purport of which it is beyond our present faculties to discover or understand. And so we do not know

[1] Sermon preached by the Dean of Lincoln on June 5, being the Sunday before the Festival at which *The Dream of Gerontius* was to be performed in the Cathedral.

what its life is. It is easy to make puzzles about it, as the Sadducees in the gospel story did—a life in which we shall be ourselves and yet be different—in which the recognition of those whom we have loved on earth seems to be necessary to our happiness, even to our identity, yet in which "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels." Our imagination is necessarily bounded by what we have experienced. We cannot picture to ourselves the life of the unseen world, because the only life of which we have experience is life on earth, life in the "body of our humiliation," life subject to the natural laws of this world. "We know not whither Thou goest."

But yet is there no recognisable truth in the *divine assurance,* also: "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know?"

"*The way ye know,*" "*I am the way.*" In a sense they knew—we know—even without the great revelation. It is on one side only that the life of the unseen world is absolutely beyond our faculties. There is much in us, and what seems to us most ourselves, which is not of this material life, and which we cannot believe to perish with it—the life of intelligence, of affection, of will, of conscience. But man craves something more—some assurance, something to tell him that he is not dreaming, some personal link that shall stand in the place of clearer understanding of the conditions of that invisible, unimaginable life. And *that something* God in His mercy had given to Christ's apostles, and gives to us. "*I* am the way." Behind "the veil," in that unimaginable world, yea, its Lord and its Creator, is One who bore and bears our nature, who "knows whereof we are made," who can speak to our spirits, and we to Him. What we do not know, nor can conceive, is eternally present to Him, is of His ordering as much as our lives here. In His knowledge, and power, and love, we can rest and trust, trust for ourselves and for those whom we love, whom He has given to us and will not take away again, for "His gifts are without repentance." In Him, if only we could really give ourselves to Him, the way is open, is easy—the way to Heaven, the way to God.

I have been led to these thoughts to-day by the fact that in this coming week we are, many of us, to listen to the glorious musical setting of a poem in which a master of language and of

thought has ventured to picture the inconceivable experiences of a human soul passing from time into eternity.

It is a great poem, and the musician brings home to us its solemnity and pathos with irresistible force and emphasis. But the questions will be asked, Is it also wholesome? Is it true?

It is, on the face of it, a resetting of a doctrine which our own Church, in marking her differences from the Church of the Middle Ages, deliberately set aside: "The Romish doctrine of Purgatory—so we read in our Articles—is a *fond thing vainly invented*." Are we going back upon that position when we let our minds travel in the course suggested to us by the *Dream of Gerontius*?

Is not the answer generally that a "fond thing vainly invented" is to be judged by the use which is to be made of it? It may have its place and value in poetry, though it may lead to error if it is hardened into a doctrine of theology, treated of in prose, made the object of definition, and a premiss for logical conclusions.

The doctrine of Purgatory has been too widely believed and welcomed not to rest at bottom on some deep human instincts. That fallen, sin-entangled man, even when (so far as human eyes can see) the work of grace is far advanced, is *not fit* to meet the unclouded sight of the Infinite Holiness; that men, even great and good men, differ greatly in kinds and degrees of goodness; that some are riper, readier for a higher life than others; that there are scars and stains of evil on the best, redeeming traits and grounds of hope even in the bad; that *somehow, somewhere*, there *must* be a *purification of the human spirit*, if the new life is not to repeat the disappointments and miseries of this one—what soul that knows itself, that has any vision of what might be, what ought to be, does not feel all this?

"Purgatory," a *place* (that is) or a *process* of *purification*, was in the first instance and instinct—a cry of need—a fair dream, a natural and praiseworthy aspiration. What the Reformation condemned was a system of belief and practice from which all sense of mystery, of poetry, was gone; a system which went far beyond Holy Scripture, which assumed perfect and literal knowledge of the world which "eye hath not seen nor heart of man conceived," which *dated* the *timeless*, measured the unseen in the inapplicable measures of this finite life, which

for the ignorant and superstitious degraded the very conception of the power of intercessory prayer to something that acted mechanically, and that could be bought for money.

The freer, more spiritual and reasonable, aspects of the doctrine were never wholly lost sight of. They have been the inspiration of poets. To name two—*Dante*, himself a child of the Middle Ages, took the conception of Purgatory as he found it, in its materialistic details, its circles, penances, and the like; but he made it serve as a glorious allegory of the cleansing of the human spirit in successive stages from the taint of evil, of its willingly accepted discipline, its slowly recovered ideals, its painful but happy ascent step by step from the abyss into the clear air of heaven.

Newman, born in more critical days, passes by altogether the grosser pictures by which an earlier age sought to realise its ideas of suffering and purification. He reminds us frequently that we are transported in the vision into a world where time and place have ceased to have meaning. He fixes our thoughts on the *attitude of the soul*, on its spiritual experiences. The thought which he makes prominent is that it is the sight which death makes possible, the realisation of what God is—the Face of Infinite Love at once and Infinite Holiness—that constitutes the joy that is pain, and the purifying pain that is peace and joy:

> "And these two pains, so counter and so keen,
> The longing for Him when thou seest Him not,
> The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,
> Will be thy veriest, sharpest Purgatory."

It is a beautiful poem, soul-stirring and soul-subduing, and its thought is surely a great and a wholesome and true one. But we *must not forget* that it is *poetry*. It professes to be but a dream—an attempt to shadow forth, as in the inconsequence of a dream, a mystery that transcends thought and language. It speaks to the spirit, not to eye or ear. We cannot realise it to ourselves, nor fill out its detail, nor argue from it as a truth of the reason.

And again, we must not forget that it leaves with us *one* thought about the passage from this world to another—*not the only one*. It is a picture of the experience of a soul in that supreme moment; but who shall say that it is the only experiences? The mixture of keenest shame, deepest penitence,

with gratitude, love, and trust—*that* we feel sure must really characterise the attitude of one who "sees Him as He is," sees the "Saviour-Judge." But the Bible suggests to us other aspects and attitudes, other thoughts which the great passing should carry to us.

"*I am the way.*" *I, the Great High Priest*, who for the guilty and sin-laden has "consecrated in His own blood a new and living way through the veil," which hides from them both the awe and the beauty of the Divine Presence; but (to follow again the great Epistle which we are reading in our Evening Lessons) He is not the High Priest only, He is the *Moses, as well as the Aaron*, of God's people, the "*Captain of their deliverance.*" What Christians hope for in death is not only to see as never before the soul-vanquishing, soul-purifying sight at once of their own sin and of God's atoning Love, but also to see, if He will, *the glory of God*, the infinite treasures not of His mercy only, but of His wisdom and greatness; to read His purposes, and understanding them to say Hallelujah for evermore. And yet once more. There is an attitude of the human soul dearer still to God, the attitude without which none shall enter the kingdom, the attitude (in its perfection) of the greatest in the kingdom. It is the attitude, the simplicity, of a little child. Will this be the less natural, the less happy, the less what God desires, when the clouds roll away, when God's children see the very truth, the Love that has made them for itself, has watched over them, borne with them, forgiven them?

APPENDIX E

A PAPER ON BIBLE CRITICISM[1]

After allowing for all differences of purpose, subject-matter, and history, we should all agree that criticism has had necessary functions to discharge in respect of the Scriptures as well as of classical literature. The need has rested generally on the same two facts, namely, first, the great loss and breach in the continuity of human knowledge and thought on sacred as well as on profane subjects, caused by the ages of barbarism; secondly, the deficiency in ancient times both of the spirit of criticism and of the materials and instruments for it.

And the work to be done has been in the main the same—to fix the text of the ancient documents—to elucidate their meaning—to determine their date, authorship, literary antecedents, and relation both to one another and to contemporary history. These three tasks cannot be adequately and finally performed except in connection with one another; and any serious effort towards any one has always been an epoch in the advancement of the others also. But they have been pursued separately at least in the sense that each in turn has been the primary object of scholars, the others only borrowing or lending light by the way; and they have marked separate stages in the progress of criticism.

In this progress the one which I have named last has been the latest to be attempted, and is the one at present furthest from completion—completion I mean in the only sense in which we can speak of completion, within the limits, namely, imposed in all three alike by the fragmentary character of the attainable evidence. It is the one in which more than in the other two we have not only to build again what was destroyed in ages of

[1] A Paper read on July 7, 1881, before the Wokingham Clerical Society, and printed at their desire.

ignorance, but also to go behind them and take up a task imperfectly accomplished, in many points scarcely attempted, in antiquity itself. It is also the one in which, from obvious causes, there is more field for disputable conclusions in sacred literature than in classical. It is natural, therefore, that this department of criticism should be the one which should rouse most apprehension, and in which it should be most difficult to allay such apprehension by appealing to past results. But if we cannot take all the sting from this apprehension there is much to mitigate it in any survey of the past history of criticism. There is enough of general resemblance in the nature of the problems and of the evidence to make the course it has run in the departments in which it is more advanced, the ground of probable forecast of its course in that which remains. Even in this department itself we are not without experience of questions raised and fairly settled.

I. The first task of awakened scholarship was to restore to a readable condition the *text* of ancient authors. This is a task which has drawn down on its performers at times plenty of ridicule. It has been represented as a labour of Sisyphus, no sooner finished than beginning again ; as the work of pedants, busy with the form, when they should have been enjoying or learning from the substance. Such ridicule is not without its significance. No doubt much of it has proceeded from mere ignorance, but it is a witness also to the long and eventful history of the task itself, to the misdirected efforts, the misapplied ingenuity, the blunders, follies, reactions through which it has painfully worked its course. It is true in more senses than one that the history of texts is the history of scholarship—in none more fully than in this, that it illustrates better than any other department at once the justifying necessity of criticism, the methods by which it advances, the temptations by which it is led astray, the correction which it brings to its own errors, and the solid results which, however slowly and laboriously, it attains.

One could hardly bring home to oneself the absolute need of the scholar's work better than by looking over a tenth century Greek MS.—words evidently written originally continuously, and then wrongly divided, producing much the effect which Sir George Cornewall Lewis illustrated by writing " Hey Diddle Diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle " continuously in capital letters,

and breaking it up afresh into words on the theory that it was an inscription found in the Bruttii—words written from dictation and spelt phonetically by people who didn't understand them—proper names, in which a copyist had nothing to keep eye or ear straight, hopelessly mangled. The clearing of these and similar deformities was the Augean task of the first editors. It would have been a miracle if work of this kind had never been overdone or wrongly done. And the methods themselves which had been the fitting and necessary implements in the work could hardly fail to grow so familiar to the hand that they would be applied when the need and fitting occasion has passed away. The abuses of conjectural emendation are familiar to every one—the way that it was used to prune away ruthlessly forms and grammatical usages unfamiliar to the emendator but of the highest interest in the true history of the language—the way that it was applied as the one remedy for every difficulty, of construction, explanation, history, geography, theology—often with no consideration of anterior probability—no question whether the positive evidence for the text was strong or weak—whether the original reading was supported by one MS. or by two hundred—sometimes in ignorance that it was commented on or imitated within a generation of the author's lifetime. And of conjectural emendation there is no necessary end. How completely the steed had run away with its rider was shown to all the world by the most astounding book ever written by a great scholar or a great man—Bentley's emended edition of *Paradise Lost*. It was easier to see that the method had led to ludicrous results in a single instance than to understand fully the limits of its capacity and its necessary safeguards. We can look back now on a century and a half of the work of scholars since Bentley, and if we can see plenty of work as crude as his worst, though not as brilliant as his best, we can also see in two ways that all this expenditure of labour and ingenuity on textual criticism has not been devoid of solid fruits.

1. Slowly but surely principles of criticism have been attained. MSS. have been carefully accumulated and studied; their peculiarities noted; the conditions of their original production understood; their mutual relations recognised. In the text of one author after another, if certainty has not been reached, debatable questions have been reduced to a small

number; conjecture has been banished altogether, or given very narrow and definite functions.

2. Although in this process the conclusions of earlier scholars have constantly been set aside and their methods to some extent discredited, the work of genius and industry has always had subsidiary results of permanent value. Bentley is a good instance. His edition of *Horace* is entirely occupied with emendation of the text and greatly on grounds of conjecture. There is hardly one of his brilliant guesses which has established itself in the text of his author; we at best admire them, and pass them by. Yet his edition is the one from which the student of *Horace* will learn more than from any other; so great and fresh is his knowledge; so forcible his exposition; so clear his perception of difficulties even where his mode of dealing with them is one in which we cannot follow him. To take a later great English scholar, it was in dealing with the text of Euripides that Porson was led (and here is an argument, if one was needed, against expecting questions of criticism to be settled in a single generation) to lay down, for the first time, what now we look upon as elementary conditions of the metres of Greek tragedy.

Before I leave the question of text, I may say a word on one more point. As the range of ingenuity was narrowed in the direction of constructive criticism, a new field was found for it by a clever but less influential group of scholars, of whom Peerlkamp's is the name most generally known. They applied it to what we may call destructive criticism, striking out verses, passages, whole poems, of great authors as interpolations. Like its predecessor this method has now pretty well had its day, and has left behind much fewer direct results even than it; for it did not start from any equally real need, and it was less in contact with the facts of the case. But indirectly even to the school considerable gratitude is due. They have enforced attention, where it had been too sparingly given, to the purpose and connection of thought both in a whole work and in its parts; and they have sharpened our eyes to the varieties of style and degrees of excellence which are possible even in a classic.

II. I have used the history of scholarship as applied to the formation of classical *texts* for the purpose of showing (1) how slowly and after how many apparently false starts criticism has arrived at trustworthy conclusions; (2) that it *has* in the

end attained adequate results, and that even the crude theories and methods of its struggling life have not been without fruit.

In the *second* department, namely, that of the *explanation* of the text, the history has been rather different; but in that also it is easy to underrate both the work which has had to be done, and also the length of time which it has taken to reach even its present standpoint. With many authors there is still doubtless much to be done.

In this case, however, this special charge of the waste of time and energy on false methods lies more against sacred criticism than against classical. The exegesis of the New Testament (I hope some one more qualified than I am will speak of the Old Testament) has laboured under three grievous obstacles.

1. It has been used as an armoury to which contending parties resorted for weapons of controversy. Difficult questions have been too often complicated by foregone conclusions.

2. By the position given to the Vulgate one interpretation has been stereotyped, so far as a translation can stereotype it, for a large part of Christendom.

3. The method of appealing as to an oracle to isolated texts, and consequently of explaining difficult sayings by themselves and without sufficient reference to the context, the general tone of the book and circumstances of the author—a method at one time common to all literature (in Grotius' day a quotation, whether from St. Paul or Aristotle, or even from Euripides, was held to close a knotty question of International Law), has had in respect to the Bible a most unhappy vitality.

Think of the shelves full of commentaries—monuments in their way of piety, industry, even acuteness and learning, which are rendered in a great degree useless by one or other of these weaknesses. That is one measure of the real advance made in exegesis. Another is to take a passage on which commentators have been hopelessly at sea—say such a passage as Gal. iii. 20: "A mediator is not a mediator of one, but God is One." The number of interpretations is proverbial: one editor puts it as high as 430—another modestly as low as 250; but read the note in recent commentaries as different in standpoints as those of Lightfoot, Jowett, Wordsworth. Though they differ in conclusions it is clear that the conditions of the solution are recognised. Most of the 430 have vanished into

thin air. The absolute requirement that they should suit the context has scared them like ghosts. The possible alternatives lie within manageable compass. Take once more the apparent verbal contradiction between St. James and St. Paul on justification by "faith apart from works" or "of works and not of faith only." It caused Luther to call St. James's Epistle an epistle of straw. The two texts have been painfully reconciled, as though they were statements in the same plane of thought, by fine drawn distinctions between πίστει and ἐκ πίστεως, by arbitrary variations in the meaning of πίστις or δικαιοῦσθαι. But does not the whole difficulty and need of reconcilement melt away under the consideration, so recent in New Testament exegesis, of the purpose and circumstances of the two Apostles? It becomes inconceivable that the one is answering the other, or dealing in any way with the same question. The one is speaking of the faith of the Pharisee—of a barren orthodoxy—of the man who built his house on the sand of hearing instead of the rock of doing: the other is speaking of faith in its new and Christian sense—the principle of a spiritual life—the source and not the complement of good living.

III. The third department of criticism, that, namely, which deals with the date, authorship, and literary history of ancient works, is the one which has occupied most attention during the last fifty years, and which is most in our minds when we speak of the dangers and destructive tendencies of criticism. It is not *new* in modern times, either in application to classical literature or to sacred. The critics of Alexandria, for instance, started the Homeric Question in two of its most important details—the unity of authorship of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and the part played by Pisistratus in editing the poems for Attic readers. In the same way destructive theories in New Testament criticism can generally appeal to doubts expressed or adverse judgments passed by individual divines or churches in the centuries when the canon was in process of formation.

All such questions were forgotten in the sleep of the dark ages. The first scholars of the Renaissance had too much to do in painfully gathering and piecing together the fragments of ancient knowledge which were to be found floating on the waters which had submerged it, "Arma virum, tabulaeque, et Troia gaza per undas,"—to scrutinise very jealously any document which, on the face of it, was a precious relic of anti-

quity. The first instance in which the attention of the learned world was thoroughly called to the necessity of some sifting of supposed classics was in *Bentley's exposure of the Letters of Phalaris*, and incidentally of other sophistical fabrications, such as the letters of Euripides and Socrates. The two greatest impulses which have been given to this form of criticism date from Wolf's *Prolegomena* to Homer, which opened up the whole question of the nature and preservation of primitive literature—and the destructive analysis of the legendary Roman history, which, though it had been matter of debate among scholars for some time, was introduced into the general current of European thought at the beginning of this century by Niebuhr, and became the starting-point of the *historical criticism* which has affected so largely the point of view from which antiquity is now approached, whether sacred or profane.

With respect to classical literature the limits of this movement of criticism are pretty generally recognised. Particular questions are still unsettled—perhaps will always remain so. The "Homeric Question" itself is still a battleground. But no wide destruction has been dealt among the classics—Æschylus is still with us and Sophocles; and Euripides and Plato, though their letters are seen by every one to be a late forgery, and though the Rhesus and a very few of the dialogues which go by Plato's name are open to reasonable suspicion. Even in what still remains in dispute the tendency of the maturest scholarship is Conservative. The interpolation-theory in the Latin poets has been laughed away. More and more weight is given to the consideration of the difficulty of taking a club out of the hand of Hercules—of writing an ode which could be taken by any one to be the work of Horace, or even of putting a speech into the mouth of Nestor of which the key should not be manifestly un-Homeric.

In sacred literature we are not, perhaps, so nearly reaching calm water. That is not wonderful if we remember how short the time is that this kind of criticism has been in practice. There has been evidently the same tendency which we have seen in the earlier kinds to ride theories and methods to death. If we put together all that destructive critics have had to say against the documents which compose the New Testament we should seem to be listening to an imitation or a parody of the theory of the French Jesuit Hardouin, who held that all the

great classics were the forgeries of medieval monks. One would have liked to have known the monks who personated Virgil and Horace. And so common sense has on the whole felt tolerably secure that no criticism would efface the personality of St. Paul or St. John. It may be questioned whether the sacred interests which hang, or seem to hang, upon the settlement of critical questions where the writings of apostles and evangelists are concerned have not tended rather to make the criticism more rash and unmeasured than to moderate it. They have embittered the controversy. It has seemed too much like an assault and a defence. It has been more difficult to secure, or to feel certain that you have secured, judicial impartiality. And whatever tends to embitter will tend also to prolong the controversy. Free discussion may not be able even in the end finally to settle it, but at least it will greatly simplify its issues and make clear what is and what is not to be ascertained. To this end what is most to be desired is that those who appreciate the gravity of the questions at issue should be the calmest in discussion, the most open minded in investigation, and the most confident in the ultimate triumph of truth.

APPENDIX F

THE RELIGIOUS VALUE OF TENNYSON'S POETRY[1]

"Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God . . . for God is love."—1 JOHN iv. 7, 8.

I HEARD the question asked the other day whether there was any precedent for a service such as we are holding this afternoon. If a precedent were needed, we might find one in the thanksgiving services which are held, with such stirring of hearts, in old institutions in commemoration of "Founders and Benefactors." Is there anything for which we can more fitly thank God? The great chapter of Ecclesiasticus, which is read in such services, and which calls on us to "praise famous men," or rather to thank God who has "wrought so great glory by them," includes among the rulers, builders, leaders of counsel, also musicians and poets—"those who found out musical tunes and set forth verses in writing." A great poet who puts to good use his "faculty divine" is a "founder and benefactor" in the truest sense. He is a benefactor to his race, but especially to those who speak his tongue, whose thoughts at their best he puts into noble expression, whose spirits he touches to fine issues. And he is a founder. He helps to build a nation, to give it a common heritage of thought and feeling, to bind class to class, and age to age, to keep men true to their ideals.

If the centenary of Tennyson was to be celebrated anywhere, what place could be fitter than this mother church of the county and diocese with which he was so closely connected, by blood and birth and marriage, by the memories of early years which never ceased to colour his poetry—memories of the speech which he heard as a boy, of the sights and sounds that stirred

[1] A Sermon preached in Lincoln Cathedral on September 22, 1909.

his fancy—the brooks and bowery lanes of the Wold, the "wide-winged sunsets on the misty marsh," the "hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts" over the sands of Mablethorpe?

We could not thank God for all kinds of poetry. Like His other gifts, the beautiful and sacred gift of song can be squandered, as we know well, can be abused to saddest ends. But when it is used to soften and lift and fortify men's hearts, to make virtue attractive, to keep the gates ajar through which there come glimpses and echoes of a world above the world of sense, then it is religion's best handmaid, as it is a nation's fairest inheritance.

In what I shall say of Tennyson I shall take for granted his literary greatness. He has taken, I believe, a place, from which he will not be dislodged, among the chief poets of our language. What I am concerned with in this place is the character of his poetry which made it one of the influences of the great Victorian age for which we do well to offer hearty thanks to Almighty God. We may hear sometimes voices of disparagement; but they do not come from the best critics; and you will often find that the grounds on which it is desired to belittle the poet (and he is not the only great writer of that age who is so belittled) are the very characteristics which attract to him our love and gratitude. I will put the claims of his poetry in this respect under three heads:—

1. Its high and wholesome purpose. There is nothing in it to weaken, nothing to throw a glamour over vice, nothing to suggest evil. As he said of his great predecessor, Wordsworth, the laurel passes to his successors

> "Greener from the brows
> Of him that utter'd nothing base."

Of the view which Tennyson took of poetry when he devoted his life to it, setting aside all other ambitions and distractions, there is evidence both in the record of his friends and in his own writings. Among the letters preserved is one from a college friend, known here in after days as Dean Blakesley, who wrote to him: "A volume of poetry written in a proper spirit would be at the present juncture the greatest benefit the world could receive." There is a story of another college friend, himself a poet, Archbishop Trench, who "soon after he was ordained" paid a visit (so we read) to Tennyson, and in the

course of their talk spoke of "the new heresy which substituted Art for Faith, and Beauty for Sanctity." Tennyson listened without answering, but the words met a striking response, for when his guest was gone he took up his pen, and the single thought became a poem—the "Palace of Art" he called it—in which he painted what the life of "Art for Art's sake" (as the phrase went, and goes still) would be—the weariness, the self-loathing, that would fall on it—its severance from human sympathy, its "exile from the Eternal God,"

> "Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,
> Struck thro' with pangs of hell."

There is in the Biography a letter of Arthur Hallam's which shows how seriously the danger to a poet of thinking too much of Art and too little of the high ends of Art lay on Tennyson's conscience. Hallam writes: "You say pathetically, Alas for me! I have more of the beautiful than of the good. Remember, to your comfort, that God has given to you to *see the difference;* many a poet has gone on blindly in his artist-pride." "Art," Tennyson used to say, "not for Art's sake, but for the sake of truth, of beauty, of good." He rejoiced in the saying of a great Frenchman that "no nation had treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English." It is the principle on which he chose his subjects, and which inspired their treatment. "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report"—these are the things that live in his poetry. Chivalry in its purest, gentlest, highest sense, heroic patriotism, self-control, the "path of duty," home love, reverence, the faith of a little child—these are the things to which his heart goes out.

2. The second feature in his poetry, of which I would say a word, is the reverence and sympathy of his tone when he touches, as he so often does, on the practices and sentiments of religion—the strength and tenderness and delicacy with which he treats the great central relations and affections of human life. Take, as instances of the first, the picture drawn with a tender hand in the "Two Voices" of the congregation gathering to the village church:

> "The sweet church bells began to peal
> On to God's house the people prest,
> Passing the place where each must rest,
> Each enter'd like a welcome guest."

Or that of the old man ministering to the dying girl in the "May Queen" which Carlyle called "so tender and true":

> "O blessings on his kindly heart, and on his silver head!
> A thousand times I blest him as he knelt beside my bed.
> He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin."

Or, again, the familiar lines on prayer:

> "More things are wrought by Prayer
> Than this world dreams of."

Or, once more, the description of prayer as communion with the Father of Spirits:

> "Speak to him, thou, for He hears; and Spirit with Spirit can meet,
> Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

"One of the secrets of his power over mankind," writes his biographer, "was his true joy in the family duties and affections." Take, as an instance of this second characteristic, his picture (a picture from life) of a mother and her influence:

> "One
> Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
> Not perfect—nay, but full of tender wants,
> No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel instincts, breathing Paradise. . . .
> Happy he
> With such a mother! Faith in womankind
> Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
> Comes easy to him."

Take, again, his treatment of the passion of love. No poet has given more poignant utterance to its delight, as in the exquisite lyrics of "Maud":

> "O let the solid ground
> Not fail beneath my feet
> Before my life has found
> What some have found so sweet."

And again:

> "I have led her home, my love, my only friend.
> There is none like her, none."

But no one has guarded it more sacredly. No one has put more prominently its ideal side, its power to educate and inspire. Love he sees as the great effacement of selfishness:

> "Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all its chords with might;
> Smote the chord of Self, that trembling pass'd in music out of sight."

Of *wedded* love his words of himself were : " The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her." His picture of what it may be as towards others, as the power of a double life of noble service, is given in the Prince's words at the end of " The Princess " :

> " My bride,
> My wife, my life. O we will walk this world
> Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
> And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
> That no man knows."

If you would measure the moral danger of the reaction from the standards of the last century which in some quarters is running just now so strongly, compare the high and severe and manly tone of the poem which Tennyson calls " Love and Duty " with the treatment in the novels of to-day of what are called " problems," temptations, that is, in plain English, to sacrifice duty to passion.

3. Tennyson's poetry, then, has been a potent witness for purity, for manhood, for home affection, for moral purpose, for religious use and wont. But it has had in this past century a further function of inestimable value towards the spiritual life of the nation. It has been a century of movement. It has brought a vast expansion of physical knowledge, a new attitude of mind towards Nature and her processes. Tennyson followed with eager interest each step in the great development. He followed it with a poet's quick imagination—picturing, feeling, seeing the wonder and beauty, realising the vast distances, the limitless prospect opened—feeling also the void which that development left in the deeper cravings and assurances of the moral nature of man. All this was quickened and brought home to him by the sudden death, in the midst of the highest promise of goodness and greatness to be, of his heart's brother, Arthur Hallam. That calamity is the key to much of his poetry. The poem of which we are told that it represents the first amazement of his loss is the " Two Voices," the picture of a soul debating the tremendous question whether life is worth having :

> " Thou art so full of misery,
> Were it not better not to be ? "

Even there the voice of submission and of hope prevails. Then comes " Ulysses," the poem which drew the admiration of two

such different men as Carlyle and Peel, the poem in which, in the person of that hero of many trials and many disappointments, he represents himself as summoning his courage and will to face once more the struggle of life :

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

The new task to which in these words he set himself is to be read chiefly in "In Memoriam." He turned his own distress and perplexity to the comfort and strengthening of other suffering and bewildered wayfarers. It is not a poem written at once as a whole, and setting forth a clear and deliberately adopted body of teaching. It runs over some seventeen years of his life, and gives the picture of a soul struggling to the light, determined (in his own words) not to "make his judgment blind." The great battle seems, as we read, to sway to and fro. Old doubts rise again in new forms. The insignificance of man and his concerns in face of the infinite prospects and potencies which Science was revealing; the seeming ruthlessness of Nature, "red in tooth and claw with ravine," her seeming indifference to human suffering, her injustice—the inexplicable sight of what the human spirit does not doubt to be evil, side by side with what equally it cannot doubt to be Infinite Power and Perfect Goodness—these are the problems with which his spirit strives; and all these, as I said, emphasised and brought home to him by the personal calamity and the questions it raised—the questions brought home so often to the heart of humanity: "What does it mean? Why this breaking off in its bloom of a noble life that the world cannot spare? Is he alive still? Where is he? Shall I see him again?" The victory is gained before the poem closes, and the victory has been gained by faith. It is his constant conviction that (in his own words) "nothing worthy proving can be proven"—can be proven, that is, by logic alone. This does not mean that he shuts his eyes to the conclusions of Reason. He recognises that there are contradictions past our reconcilement. But he will not on that ground surrender that to which his inmost being witnesses, that without which all life would be as meaningless as joyless, as "futile as frail." Almost in Newman's words, he says that to him there are two self-luminous existences—self and God—self that is conscious of itself, that wills, that suffers, above all, that loves; and God, God found not by

argument either from Nature or from logic—in which Reason will always find flaws—but by the unanswerable proof of consciousness:

> "I found Him not in world, or sun,
> Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
> Nor thro' the questions men may try,
> The petty cobwebs we have spun.
>
> If e'er, when faith had fall'n asleep
> I heard a voice, 'believe no more'
> And heard an ever-breaking shore
> That tumbled in the Godless deep;
>
> A warmth within the breast would melt
> The freezing reason's colder part,
> And, like a man in wrath, the heart
> Stood up and answer'd, "I have felt."
>
> No! like a child in doubt and fear:
> But that blind clamour

(that is, the voice calling "believe no more!" which brought him to himself)

> made me wise;
> Then was I as a child that cries,
> But, crying, knows his father near"—

God—and he puts with that, as a necessary part of the same truth, God as the perfection of what is best, most personal, in man—God as Love.

That is what in a sense explains everything to him. It assures him of that without which life loses meaning to him, the survival of self through the shock of bodily death. It is the ultimate consolation in his great sorrow: "That friend of mine who lives in God." It is what makes credible to him Revelation, makes it credible that the

> "Word had breath, and wrought
> With human hands the creed of creeds
> In loveliness of perfect deeds."

It was to him the heart and soul of all religion. We chose the Lesson for this service from which I took my text, "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God," because we read in the Biography that it was a passage which he asked to have read to him in illness when he was nearing the end. If we wish to know how he applied the truth, and desired to pass it on to others, we may recall a touching extract which is given from a

letter written by him in his old age to a working man who had asked his advice and who had complained of loneliness :

"I write in compliance with your request, though I fear that I can say little to comfort you. Believe me, however, that I am grieved for your loneliness and your sorrow. Let me hope that you, having, I think, found the God of Love, will feel day by day less lonely among your fellow-men, for loving God, you cannot but grow in love towards them, and so forget yourself in them, since love begets love."

INDEX

"A. C. D.," 106, 112, 116
Abbott, Dr. E. A., 73
Acland, Sir T. C. D., 131
Æschylus, 17, 43, 57, 60, 89, 103, 104, 122, 159, 173, 224
Albert (Prince Consort), 81, 107, 205, 206
Aristotle, 27
Arnold, Dr., 25, 26, 48, 78, 81, 93
Atlay, J. B., 87, 92, 108
Austen, Jane, 181

Benson, A. C., 81
Benson, Dr. (Archbishop of Canterbury), 65, 80–85, 94, 97, 110, 111, 119, 170 (206)
Bentley, R., 165, 221, 224
Blakesley, Dean, 132
Bond, Archdeacon (Precentor of Lincoln), 136, 159
Booth, C., 77
Bramston, Rev. J. T., 53, 54, 65
Bright, Dr. W., 133
Brook, Dr. W. H., 181
Brook Green. (*See* Eagle House)
Burge, Dr. (Bishop of Southwark), 11, 98, 110, 179
Butler, Bishop, 108
Butler, Dean, 120, 123, 124, 145
Butler, Dr. H. M. (Master of Trinity), 3, 5–9

Cambridge, Duke of, 91
Canterbury, Archbishop. (*See* Benson, Davidson, Tait, Temple)
Canterbury, King's School, 2
Carlisle, Rev. H. H., 143
Carr, Rev. A., 84, 106, 152, 171, 188
Caulfield, E., 173
Cavendish, Lord F., 183
Chambers, F. H., 139
Church, Dean, 74, 111
Cicero, 6, 17, 41, 104
Clifford, Dr., 130
Cobham, Viscount, 132
Conington, J., 56, 142
Copleston, Dr. R. S. (Bishop of Calcutta), 184
Copleston, Rev. J. H., 45
Crowfoot, Chancellor, 174, 193
Cruquius, 162

Dante, 60, 186, 216
Davenport, Rev. E., 81–83, 86, 88, 111
Davidson, Dr. (Archbishop of Canterbury), 189, 190
Derby, Earl of, 205
Drew, Rev. H., 185, 186
Du Buisson, Canon, 185

Eagle House, 1–9, 32, 69, 151, 176
Eton College (*see also* Lyttelton, E.), 2
Euripides, 6, 17, 221, 224

Fearon, Archdeacon, 11, 12 *sqq.*, 40, 42, 44, 45, 52, 55, 57, 127, 128, 191
Festiniog, 53
Forster, W. S., 53
Foster, Wm. E., 166–170
Fox-Strangways, A. H., 84, 102–104, 113–116

George, Rev. H. B., 66–69
Gladstone (H.), Lord, 184
Gladstone, Miss H., 188
Gladstone, Mrs. (Letters to), 100, 118, 182
Gladstone, Rev. S., 185
Gladstone, W. E., 75, 96, 107, 123, 125, 169, 182, 184, 185

Goldwin Smith. (*See* Smith)
Goodchild, Rev. W., 54, 58, 61
Gore, Dr. (Bishop of Oxford), 128
Grubb, Rev. E. W., 34

Haileybury College, 2
Hallam, A. H., 228
Halliday, Colonel, 35
Hardouin, 224
Harrison, Rev. J. B., 53
Harrow School, 2
Hawarden, 184–186
Hebrews, Epistle to, 74, 75, 108, 159, 160, 172–174, 181, 217
Herodotus, 41
Hicks, Dr. (Bishop of Lincoln), 136, 149, 152–155, 157
Homer, 17, 103, 104, 224
Hooker, 108
Horace, 6, 17, 41, 43, 58, 59, 60, 75 89, 103, 105, 157–170, 181, 221, 224, 225
Hudson, Canon, 166
Hugh, St., 147

Italy, 178–181

Jacob, Dr. (Bishop of St. Albans), 55, 58, 61, 131
Jeudwine, Canon, 135
Juvenal, 17, 41

King, Dr. (Bishop of Lincoln), 121, 123–126, 146, 148, 150, 152

Lachmann, 165
Lanzo d'Intelvi, 180
Leeke, Sub-dean, 155
Lewis, Sir G. C., 219
Liddon, Dr., 73
Lidgett, Dr. Scott, 131
Lightfoot, Dr. (Bishop of Durham), 222
Lincoln, 35, 61, 79, 116, 120–156, 188, 191–193
Lincoln, Bishop. (*See* Hicks, King)
Lincoln Cathedral Fabric, 155–156
Livy, 5, 17
Lock, Dr. (Warden of Keble), 73–75
Longinus, 17
Lowe, Canon, 133
Lucretius, 43, 161
Lugano, 180
Lyttelton, Lord, 195
Lyttelton, Rev. the Hon. E. (Head master of Eton), 111

"M. E. S.," 128
Maentwrog, 53
Magee, Dr. (Archbishop of York), 73
Malvern School, 2
Margesson, Rev. W. A., 208
Marlborough College, 109
Medstead, 35
Minton, R. C., 137, 141–144
Mitchell-Innes, E. A., 87, 105, 106
M'Kenna, R., 129, 131
Moberly, Dr. G., 13, 14, 38, 39, 45 48, 108, 172
Moberly, Dr. R. C., 53
Molière, 108
Morshead, Mrs. F., 176, 177
Müller, Prof. Max, 56
Munro, H. A. J., 162, 165, 216

New College, 2, 11, 12, 28, 30–37, 40, 41, 45, 49, 50–79, 80, 85, 87, 108, 110, 117, 127, 145, 151, 153, 159
Newman, Dr. J. H., 148, 216
Niebuhr, 224

Ottley, R. R., 104
Oxford (*see also* New College), 66–79, 80, 122

Palmer, Dr. Edwin, 60, 66, 71, 153
Pearson, Bishop, 108
Penny, Rev. C. W., 207
Penygwryd, 160
Pindar, 39
Plato, 224
Plüss, H. T., 163, 164
Pollock, Dr. (Bishop of Norwich), 98, 99
Pope, 8
Porson, 221
Prickard, A. O., 39, 54, 56, 157–165, 178
Prince Consort. (*See* Albert)
Purnell, E. K., 99, 117
Pusey, Dr., 73

Railton, J., 1
Ramsay, Prof. G. G., 158

Riddell, C., 153
Ridding, Dr. (Bishop of Southwell), 11, 69
Robinson, A., 67, 158

St. Albans, Bishop of. (*See* Jacob)
Sandford, Archdeacon, 133
Sellar, Prof., 160, 161, 163, 164
Sewell, Dr. (Warden of New College), 67
Shakespeare, 58
Sicily, 179
Sierre, 149, 187–192, 193
Smith, Goldwin, 56, 68, 74
Smith, Henry, 56
Sophocles, 17, 43, 224
Southey, 8
Spooner, Dr. (Warden of New College), 57
Stanley, Dean, 68
Stocks, Archdeacon, 132–134
Switzerland, 176, 177, 178, 186–192

Tait, Dr. (Archbishop of Canterbury), 91
Talbot, Mrs. E., 63, 182
Temple, Dr. (Archbishop of Canterbury,) 81, 82
Tennyson, 35, 48, 58, 105, 148, 193, 204, 226–233
Theocritus, 41
Thresher, Rev. J. H., 33, 34, 41, 42
Thucydides, 41, 105

Venables, Rev. H. A., 178
Venice, 178
Victoria, Queen, 207
Villari, Senator, 179
Virgil, 6, 17 (23), 41, 43 (46), 58, 60, 91, 93, 104, 161, 225

Warre, Dr. E. (Provost of Eton), 3, 7
Warren, Dr. (Pres. Magdalen), 35, 59
Wellington, Arthur, Duke of, 96, 204, 209
Wellington College, 2, 11, 63, 65, 66, 80–119, 120, 121, 123, 127, 145, 147, 151, 153, 171, 178, 181
White, Gilbert, 9
Wickham, Rev. E. (Senior), 2, 6, 8, 11, 19–28, 176, 177
Wickham, Rev. E. S. G., 187
Wickham, W. H., 100
Winchester College, 2, 10–29, 32, 33, 38–49, 50, 52, 53, 55, 68, 69, 70, 79, 80, 151, 172, 176
Wolf, 224
Wordsworth, Dr. J. (Bishop of Salisbury), 55, 178
Wordsworth, Dr. (Bishop of Lincoln), 222
Wordsworth (Poet), 8, 105, 227

Xenophon, 6, 93

Zermatt, 187

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
Edinburgh & London

Telegrams :
" Scholarly, London."
Telephone :
No. 1833 Mayfair.

41 and 43 Maddox Street,
Bond Street, London, W.
September, 1911.

Mr. Edward Arnold's LIST OF NEW BOOKS, Autumn, 1911.

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT MORIER, G.C.B.,

FROM 1826-1876.

Edited by His Daughter, Mrs. ROSSLYN WEMYSS

In Two Volumes. With Portraits. Demy 8vo. **32s. net.**

These two volumes of the Memoirs and Letters of a very eminent diplomatist are of intense value, not only from a literary, but also from an historical point of view, containing as they do a most graphic and lucid description of the various events that went to make up the history of Germany from 1853 to 1876. The matters that led to the War of Schleswig-Holstein are dealt with in a vivid and interesting fashion, and with a clarity which will enable the reader to understand many points that have hitherto seemed obscure. The story of the struggle for supremacy in Germany, and for German Unity, and of the Franco-German War, is set forth impartially and without prejudice by one who witnessed critical events from the inside.

Subjects of the most vital interest—as, for instance, the war scare of 1875, the spread of European Liberalism, etc.—are dealt with by

Sir Robert Morier in his correspondence in a style which must appeal to anyone at all interested in the European history of the past century. The distinguished diplomatist's views upon the Foreign Office, the Emperor William I., and Bismarck, are given in a series of letters to various correspondents all over the world, among whom we may mention Jowett, Sir Louis Mallet, Lady Derby, and the Emperor Frederick. The friends and acquaintances of Sir Robert Morier's youth—Froude, Tennyson, and other eminent contemporaries—are portrayed with a skilful pen.

NUTS AND CHESTNUTS.

By the Hon. L. A. TOLLEMACHE,

AUTHOR OF "OLD AND ODD MEMORIES."

One Volume. Crown 8vo. **2s. 6d. net.**

A MEMOIR OF EDWARD CHARLES WICKHAM,

DEAN OF LINCOLN, AND FORMERLY HEAD-MASTER OF WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

By Canon LONSDALE RAGG,

RECTOR OF TICKENCOTE.

AUTHOR OF "DANTE AND HIS ITALY," "THE BOOK OF BOOKS," ETC.

With Illustrations. One Volume. **7s. 6d. net.**

The interest of a life is not necessarily proportioned to its share of dramatic incident and adventure. Edward Charles Wickham was essentially a scholar and a student rather than a man of action: his life was almost exclusively academic—at Winchester, at New College, at Wellington College, and finally in the Deanery at Lincoln. But it was far from being in any sense a stagnant one. Wherever he went he bore with him the inspiration of a born reformer, combined with an enlightened reverence for the past like that which made his illustrious father-in-law, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, a thoroughgoing Conservative in certain departments. In accordance with what would certainly have been the Dean's own wish, the Memoir has been kept within strictly modest limits, and a sparing use has been made of letters; but the record is enriched by reminiscences contributed by not a few of Wickham's former associates, colleagues, and pupils. Mr. A. O. Prickard supplies an appreciation of Wickham's contribution to Scholarship, and Dr. Lock an appreciation of his University Preaching. Dr. Wickham's singular gifts as a preacher are too well known to call for mention. Specimens of a few of his most notable sermons are given in an Appendix.

HANDLEY CROSS;

OR,

MR. JORROCKS'S HUNT.

Illustrated by CECIL ALDIN.

In Two Volumes, with 24 Coloured Plates and about 100 Black-and-White Illustrations in the Text. The Ordinary Edition will be Royal 8vo., handsomely bound. **21s. net.**

Also a limited Edition de Luxe of 250 copies only for the British Empire, each Copy Numbered and Signed by the Artist. **£3 3s. net.**

This is a complete edition of Surtees' glorious work, illustrated by the one artist of the day who is pre-eminently fitted to do justice to it. The tale of the immortal Jorrocks and his Hunt is to-day the most popular classic work on fox-hunting, and Mr. Cecil Aldin is unquestionably the most popular sporting artist. He has entered heart and soul into the spirit of the work, and the excellence of his pictures proves that they were inspired by enthusiasm for his subject. The period is one that Mr. Aldin has made peculiarly his own, and while preserving the traditional representation of the characters, he has been able to give full play to his powers of depicting old-fashioned country scenes both indoors and in the open, especially, of course, those in the hunting-field. His strikingly original style brings out the full flavour of the famous book.

THE HORSE:

Its Origin and Development, combined with Stable Practice.

By Colonel R. F. MEYSEY-THOMPSON,

AUTHOR OF "A HUNTING CATECHISM," "REMINISCENCES OF CAMP, COURSE, AND CHASE," ETC.

With Illustrations. One Volume. Demy 8vo. **15s. net.**

This work covers a large field of remarkable interest to all lovers of the horse. It is full of valuable matter, combined with sound advice. The volume commences with the horse in its earliest shape, and traces briefly its development down to the present time. Each breed has a special chapter devoted to it which has been submitted to the best known authorities in each department; and, amongst others, it may be mentioned that Lady Anne Blunt has kindly

criticized the chapter upon Arabian Horses, while Mr. Hermon Biddell has done the same for Suffolk Punches, Mr. Walter Winans that on American Trotting Horses, and Mr. Alfred Withers has overlooked the account of Carriage Horses; in this way it is hoped the work may be regarded as authoritative on these subjects. The latter half of the book deals with Stable Practice, Simple Ailments and how to treat them, Breeding, Riding, Driving, Race-Riding, and Training Horses for the race-course and for hunting. Colonel Meysey-Thompson has had a lifetime's experience in all these subjects, and is admirably qualified to deal with them.

THE PACIFICATION OF BURMA.

By Sir CHARLES CROSTHWAITE, K.C.S.I.,

CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF BURMA, 1887-1890; MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF INDIA, ETC.

With Maps and Illustrations. One Volume. Demy 8vo. **16s. net.**

Sir Charles Crosthwaite succeeded the late Sir Charles Bernard as Chief Commissioner of Burma when that officer was compelled by sickness to leave the Province in March, 1887. From that date until December, 1890, he administered Burma, and he had every opportunity, therefore, of knowing what was done. The measures by which, in four years and in a country which has been described by a soldier as "one vast military obstacle," order and law were established, are narrated. After the military measures, without which no attempt at a Civil Government would have been possible, the constitution of the Indian military police and the establishment on a legal basis of the indigenous village system were the chief means of restoring peace. These measures are explained, and the way in which order was gradually evolved out of confusion is told. Separate chapters deal with the Shan States, with the wild Chins on the West between Burma and Bengal, with the Kachins about Mogaung on the North, and the Red Karrus on the South-East.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE CONGO.

By MARGUERITE ROBY.

With Numerous Illustrations and a Map. One Volume. Demy 8vo.

12s. 6d. net.

This is a book that casts an entirely new light on the vexed question of Belgian rule in the Congo. The authoress travelled

alone with black porters for hundreds of miles through the very districts in the Congo where the alleged Belgian atrocities have been taking place, and the results of her observations, as here set forth, put a somewhat startling complexion upon some views of the situation that have been commonly accepted hitherto.

Although the conclusions drawn by Mrs. Roby from her travels in Central Africa are such as to set all truly patriotic Britons thinking, this book is no mere political tract. On the contrary, it is a stirring human document, in which humour, pathos, adventure, and indomitable pluck stand out from every page.

The devotion of "Thomas," the authoress's black boy, who stood by her when everyone else had deserted her, and to whom on more than one occasion she owed her life; her desperate straits amongst mutinous porters who sought to kill her; her days and nights of raging fever, alone and delirious in the Bush; her big-game exploits; her experiences with savages who had never before clapped eyes on a white woman; these and innumerable other incidents combine to make this one of the most remarkable books ever penned by traveller.

The emotions of a lifetime are crowded into this record of a six-months' trek through Darkest Africa.

A feature that makes the book still more fascinating is the series of splendid photographs taken by the authoress and her black boy during their hazardous journey.

THE WILDS OF PATAGONIA.

A Narrative of the Swedish Expedition to Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego, and the Falkland Islands in 1907–1909.

By CARL SKOTTSBERG, D.Sc., etc.

With Illustrations and Maps. One Volume. Demy 8vo. **15s. net.**

Three years after his return from the great Swedish Antarctic expedition in which he played so prominent a part, Dr. Carl Skottsberg, the distinguished naturalist and botanist, set forth once more, with two eminent fellow-scientists, Dr. Quensel and Dr. Halle, to explore the territories of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, of which so little is known to the outside world. This "Swedish Magellanic Expedition," as it was called, not only resulted in many valuable biological, botanical, and geological discoveries, but was also the means of

supplying Dr. Skottsberg with the material upon which he has founded his book, "The Wilds of Patagonia." Full of interest and excitement are the graphic accounts which the author gives in this volume of the various expeditions made by him in the Falkland Islands, of the hardships he endured in the unknown interior of Tierra del Fuego, of his constant exposure to wind and weather in the heart of Chile, of his visit to Robinson Crusoe's romantic island, and his journeys across the Andes and through the Cordilleras. Dr. Skottsberg writes with humour as well as charm, and while the descriptions of his various adventures and misadventures are amusing as well as thrilling, his pen-pictures of South American scenery are striking and vivid. This book should appeal especially to the naturalist and the traveller, but cannot fail to prove a source of pleasure and interest to the general reader. Its attractive character is further enhanced by a number of illustrations from photographs taken by the author in the course of his travels.

BRITISH AND GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

Their Economic and Commercial Relations.

By Dr. H. BRODE,

Author of "Tippoo Tib."

With a Map. One Volume. Demy 8vo. **7s. 6d. net.**

In this book Dr. Brode graphically describes the growth and development of British and German territories in East Africa, gives most interesting details as to the trade of the country, the shipping and railway services, etc., and discusses the question of native taxation and the position of native labour. He deals at length with the agricultural position of East Africa, its natural products and resources, the education of its aboriginal inhabitants, and many other matters of paramount importance. The comparison which Dr. Brode draws between the administration and commercial methods and arrangements of Germany and Great Britain respectively is of the greatest possible interest to British readers, and the tables of statistics with which he supplements his arguments must prove of enormous value to all who seek for information on the subject of East Africa.

THE KING'S CARAVAN.

Across Australia in a Waggon.

By E. J. BRADY.

With Illustrations and Map. One Volume. Demy 8vo. **12s. 6d. net.**

After attaining eminence in the musical and cricket worlds, Australia seems to be rapidly coming to the front in literature. The *Sydney Bulletin* has for some time been the centre of a group of young Australian-born writers who bid fair to do their country great service by revealing its charms to the world at large through the medium of both poetry and prose. One of the strongest among them is Mr. Brady, whose volume announced above is the outcome of an adventurous driving tour he made a few years ago. Starting from Sydney in a light waggon, he made his way gradually to Townsville in the north of Queensland. The route he took—parallel with the coast, but for the most part some way inland—enabled him to visit all the places of importance on the way, and to study the conditions of life under great variations of climate. The result of his observations, given with much dry humour and interspersed with interesting yarns, will be a revelation to English readers, and probably very largely so to Australians. The trip was not without its dangers, for the veneer of civilization is in parts still somewhat thin, while there were also tornados, snakes, alligators, and the peculiarly Australian terror of getting lost.

FROM PILLAR TO POST.

By Lieut.-Colonel H. C. LOWTHER, D.S.O., M.V.O.,
SCOTS GUARDS.

With Illustrations. One Volume. Demy 8vo. **15s. net.**

Colonel Lowther is already well known as a soldier and a diplomatist. He has held a commission in the Scots Guards for over twenty years, has served with distinction in the last South African War, and has held an important appointment in the Intelligence Department of the War Office. In 1905 he accompanied the Diplomatic Mission to Fez, and for the next four years filled the responsible position of Military Attaché at Paris, Madrid, and Lisbon. Colonel Lowther, who is a brother of the present Speaker of the House of Commons, has recently been appointed Military Secretary to H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, who is shortly to take up his duties as Governor-General of Canada. In his volume of personal reminiscences, "From Pillar to Post," Colonel Lowther

shows himself not only as a soldier and a diplomat, but also as an explorer, a world-wide traveller, and a sportsman, possessing great powers of observation, a facile and gifted pen, and a keen sense of humour. In a light and breezy style he describes his travels all over the world—from Crete to Morocco, from Ceylon to East Africa. He narrates his experiences of cattle-ranching in America and of lion-hunting in Somaliland, and gives a most interesting account of his adventures in times of peace and war, on active service in South Africa, and on manœuvres at home. The volume is illustrated throughout by original photographs taken by the author.

MY LIFE STORY.

By EMILY, SHAREEFA OF WAZAN.

With Illustrations. One Volume. Demy 8vo. **12s. 6d. net.**

Some forty years ago there was a considerable stir in European circles in Morocco, and in London as well, when the news was published that a young Englishwoman was about to marry the Grand Shareef of Wazan, who is the Ecclesiastical Head of Morocco. There was a violent discussion in the London Press, many people going so far as to protest against the intended marriage. Now, in 1911, the Grand Shareef is no more, but his widow is still living in Morocco, and, at the request of their many friends in Europe and America, has set down the story of her life. It may be safely said that her experiences have not been paralleled by any European woman, and that she has been brought face to face with the intimate seclusion of the Moorish woman's life, even while maintaining her original faith. The story of her life has been edited by Mr. S. L. Bensusan, and Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham has written a preface. The book is dedicated by permission to Princess Henry of Battenberg, and will contain many original illustrations.

PERU OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By PERCY F. MARTIN,

Author of "Mexico of the Twentieth Century," etc.

With 32 pages of Illustrations and a Map. One Volume. Demy 8vo. **15s. net.**

Of all the South American Republics, perhaps Peru ranks as the most interesting, not only on account of its romantic history and the

extremely picturesque nature of its people, but because its future is, by general consent of those travellers who have sufficiently studied the subject, one of the most brilliant and likely to prove one of the most permanent.

Of the many volumes upon Peru which have been issued from time to time, the economic student has sought in vain for a complete account of the Republic's commercial and industrial conditions, and thus a new work from the pen of an acknowledged authority upon this part of South America will be especially welcome.

Herein will be found a careful, well-considered, and painstaking account of the Republic's present condition and future prospects. The writer has studied the country very closely and very carefully; and it was generally admitted in Peru at the time of his visit last year that he actually travelled more extensively throughout the State, and looked more deeply and critically into its economic resources, than any author who had latterly visited it.

The result is a volume literally crammed with valuable first-hand information about the leading industries. The many different railways are described fully. The copper, gold, and other mines are carefully dealt with. The sugar, guano, rubber, oil, and cotton industries are faithfully depicted and frequently illustrated, and new mercantile prospects of every description are foreshadowed.

SALVADOR OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By PERCY F. MARTIN,

AUTHOR OF "MEXICO OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY," ETC.

With 32 *pages of Illustrations and a Map. One Volume. Demy* 8*vo.*

15s. net.

Of late months the smaller Latin-American States—those forming what is known geographically as "Central America"— have attracted a great amount of attention, principally owing to the attempt made by the United States to force an alliance, commercial and financial, with them. Hitherto not a single book has been written regarding the most important, because most settled and most progressive, of these States—Salvador—and the present volume will therefore meet with more than ordinary attention. This work is from the pen of Mr. Percy F. Martin, F.R.G.S., the author of several well-known publications, most of which (at least those devoted to Argentina and Mexico) have received the *cachet* of "standard works" upon their particular subjects. Mr. Martin has probably seen more

of Latin-America than any living writer; and he has made this particular portion of the world his careful and special study. "Salvador of the Twentieth Century" will afford a complete description of the Republic; will show its gradual emancipation from the thraldom of the Spanish yoke; its early struggles against annexation by more powerful neighbours; its commercial accomplishments and possibilities—in fact, it will afford a thorough insight into a little-known but extremely interesting land with vast potentialities.

Mr. Martin, who travelled extensively throughout the Republic, and was accorded every facility by the Government for making his enquiries and investigations untrammelled by official interference, has shown us in these pages an unexpectedly impressive and attractive picture of Central American life and progress, which, being assisted by a number of capital illustrations, should prove a welcome addition to Latin-American literature.

ROUGHING IT IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

By Mrs. M. A. HANDLEY.

With Numerous Illustrations. One Volume. Demy 8vo.
12s. 6d. net.

"Roughing it in Southern India" is just what its name implies—a book of travel, but with such a refreshingly picknicky air about it as lifts it quite out of the common rut of such books. The work is an account of the writer's journeyings with her husband through the wilder forest tracts of Coimbatore, the Wynâd, and Malabar—vast districts, each of them—in the course of his duties as an officer of the Madras Woods and Forests Department; it relates a story of adventure and novel experience in pursuance of work and *shikar* with all the incidental predicaments and obstacles. It describes encounters, sought and unsought, with wild animals; dealings with quaint jungle-people; excitements of travel along bad roads and no roads; difficulties in great variety, all of which had to be got through and over somehow. The manner in which these difficulties are portrayed gives a vivid human interest to every page, the whole being sketched in with an enviable lightness of touch, and clearly shows that *nerve* without *nerves* is indispensable to make such a day-after-day life as is here depicted possible, to say nothing of enjoyable. To a person hampered with nerves it could be no better than a series of nightmares.

The book gives one a pleasant feeling that the day has gone by when Englishmen in India thought it fine to speak slightingly of, and even to, natives as "niggers"—a manner of speech as ignorant as it is insulting.

THE LIFE OF A TIGER.

By S. EARDLEY-WILMOT,

Author of "Forest Life and Sport in India."

With nearly 150 *Original Illustrations. One Volume. Medium* 8*vo.*

7s. 6d. net.

In his popular work, "Forest Life and Sport in India," published last autumn, Mr. Eardley-Wilmot devoted a chapter to the habits of tigers. This, however, by no means exhausted his material, but it aroused much interest in an enthralling subject and paved the way for the present volume. The author has cast his work in the form of a life-history of an individual tiger from birth until, owing to the inroads of civilization into his ancient preserves, he becomes a man-eater and is finally shot. It would be difficult to over-emphasise the fascination of this tale, which not only records the *vie intime* of the tiger family, but introduces the whole life of the jungle in a series of vivid and kaleidoscopic pictures. The attractions of the book are enhanced by about 150 thumb-nail sketches by the author's daughter, as well as by reproductions of some of Mrs. Eardley-Wilmot's charming and artistic photographs.

THE SPORT OF SHOOTING.

By OWEN JONES,

Author of "Ten Years of Game-Keeping," etc.

With Illustrations. One Volume. Demy 8*vo.* **10s. 6d. net.**

This is an informative volume of absorbing interest and utility to the ever-increasing army of shooting-men, and to those many others who cherish an innate hankering after shot-gun sport. While the seasoned sportsman cannot fail to glean many a useful idea, the chief object of the book is to cater sympathetically (at the same time avoiding technical phraseology) for the beginner, whether he be an eager youngster or one whose opportunities have come with riper years—to put him from the first on the right track, and save him the endless disappointments of unguided inexperience. It explains those perplexing questions which undermine confidence and account for disheartening failures, puts him in the way of meeting each difficulty as it comes, assists him in laying out his money to good advantage, in buying a gun, cartridges, or dog: taking a shoot, engaging a keeper, and managing them both: or in distributing appropriate tips. Thus, perceiving the why and wherefore of this or that all-important detail of the ropes of shooting, he will be

resourceful, self-reliant, and independent of others for the goodness of his sport; find abundance of healthy recreation in the making of a modest bag; by his own wise woodcraft cancel mere deficiencies of marksmanship; and last, but not least, whether as guest or host, add tenfold to his own enjoyment and that of his companions.

THE ROMANCE OF THE HOLY LAND.

By Dr. CHARLES LEACH, M.P.

With Numerous Illustrations. Large Crown 8vo. **7s. 6d. net.**

Avoiding technical terms and scientific descriptions, the author has produced a volume that should be welcomed by men and women in every country who have even a remote interest in the Bible and the land in which it was produced.

The writer has made nine visits to Palestine during the last twenty years, and has delivered lectures upon it in many of the large towns of England. He takes the reader on a tour to the Holy Land, and travels with him to the principal places of Biblical interest. He describes many of the chief towns in such terms that the reader not only sees them as they are to-day, but can picture them as they were in the far-off first century. He describes the manners and customs of the people, the physical features of the country, the rivers and lakes of Palestine, and some of the remarkable historic events which have made the land famous throughout the world.

Those who have been to the Holy Land will welcome this book, whilst those who have not been so fortunate will profit greatly from its pages.

THE GRAVEN PALM.

A Manual of the Science of Palmistry.

By Mrs. ROBINSON.

With about 250 Original Illustrations. Medium 8vo. **10s. 6d. net.**

This work is the result of nearly twenty years' practical experience, and the careful examination of many thousands of hands. The

illustrations are drawn by Mrs. Robinson herself, and are in every case taken from hands which she has herself read. The great majority of the lines given are entirely original—*i.e.*, are not to be found in any known work upon the Science of Palmistry.

This book will enable those who study it to read character correctly from the shapes of the hands and the comparative lengths of fingers and phalanges; to understand the values of the different mounts, as bearing upon the character and life; and, by the full and comprehensive delineation of the six principal and the many chance lines upon the hand, to understand and read correctly the events of their own past and future, as given by the lines on the Mount of Venus in particular, and also in a minor degree by the lines of fate, fortune, and health.

There are also at the end of the book several photographs of the hands of well-known and celebrated people.

SOCIETY SKETCHES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By NORMAN PEARSON,

Author of "Some Problems of Existence."

With Photogravure Portraits. One Volume. Demy 8vo. **12s. 6d. net.**

This book deals with some features and figures of the eighteenth century which have hitherto escaped any detailed treatment, and with certain aspects of familiar persons which have been unduly overlooked. The Virtuosi who founded the Royal Society, but also called into existence a host of scientific quacks and charlatans; the Scowrers, and their successors the Mohocks, who infested the streets of London at the beginning of the eighteenth, and the Highwaymen who survived into the nineteenth century, are discussed in its pages. An essay is devoted to the fashionable Wits of the period, and another throws new light upon the inner history of the Macaronis. Tradition represents these as mere brainless fops, but the author shows that this reproach belongs rather to their later imitators than to the Macaronis of 1764.

Governor Pitt, grandfather of the first Lord Chatham, the brilliant scapegrace "Etheldreda" (third Viscountess Townshend), the "Mad Duchess" of Queensberry, and that clever oddity Soame Jenyns, also find a place in the book, while new aspects of even such well-known characters as Horace Walpole and Hannah More are revealed in "The Serious Side of a Worldly Man," and "The Lighter Side of a Serious Woman."

CAMEO BOOK-STAMPS.

By CYRIL DAVENPORT, F.S.A.,

Superintendent of Bookbinding in the British Museum.

With about 150 *Illustrations from Original Drawings by the Author.*

The First Edition will be limited to 500 *Copies only. In One Volume.*

Super-Royal 8*vo.* **21s. net.**

Bookbinding stamps of different kinds have already been much written about, especially heraldic ones, but cameo stamps, although they have now and then been mentioned, have up to the present received no special recognition. They are in low relief, like medals, and are generally left ungilded and uncoloured.

These stamps—the larger and more important of which are illustrated in this book—form, in fact, a very important division of the subject of decorative bookbinding, and, unlike most of the other kinds of book decoration, they rarely can be satisfactorily photographed. Mr. Davenport's drawings, however, are singularly accurate copies of their originals, and will undoubtedly prove of the utmost value both to book-collectors and dealers in books.

Some of the stamps shown are well known—those English ones, for instance, showing the Tudor Rose, and the coat-of-arms of Henry VIII.; but others are not so common. The English stamps of St. George and of St. Michael are very fine indeed. The beautiful French stamps of the vision of the Emperor Augustus, and the very interesting Italian stamps of Horatius Cocles and of Marcus Curtius, will doubtless come as a revelation to many, and so with the "Canevari" stamp of Apollo, although it is better known to connoisseurs.

The large series of German stamps, mostly on pigskin, is of great importance; there are several excellent portraits of Luther and of Melanchthon, and quaint stamps of Lot and his daughters, Judith and Holofernes, Jonah and the Whale, and many delicately cut stamps of incidents in the life of Christ and of the Virgin Mary.

All these stamps, of which there are about 150, are beautifully and truthfully copied from the originals, and with each is a short description. At the end is a full and most useful index. Every inscription, whether in Greek, Latin, or German, is translated, and every initial noted and indexed.

The book will be invaluable to every librarian—in fact, necessary—and it will add much to the interest of every book, whether in morocco, calf, or pigskin, that bears upon it one of the stamps illustrated.

A LITTLE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

By ANNETTE HULLAH.

With Numerous Illustrations. One Volume. Medium 8vo. **5s.**

This is a history of music written in a simple way for young people. After a chapter on aboriginal songs and dance-tunes, and another on the music of ancient nations, the Romans lead us into early Britain, and so to the first Christian chants. Then we have mediæval monks and scholars arranging scales. Minstrels and troubadours, with the stories of their time, bring us to the Elizabethian age of masque and madrigal. How Florentine genius developed these into the first operas and oratorios completes the next century. Then we come to a period of fine players and fine instruments, of Corelli and Tartini, of Amati and Stradivarius, of harpsichordists like Scarlatti, and of German organists long since eclipsed by the light of Bach. What he, and the other great composers since his day, did for music fills up the rest of the chapters and takes the record down to our own time. There are many legends and anecdotes in the book, and illustrations of quaint musical instruments of old days.

THE FRAMEWORK OF HOME RULE.

By ERSKINE CHILDERS,

AUTHOR OF "WAR AND THE ARME BLANCHE," "THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS," ETC.

One Volume. Demy 8vo. **10s. 6d. net.**

A study of the Irish question, mainly from the Imperial standpoint. First sketching the history of Ireland in close conjunction with that of the lost American Colonies and the present self-governing Dominions, the author shows that the same forms of misgovernment arising from similar conditions have always led to the same mischievous results, and that their only remedy, when applied in time, has been Home Rule. He then reviews the present state of Ireland, describing the extraordinary anomalies of the semi-colonial government. Full attention is given also to the brighter side of Irish life. But the author points out the deep marks of arrested development, and the need for self-reliance and self-development under a responsible Irish Government.

With regard to the form Home Rule should take, the author devotes special attention to the vital questions of finance and Irish representation at Westminster, as well as to guarantees for an Ulster minority, executive power, police, judges, and numerous other points of secondary importance.

The aim is to supply not only a reasoned defence of Home Rule, but a practical up-to-date guide to the legislative settlement of the question.

PROS AND CONS OF POLITICAL PROBLEMS.

By Sir J. D. REES, K.C.I.E.

One Volume. **7s. 6d. net.**

In this book Sir J. D. Rees, K.C.I.E., ex.-M.P., surveys the more important political problems at present before the nation from the points of view of both great parties in the State. The following subjects are dealt with: Imperial Organization, Defence, Foreign Policy, Indian and Colonial Problems, Trade Relations and Tariff Reform, Suffrage, Home Rule, Education, Disestablishment, Finance, Socialism, Labour Questions, Land Reform, and the Constitutional Problems at present before the country. To each great question a chapter is devoted which gives the reader a concise survey of the points at issue and a summary of the position at the present day, and to every chapter are appended the arguments for and against: in the hope that the reader in a few pages may find a guide to the reasons upon which political parties base their case. The utility of the work to the student and politician will be enhanced by the bibliographical notes at the end of each chapter, which indicate the scope of the works recommended, so that the reader may be able to follow up his study of any political question. The information has been compressed into a volume of handy size so as to be of use to speakers and politicians. It is not, however, merely a work of reference—although an excellent index and the sub-division of the chapters make reference easy—but is intended to be read.

ECONOMICS FOR BEGINNERS.

By GEORGE W. GOUGH, M.A.,

Sometime Exhibitioner of Balliol College.

One Volume. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d. net.**

The need of a short textbook of economics which teachers can place in the hands of pupils who are starting the subject with a view to preparing for the more elementary parts of the higher examinations in it, is well known, and Mr. Gough's little volume is an attempt to meet it. The *core* of this vast subject, if the expression

may be used, is fully and simply treated in accordance with authoritative opinion. Hence the beginner who means to continue his studies will be put in a position to read one or more of the larger manuals with advantage. As appendices there will be given a guide to further reading, a selection of typical questions—for the answers to which the text of the book will be found to furnish materials and hints—and a short selection of statistics illustrating modern economic conditions in the United Kingdom. It is, further, the author's hope that the book will be useful to older students interested in social problems, and that they will find in it the elements of the economic principles bearing on their solution.

THE GREAT PLATEAU OF NORTHERN RHODESIA.

By CULLEN GOULDSBURY AND HERBERT SHEANE,

OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY'S SERVICE.

With Preface by Sir ALFRED SHARPE, K.C.M.G., C.B.

With 40 pages of Illustrations and a Map. One Volume.
Demy 8vo. **16s. net.**

This book has been written about the Tanganyika Plateau of Northern Rhodesia, which—though some fifty thousand square miles in extent—is still practically unknown, since it has not yet been penetrated, or its resources tapped by the Cape to Cairo Railway.

Apart from its abundant natural resources, the excellent climate of the Plateau and its high altitude (from 4,000 to 6,000 feet) render it as healthy and suitable for white colonization as the far-famed Highlands of British East Africa.

The book is divided into two parts, European and Ethnographic. The Ethnographic Section is dealt with by Mr. Sheane, who, during the past ten years, has made a special study of language and native customs upon the Tanganyika Plateau.

The needs of prospective settlers and ranchers are fully discussed, and information for sportsmen and travellers is supplied in two chapters dealing with elephant-hunting and the species and habits of game, big and small, to be found upon the Plateau.

Lastly, the Native chapters should prove of value, not only to anthropologists, but also to that increasing body of readers who are interested in the problems of native life and of native law and custom in Central Africa.

HINTS TO SPEAKERS AND PLAYERS.

By ROSINA FILIPPI.

One Volume. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d. net.**

Miss Rosina Filippi is an actress well known to, and deservedly popular with, the playgoing public of Great Britain. The excellent work she has done in teaching the younger members of her profession has evoked the admiration of her colleagues who recognize her claims to a front place on the English stage which she has long adorned. She has, indeed, won a deservedly high reputation as a teacher of dramatic art, and many are the students who have profited by her instruction and owe their success to her ripe experience. "Hints to Speakers and Players" is, as its name implies, a guide or handbook to all who desire to attain proficiency in the art of speaking or acting. In this work the author offers invaluable advice upon such subjects as Elocution, Diction, Gesticulation, Ranting, etc., not only to would-be actors, but also to Members of Parliament, orators, clergymen, and all who may be called upon to deliver speeches on the political platform, in the pulpit, or at the dinner-table. Her facile pen ranges over the wide field of her experience and deals in a light but informing fashion with a hundred matters that must inevitably prove interesting to all who are compelled to raise their voices in public.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LIFE OF FATHER TYRRELL.

By MAUD PETRE.

In Two Volumes. Demy 8vo., cloth. **21s. net.**

The first volume, which is autobiographical, will cover the period from George Tyrrell's birth in 1861 to the year 1885, including an account of his family, his childhood, schooldays, and youth in Dublin; his conversion from Agnosticism, through a phase of High Church Protestantism to Catholicism; his experiences in Cyprus and Malta, where he lived as a probationer before entering the Society of Jesus; his early life as a Jesuit, with his novitiate and first studies in scholastic philosophy and Thomism. This autobiography, written in 1901, ends just before the death of his mother, and was not carried any farther. It is edited with notes and supplements to each chapter by M. D. Petre.

The second volume, which takes up the story where the first ends,

deals chiefly with the storm and stress period of his later years. Large use is made of his own notes, and of his letters, of which a great number have been lent by correspondents of all shades of thought. Various documents of importance figure in this later volume, in which the editor aims at making the history as complete and objective as possible. Incidentally some account is given of the general movement of thought, which has been loosely described as "modernism," but the chief aim of the writer will be to describe the part which Father Tyrrell himself played in this movement, and the successive stages of his mental development as he brought his scholastic training to bear on the modern problems that confronted him. The work ends with his death on July 15, 1909, and the events immediately subsequent to his death. The date of publication it uncertain, but will be announced as soon as possible.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Essays on Judaism and Christian Origins.

By GRADUATES OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Edited by Dr. F. J. FOAKES-JACKSON.

With an Introduction by the Very Rev. W. R. INGE, D.D.,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

One Volume. Demy 8vo. **10s. 6d. net.**

Several volumes of Theological Essays have appeared from the two ancient Universities, but none hitherto by members of a single college. Jesus College, Cambridge, has, however, had exceptional opportunities for encouraging the study of Divinity, owing to the fact that of recent years it has numbered two Lady Margaret Professors among the fellows, and has been generously endowed by the late Lord Justice Kay, who founded scholarships for post-graduate study in Theology.

The object of these essays is to trace the origin of Christianity from Judaism, and its development till the final parting of the two religions. With the exception of the Introduction and Essays I. and III., all the writers have taken their degrees quite recently, and though they have obtained high honours at the University, the volume must be judged as a young men's book. As such it may prove the more interesting as illustrating the ideas of some of our younger theologians. The essays are not the product of any school, but represent all shades of thought in the Church of England, whilst one is written by a Nonconformist, and another by a Jewish scholar. All the essayists have, however, been the pupils of the editor, and most have come under the influence of the Dean of St. Paul's.

HOW TO DEAL WITH MEN.

By the Rev. PETER GREEN, M.A.,

Rector of St. Philip's, Salford, and Canon of Manchester.
Author of "How to Deal with Lads," etc.

One Volume. Crown 8vo. **2s. 6d. net.**

Beginning with chapters on the nature of work among men, and the special needs of the present time, and on the type of man required for success in this kind of work, the author goes on to treat in detail such subjects as the Men's Bible-Class; the various methods for promoting its success; the different kinds of work which should spring out of the work of the class; and some of the commoner dangers to be watched and guarded against. Following the chapters on the Bible-Class and its developments, come chapters on social and recreative work, such as that of the Men's Club and the minor clubs in connection with it, temperance benefit societies, and social and parochial work for men. The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed treatment of personal work with individual men. Methods with men troubled with religious doubt, or with other intellectual difficulties, and methods of dealing with various moral problems, are carefully and fully discussed.

THE FAITH OF AN AVERAGE MAN.

By the Rev. CHARLES H. S. MATTHEWS, M.A.,

Author of "A Parson in the Australian Bush," etc.

One Volume. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d. net.**

The author is profoundly convinced that on the one hand the endless restlessness of modern life is a witness to man's need of a vital faith, and on the other that the continued vitality of the historic Church of England is in itself a proof of her power to meet this fundamental need of men. The position he occupies, and would in this book commend to others, may best be described as a kind of progressive Catholicism, a true *via media* between an exclusive Protestantism on the one hand, which seems to him to be founded on a view of the Bible no longer tenable, and an equally exclusive Catholicism on the other, which in its turn seems to be founded on a no less untenable view of the Church. It is the author's hope that his appeal may be read, not only by laymen, but also by the younger clergy.

THE CHURCH AND MODERN PROBLEMS.

By the Rev. C. F. GARBETT, M.A.,
VICAR OF PORTSEA.

One Volume. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d. net.**

An interesting volume, composed of addresses mainly delivered in the course of the author's ordinary parochial work during the last two years. They are all united by the attempt to state the attitude of the Church to some of the many modern problems of religious thought and action. Among these are Modernism, Rationalism, Agnosticism, the Higher Criticism, Inspiration, the Reunion of Christendom, Divorce, Temperance Reform, and Socialism. The attitude of the Church to all these tremendous intellectual, moral, and social problems is briefly argued and discussed with tact and ability.

THE MIND OF ST. PAUL:

As Illustrated by his Second Epistle to the Corinthians.

By Canon H. L. GOUDGE, D.D.
PRINCIPAL OF ELY THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

One Volume. Crown 8vo. **2s. 6d. net.**

A GOODLY FELLOWSHIP

Thoughts in Verse and Prose from many Sources.

Collected by ROSE E. SELFE.

With a Preface by
His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

One Volume. Small 8vo. **2s. 6d. net.**

This small religious anthology has been compiled in the hope that the various suggestions and counsels, the voices of praise and aspiration, and the poets' visions of the past, present, and future may come through the windows of the soul, which are open to receive

them with comfort, encouragement, and inspiration. The passages are grouped under the following headings: Religion in Childhood, Our Human Life, Sorrow and Suffering, On Prayer, Aspiration and Communion, The Incarnate Christ, Christian Seasons, Old Age, Death and After. But there are no hard and fast divisions, and many of the extracts might be appropriately classed under two or more of these headings. More than seventy authors have been laid under contribution, including some as widely separated in time as Boethius, Thomas Traherne, William Law, Christina Rossetti, the present Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. W. R. Inge), and Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

New and Cheaper Edition.

SCOTTISH GARDENS.

By the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart.

With 32 Coloured Plates from Pastel Drawings especially done for this work by

Miss M. G. W. WILSON,

MEMBER OF THE PASTEL SOCIETY AND OF THE SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

New Edition. Medium 8vo. **7s. 6d. net.**

It was not originally intended that this charming work, of which both the Edition de Luxe and the ordinary Edition were sold out two months after publication, should be reprinted. So persistent, however, have been the inquiries for it that it has been decided to re-issue it in a cheaper edition, but with all the original plates. The success of the book in the first instance may be attributed both to the attractiveness of the subject and to the harmonious combination of artistic and literary skill which characterized it, and these features will in no sense be modified in the new edition.

A New Edition Revised.

A BOOK ABOUT ROSES.

By the late Very Rev. S. REYNOLDS HOLE,

DEAN OF ROCHESTER.

With Coloured Plates. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d.**

This edition contains the Dean's latest corrections of his famous book, a new chapter on "Progress" up to the present time by Dr. Alfred Williams, Member of Committee of the National Rose Society, and a full and up-to-date list of roses compiled and classified by the same competent hand.

NEW FICTION.

TANTE.

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK
(Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt),
Author of "Franklin Kane," "Valérie Upton," etc.

One Volume. Crown 8vo. **6s.**

A deeply interesting book, which, it is believed, will be considered by far the most powerful work the author has accomplished. It is a long story, but the interest never flags, and the plot culminates in an exceedingly dramatic way.

THE BRACKNELS.

By FORREST REID.

One Volume. Crown 8vo. **6s.**

This is an interesting novel describing the fortunes of an Irish family, into the midst of which comes Mr. Rusk, a young English tutor. Each member of the family is well and distinctly portrayed, and there is an under-current of mysticism of a distinctly uncanny tendency. Denis, a boy of sixteen, the pupil of Mr. Rusk, is a particularly charming figure, who contrasts sharply with some of the other members of the Bracknel family.

A ROMANCE OF THE SIMPLE.

By MARY J. H. SKRINE.
Author of "A Stepson of the Soil."

6s.

MORE GHOST STORIES.

By Dr. M. R. JAMES,
Provost of King's College, Cambridge.
Author of "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary," etc.

Medium 8vo. **6s.**

THE MOTTO OF MRS. McLANE.

The Story of an American Farm.

By SHIRLEY CARSON.

One Volume. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d.**

A very clever piece of character drawing; the scene is laid in a Western American farm, where the McLane family have been settled for a considerable number of years. Life on the farm at various seasons is painted in vivid and attractive colours, but the feature of the story is the shrewd homely wit of Mrs. McLane and her neighbours. Their conversations remind one of the success of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and are so clever and spontaneous that they cannot fail to be thoroughly enjoyed by all readers.

LOVE IN BLACK.

By Sir H. HESKETH BELL, K.C.M.G.,

GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN NIGERIA.

One Volume. Medium 8vo. **6s.**

This volume contains a number of sketches of native life in West Africa, in the garb of fiction. No one has had better opportunities than the author of penetrating the veil of mystery and fetish that enshrouds the inner life of the native, and no one has drawn their characters with a more sympathetic and romantic hand. The titles of the sketches give some idea of the contents of the volume. Among them are "The Fetish Mountain of Krobo," "The Yam Custom," "The Tale of a Tail-Girl," "His Highness Prince Kwakoo," "On Her Majesty's Service," "A Woman of Ashanti."

STEAM TURBINE DESIGN:

With Especial Reference to the Reaction Type.

By JOHN MORROW, M.Sc., D.Eng.,

LECTURER IN ENGINEERING, ARMSTRONG COLLEGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Demy 8vo. Fully illustrated with 150 *Diagrams and* 9 *Folding Plates.*

Since the days of Watt no greater revolution has taken place in steam machinery than the advent of the turbine. In the face of the greatest difficulties it was introduced by the Hon. Sir Charles A. Parsons both for marine and electrical work, and with the success of the s.s. *Lusitania* and *Mauretania* the public for the first time realized that it had come to stay. Many books, both of description and theory, have been written on the steam turbine, yet up to the present few have been devoted definitely to its design. In the present volume Dr. Morrow gives a clear explanation of the principles and practice of turbine design and construction as followed out in the drawing-office and engineering workshop.

3 4444 05031 0119

B W637aT

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY

This Book may be kept FOURTEEN days from the last date stamped below.

A fine of 2 CENTS will be charged for each day the Book is kept beyond that time.

4 Mr'12 S		
4 Ap '12 P		
19 Ap.'12 W		
19 Ag.'12 W		
11 O '12 S		

Form No. Ds. Nf. 1-11-100M. M. & C.

Brooklyn Public Library
Montague Branch
197 Montague Street
Tel. 2773-2774 Main

Open 8.30 A.M. to 9 P.M.
Reading and Reference Rooms
open from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.
Sundays and Holidays
2 to 6 P.M.

Regulations

Any inhabitant of New York may take books from the Library. Two books may be held at the same time, but only one may be a work of fiction.

Each book may be kept two weeks, except books in great demand, which may be restricted by the Librarian to one week. A book that may be kept two weeks may be renewed for two weeks more on application, unless it is reserved for another borrower.

When renewing book by mail or telephone give title, number, and date charged.

Each book kept overtime is subject to a fine of two cents a day until its return; if retained two weeks overtime it will be sent for at the borrower's expense.

Books should be examined for mutilations, etc., at the time of borrowing, as the last borrower must be held responsible.

Form Bp. 10-20-5000-E.